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VOLUME XVII

ANTHONY TROLLOPE

TO

ÉMILE ZOLA

I saw what must have been a sunken vessel which had lain there long (*Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*, p. 123)

Hand-colored photogravure on French Plate Paper after an original drawing made by H. G. Watts for this edition

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ANTHONY TROLLOPE
TO
ÉMILE ZOLA

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ANTHONY TROLLOPE

(England, 1815–1882)

THE WARDEN (1855)

The motive of this story suggested itself to Anthony Trollope when he was rambling about the precincts of Salisbury Cathedral one evening in midsummer, 1852, and rather more than a year later, while staying temporarily at Tenbury, Worcestershire, he wrote the first chapter, or a part of it. He shortly afterward took up his residence in the Donnybrook suburb of Dublin, and there *The Warden* appears to have been completed in the autumn following. It was the first of what are called *The Barsetshire Series*, six tales concerned "with the intricate relations of one set of families, all within access to one cathedral city, covering a whole generation in time and exhibiting the same characters from youth to maturity and age." In the "Barsetshire" of the novelist is outlined the Hampshire of fact, and "Barchester" itself has for its original the cathedral city of Winchester. Hiram's Hospital, which figures so prominently in *The Warden*, is the well-known Hospital of St. Cross, which every pilgrim to Winchester makes a point of visiting, and the account in the closing chapter of St. Cuthbert's Church at Barchester is a singularly precise description of the tiny church dedicated to St. Swithin and situated directly over the Kingsgate of the city. In his *Autobiography* Trollope, while acknowledging that the *Times* newspaper was alluded to in this story as the *Jupiter*, disavowed intention to refer to any editor of that paper under the name of Tom Towers. But that, in the portrait of Dr. Pessimist Anticant, Thomas Carlyle is meant, there is very little doubt.

TEN years prior to the beginning of this story the Reverend Septimius Harding had become, at the age of fifty, precentor of the cathedral of Barchester and warden of Hiram's Hospital, an almshouse established in Barchester in 1434 by one John Hiram, a wool-stapler of the town, for the maintenance of twelve superannuated woolcarders native to Barchester and lifelong residents therein. By the terms of the will, certain estates were left for the support of this charity. Besides the almshouse for the old men, a house was ordered to be built for the use of the warden of the hospital, who was also to receive a

definite sum annually out of the rentals of the estates. As the centuries passed the estates increased greatly in value, and when wool-carding ceased in Barchester, bishop, dean, and warden put in dependents of their own in turn, each inmate receiving, under the will of John Hiram, "comfortable lodging and one shilling and fourpence a day." The property was farmed by the Bishop's steward, a Mr. Chadwick, whose ancestors had done likewise, and in modern times the income of the warden had been so augmented that he received eight hundred pounds a year in addition to the rental of his house, and the cathedral precentorship of eighty pounds, which, at John Hiram's desire, was attached to the wardenship.

Murmurs had arisen to the effect that Hiram's property was not fairly divided, and these having reached Mr. Harding's ears he announced, on his induction into the wardenship, that he should add out of his own pocket twopence a day to each man's stipend, amounting to sixty-two pounds eleven shillings and fourpence in the year. This proceeding was opposed by Mr. Chadwick and others, but the warden did not yield.

Mr. Harding had married early in life and had long been a widower. His eldest daughter, Susan, had been married a dozen years to Archdeacon Grantly, son of the Bishop of Barchester and rector of Plumstead Episcopi. The Bishop and Mr. Harding were close friends, and both were in awe of the masterful Archdeacon. Eleanor, Mr. Harding's second daughter, was about twenty-four at the opening of the tale and was much inclined to favor the suit of one John Bold, a young surgeon of her own age. Bold had inherited a moderate fortune from his father, and after settling in Barchester with his sister Mary, five years his senior, and finding little to do in his profession, presently turned himself toward reforms, local and otherwise. Accordingly he hurled anathemas against various time-honored abuses in Barchester and was in consequence regarded by Archdeacon Grantly as a firebrand of mischief. As his father and the warden were fast friends, the Archdeacon was unable to bring about his being debarred from the warden's house; and although Dr. Grantly perceived how matters stood between his sister-in-law and the young reformer, he had not thought it wise just yet to remonstrate with Mr. Harding on that point.

Renewal of the former talk about the unjust division of the funds of Hiram's Hospital came about not long after Bold's return as surgeon to the town where he had lived in boyhood, and some of the bedesmen were heard to say that "if everyone had his own they might each have their hundred pounds a year, instead of a beggarly one shilling and sixpence a day"; and that they had "small cause to be thankful for a miserable dole of twopence when Mr. Harding and Mr. Chadwick ran away with thousands of pounds which old John Hiram never intended for them." Bold had as yet taken no direct steps toward investigation of the disposition of the hospital funds, but was presently urged, by his attorney in conducting several local reforms, to demand from Mr. Chadwick a statement as to the funds in question. He soon found that interference with the steward would mean interference with the warden; but although this would bring about an awkward situation of affairs he resolved not to be influenced by personal motives. Familiarizing himself with the provisions of Hiram's will, he ascertained the extent of the hospital property and its approximate value, scheduled the existing disposal of its income, and then demanded from Mr. Chadwick a statement of income and expenditure of the hospital for the preceding twenty-five years.

Upon Mr. Chadwick's refusal, Bold proceeded to the warden's in order to inform Mr. Harding of his belief that John Hiram's will was not being carried out to the letter, and also of his intention to look into the matter. He was adding that he trusted his action would not be misunderstood, when Mr. Harding assured him he should never attribute base motives because Bold's views were adverse to the interests of the warden, but declined to discuss the subject further. Mr. Harding was by no means sure of his ground. Could it be that Bold was right and that he, the warden, "had been for the past ten years the unjust recipient of an income legally belonging to others?" From this time Mr. Harding was no longer at ease in his wardenship. He knew well how strongly he would be supported by Dr. Grantly, if he could bring himself to put his case into the Archdeacon's hands, but he knew also that he would find no sympathy there for his doubts. In his perplexity he consulted his old friend, the Bishop, from whom he obtained sympathy

rather than counsel, since the prelate could not prove to him that John Bold was wrong. He also informed the Bishop of the possibility that the reformer might become his son-in-law.

Mrs. Grantly did not much like Bold, but she was keen enough to see that her husband might easily precipitate adverse action on the reformer's part, and since Eleanor did like him and he was well able to support her, the Archdeacon's wife thought marriage an excellent thing for them, as "Bold would never trouble himself about Hiram's Hospital if he were papa's son-in-law."

John Bold's attorney, Finney by name, went about among the bedesmen of the hospital, with the result that, with one of their number, Abel Handy, as leader, a petition to the Bishop was drawn up and signed by most of them, praying him to see justice done to the legal recipients of the charity. Thereupon the Archdeacon visited the hospital, informed the old men of their many blessings, dwelt upon their foolishness in desiring any change in their condition, and subsequently, finding the petition at his father's, wrote a short reply embodying the same sentiments, which he persuaded the Bishop to sign.

When John Bold told his sister of his intention to right the affairs of Hiram's Hospital, and in so doing perhaps injure Mr. Harding, she remonstrated with him, but without effect. Even though he loved Eleanor Harding, he would not retreat from his position. The warden in his thought did full justice to Bold's upright intentions, and having been assured of his daughter's feeling for Bold he excused what he was doing; praised him for his energy; made much of his good qualities, and harped on none of his foibles.

The hospital matter was now well before the public: Sir Abraham Haphazard had been consulted by the Archdeacon, and the injustice done to the old bedesmen had been discussed at length in the daily *Jupiter*. All this was very painful to the tender-hearted warden, who could not see how to convince the *Jupiter*'s readers that he was "no avaricious lazy priest, but a humble-spirited man who had innocently taken what was offered him." Dr. Grantly was likewise disturbed by the *Jupiter* article, and still more by his wife's reminders that if he had not interfered Eleanor and Bold might now have been married.

in which case the *Jupiter* would have known nothing about Hiram's Hospital.

"The fact is, you've brought this young man down upon papa by huffing him as you have done."

"But, my love—"

"And all because you didn't like John Bold for a brother-in-law. How is she ever to do better? Papa hasn't got a shilling, and I'm sure I don't know how she is ever to do better than marry John Bold, or as well, indeed."

The Archdeacon, however, was restored to good humor by the opinion brought by Mr. Chadwick from Sir Abraham Haphazard that there was no case as yet against the warden, and that as the action was worsted it must fall to the ground. Victory was what Dr. Grantly desired, and the justice of the old men's claim, or that of the warden's defense, were ideas that never had presented themselves to Sir Abraham. The next morning he met his father and the warden at the palace and announced to them Sir Abraham's opinion as he understood it. It was easy to persuade the Bishop that all was going on well, but the warden remained unconvinced.

"The only thing we have now to do is to hold our peace and let them play their own game as they please. We are in possession, and we know they are not in a position to put us out."

"And the *Jupiter?*" said the warden.

"Oh, the *Jupiter*!" answered the other. "The *Jupiter* can break no bones."

But Mr. Harding, described by Dr. Pessimist Anticant as the consumer of the bread of the poor, was dissatisfied. Was he to bear all this, to receive his now hated income and be known as one of those greedy priests whose rapacity brought disgrace on their church? At last he exclaimed that he would bear this misery no longer.

"I am anxious to prove to the world that I have been right, and to uphold the place I have held. But I cannot do it at such a cost as this. I cannot bear it," and he appealed to the Bishop. "Could you tell me to sit there at ease, indifferent and satisfied, while such things as these are said loudly of me in the world?"

The Bishop could only sympathize with him, but the Archdeacon delivered an eloquent speech concerning the situation

and the warden's duty to stand by the Establishment, the conclusion of which only plunged Mr. Harding into deeper distress. That same evening the warden confided all his perplexities to Eleanor and was comforted on learning how readily she would give up their pleasant life in the warden's residence, should he deem it best to resign his post. Then they spoke of Bold, and her father declared that the young man's course must not prove an obstacle in the way of her love for him. Before Eleanor slept she resolved to go to her lover and beg of him to give up his undertaking, and the next morning she went to see Mary Bold, to explain to her that after she had begged this favor of her brother there could be no further talk of love between them. Mary could not follow this argument fully, and as they discussed it John Bold came into the room. In tears, she asked him why he had begun this action against her father, and declared she would cling to him in the very street till he should promise to abandon it. Thus taken at a disadvantage, Bold naturally soon capitulated and gave the required promise.

But, the promise given, Mary so managed affairs that Eleanor had no opportunity to carry out her plan of sacrifice as outlined to Mary, and before she knew it all her defenses were swept away, her love for John Bold acknowledged, and so the altar on the shore of the modern Aulis reeked with no sacrifice.

Bold fully realized that retreat from his former position would be difficult, but nevertheless, in fulfilment of his promise, he called on the Archdeacon as the first step, in order to inform him that the proceedings in regard to the wardenship were to be abandoned. It was an unpleasant interview, leaving Bold firmly convinced that if there were a real devil on earth it was Dr. Grantly.

Eleanor, meanwhile, had informed her father that the lawsuit was to be abandoned, and supposed the matter was now settled; but the warden declared that Mr. Bold's action would not affect his own purpose. He called her attention to another article in the *Jupiter*, in which the warden was even more severely dealt with than before, and announced his intention to see his lawyers and, if no more honest plea could be made for him than had yet been made, he should resign the wardenship. In order to escape the Archdeacon's remonstrances, he set out for London

before the written announcement of his intentions could reach his son-in-law, and spent a long day in waiting at his hotel and elsewhere till he could secure an interview with Sir Abraham. In the course of the interview he inquired of the lawyer whether he, as warden, were legally and distinctly entitled to the proceeds of the property, after the maintenance of the twelve bedesmen.

Sir Abraham declared that he couldn't exactly say in so many words that Mr. Harding was legally entitled to, etc., and ended in expressing a strong opinion that it would be madness to raise any further question on the matter, as the suit was abandoned.

On this, Mr. Harding announced his intention to resign the wardenship, greatly to the surprise of the lawyer, who remonstrated against such a proceeding in vain. Mr. Harding responded:

"It may seem strange to you, it is strange to myself, that I should have been ten years in that happy home, and not have thought of these things till they were so roughly dinned into my ears. I cannot boast of a conscience, when it required the violence of a newspaper to awaken it; but, now that it is awake, I must obey it. From to-morrow I shall cease to be the warden of the hospital."

Returning to his hotel he found the Archdeacon and Mrs. Grantly awaiting him, and to them he told what he had done, to their intense horror. The Archdeacon endeavored to persuade him that since the resignation had not yet taken effect it really amounted to nothing. The warden knew his own weakness; how prone he was to be led; but he was not weak enough to give way now, to go back from the position to which his conscience had driven him, after he had purposely come to London to declare his determination. The Archdeacon wished to know in what way his father-in-law purposed to live, and Mr. Harding said he would still have the living of Crabtree Parva and the precentorship. The Archdeacon prophesied ruin, but Mr. Harding remained timidly firm, and as he closed the door on his way up to bed he heard the well-known ejaculation, slower, lower, more solemn, more ponderous than ever: "Good heavens!"

Before leaving London the next morning Mr. Harding wrote to the Bishop, tendering his resignation. The Archdeacon had now gone to consult his lawyers, and the warden seized the op-

portunity his absence afforded, although his daughter begged him to put the matter off a day or two, to which he replied that if he waited till he got to Barchester he might be prevented. Mrs. Grantly perceived that further urging would be useless, and Mr. Harding returned in triumph to Barchester, for had he not for the first time in his life held his own purpose against that of his son-in-law?

The Bishop did not try to dissuade his friend, but was quite sure that the precentorship was not necessarily associated with the wardenship, and it was soon settled that Mr. Harding should retain the first-named place. The various kindly offers of the Bishop as to a private chaplaincy, etc., Mr. Harding declined, and with his daughter Eleanor he went into lodgings in Barchester till the vicarage at Crabtree Parva should be in readiness for them. There was a sad parting with the old bedesmen at the hospital, and after the flitting the Archdeacon was desirous of putting some candidate of his own in the vacant place, but was astonished on learning that the Bishop would not name a successor to Mr. Harding.

"If we can get the matter set to rights, Mr. Harding will return," said the Bishop, "and if we cannot it will be a wrong to put any other gentleman into so cruel a position."

Mr. Harding did not go to Crabtree Parva after all, but an arrangement was made by which he was made rector of the church of St. Cuthbert in Barchester, a tiny parish embracing a part of the cathedral close. Three months later Eleanor Harding and John Bold were married, and although the Archdeacon would not grace the occasion by his presence, six months later he consented to meet Bold at a dinner-party and in time they became almost friends, abstaining, however, from any discussion of the hospital feud. Mr. Harding spent his time largely with his daughter Eleanor and his friend the Bishop at the palace, where he dined frequently, and seldom at his lodgings, and in the process of a twelvemonth consented to have his beloved violoncello permanently removed to the home of the Bolds. And although his connection with Hiram's Hospital had been severed, he was still commonly addressed as "Mr. Warden," to which he invariably replied, "Not warden now, only precentor."

BARCHESTER TOWERS (1857)

This story, the second of the Barsetshire tales, was written for the most part while Anthony Trollope was traveling about the country in railway carriages in the pursuit of his duties as a post-office surveyor. It was the author's custom to write rapidly in pencil, and what was thus done his wife afterward copied. It was issued on the half-profit system by the Messrs. Longmans, with a payment in advance, out of the half profits, of one hundred pounds. Writing his *Autobiography* in the spring of 1876, he computed that up to that time his pecuniary returns from *The Warden* and *Barchester Towers* together had amounted to 727 pounds eleven shillings and threepence. Winchester (under the name of Barchester) and its neighborhood form the *locale* of the story, and in the nineteenth chapter, and again in the thirty-first, will be found descriptions of actual localities in the ancient Hampshire capital. The action of the novel is distributed over a period of about eighteen months, and that of *The Warden* and *Barchester Towers* together, which in effect form a continuous narrative, is a little more than five years.

FOR several months prior to the death of Dr. Grantly, the aged Bishop of Barchester, it was generally supposed that his son, Archdeacon Grantly, would succeed him in the episcopal office, the Prime Minister, it was understood, having made his selection. But the ministry was then about to undergo a change from Conservative to Liberal, and as it so chanced the Conservative ministry went out almost at the very moment of the Bishop's death, and the Archdeacon's hopes were over. The *Jupiter* soon announced that Dr. Proudie was to fill the vacant episcopal throne, and a month later he was consecrated Bishop of Barchester. Mr. Harding, the father-in-law of the Archdeacon, had formerly been warden of Hiram's Hospital in Barchester, which post he had resigned some years previously, and he was now precentor of the cathedral. Since giving up the wardenship Mr. Harding had spent much time with his dear friend, the late Bishop, and with his daughter Eleanor, the widow of John Bold, who had died in the early days of their marriage, leaving her in prosperous circumstances.

The new Bishop was an ambitious but not especially forceful man, and he speedily resolved to live in London for a part of the year at least, a decision unlikely to render him popular with the clergy and laity of Barchester. Mrs. Proudie was both ambitious and forceful and a Sabbatarian of the most rigid character. She had long since reduced her husband to a state of vassalage, and although habitually authoritative to all, to that gentleman she was despotic. Her favorite preacher, Mr. Slope, became the Bishop's domestic chaplain, and as she often allowed herself to be guided by that eloquent preacher it followed naturally that Mr. Slope acquired a good deal of control over the Bishop in religious matters. He had once declared his affection for Miss Olivia Proudie, but, on finding that her father would have no funds to give with her, withdrew his proposal. His views altered when Dr. Proudie became a bishop; but Olivia was a girl of spirit and gave him no encouragement. For obvious reasons Mrs. Proudie never was informed of these facts. Mr. Slope possessed ability, and his unctuous eloquence was at least successful with women, in spite of the fact that his presence was not attractive. When the Archdeacon and the precentor called at the palace they not only found the Bishop and his chaplain, but also found Mrs. Proudie, an innovation for which precedent might in vain be sought in all the annals of the Barchester bishopric! There she was, however, and they could only make the best of her. There were four of the five present, each of whom considered himself the most important personage in the diocese; himself, indeed, or herself, as Mrs. Proudie was one of them; and with such a difference of opinion it was not probable that they would get on pleasantly together. The Bishop himself actually wore the visible apron, and trusted mainly to that—and his title. The Archdeacon really understood the business of bishoping, which the others did not, and this was his strong ground. Mrs. Proudie had her sex to back her, and her habit of command; and Mr. Slope was perfectly assured that he should soon get the better of Bishop and Archdeacon. The interview, in the course of which Mrs. Proudie lectured the visitors in regard to Sunday observances, made it quite clear to all present that very little harmony need be expected between the Barchester clergy and their diocesan.

All Barchester attended when the new Bishop sat for the first time in the cathedral, and the musical service, always especially well performed at Barchester, was sung with more than usual fervor, after which Mr. Slope delivered a strong sermon directly attacking such a service, which filled the Bishop with horror and the dean and chapter with wrath. Mrs. Proudie, however, commended the sermon loudly in the presence of the Bishop, who dared say very little in opposition, and both soon left for London, not to return till the London season should be over. The chaplain did not preach again in the cathedral, but contented himself with giving dean and chapter annoying intimations of the Bishop's wishes regarding this or that.

Among the cathedral clergy was Dr. Vesey Stanhope, who had been an absentee in Italy a dozen years, but who was now summoned home by Mr. Slope at the Bishop's desire. He had much to forgive in his own family, and had forgiven everything, except inattention to his dinner. His daughter Charlotte, a capable woman of thirty-five, managed his household, his other children being Madeline, a great beauty who had married Paulo Neroni, the worst of her many suitors; and Ethelbert, an agreeable, irresponsible idler with some ability as an artist. Signora Neroni had returned to her father's house a cripple and a mother, but Neroni was seen no more. She called herself "La Signora Madeline Vesey Neroni," and still frequented society, but was always seen lying on a sofa on account of her deformity. Talented and unprincipled, she was a basilisk from whom an ardent lover of beauty could make no escape. Ethelbert was much addicted to making love, but while his principles forbade him to be attentive to a girl in the presence of any man whom it might suit her to marry, he had no other motive in abstaining from the fullest declarations of love to every girl that pleased his eye.

On the return of the Proudies to Barchester they issued cards for a large party at the palace, which the cathedral clergy felt bound to attend, however they might dislike the Bishop and his feminine coadjutor. The Signora, too, resolved to be there, much to her father's displeasure, because he knew she would practise her accustomed lures. Dressed in white velvet and pearls, and reclining on a crimson sofa, she furnished the sen-

sation of the evening, it being impossible not to observe her bold beauty. By accident the sofa-leg caught in Mrs. Proudie's lace train, and Ethelbert knelt to disentangle it.

"Unhand it, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Proudie in anger.

The Signora laughed softly, and as the tigress bereft of her young will turn with equal anger on any within reach, so did Mrs. Proudie turn upon her female guest.

"Madam!" she said—and it is beyond the power of prose to tell of the fire which flashed from her eyes.

During the evening the Signora made conquests more or less complete of the various men who came near her, including the Bishop, to whom she spoke of her daughter as "the last of the Neros," and Mr. Slope, who incurred the wrath of his episcopal patroness thereby.

Ere the Proudies' return the chaplain had called on Mrs. Bold, expressing his admiration of her father and regrets for having in his sermon offended Mr. Harding, and thus gained her good opinion so far as to lead her to say at another time to her father that she thought he was not quite just to Mr. Slope.

A few days after the party Mr. Harding was summoned to the palace, where Mr. Slope announced that the wardenship of Hiram's Hospital would be filled, and that the Bishop was desirous that Mr. Harding should return to his former post. So many annoying conditions were attached to the offer, however, that Mr. Harding declined to accept if those were to be insisted upon. Mr. Slope accordingly represented to the Bishop that there had been an absolute refusal, and Mrs. Proudie thereupon decided that the post should be offered to Mr. Quiverful, who would "make himself much more useful in the close neighborhood of the palace."

The day before this interview the chaplain had called on Mrs. Bold, unable to deny himself, as he explained, the pleasure of telling her that her father was probably about to return to his old home at the hospital, and to speak of the school he hoped would soon be attached to it. She was so full of what she had heard that when her father visited her *after* the interview neither quite understood the other, and he was rendered very unhappy by the later suggestion of his other daughter, Mrs. Grantly, that Eleanor might marry Mr. Slope. Although Mrs. Bold had

overcome all her first repugnance to Mr. Slope; she had not the slightest thought of marrying him or of his wishing to marry her; but the Grantlys, who were very indignant at the idea of such a match, were unaware that her offense merely amounted to having spoken to Mr. Slope a few times and promised to teach in his Sunday-school. It was only by chance, in his embassy to Mr. Quiverful, that the chaplain learned how pecuniarily well worth wooing Mrs. Bold might be. As Mr. Slope rode back to Barchester he turned over many things in his mind and decided that he would at once ascertain the truth of what he had heard and be governed by what he should then learn in the ensuing complications regarding the Signora, Mrs. Proudie, Mr. Harding, and Mr. Quiverful.

While Mr. Slope was conversing with Mr. Quiverful, Charlotte Stanhope was urging her brother to marry Mrs. Bold, a proposal not entirely disagreeable to him, and between them the Stanhopes settled that this should be. Mr. Slope's inquiries proving satisfactory, he explained to the Bishop that it would be unwise to exclude Mr. Harding from the hospital wardenship; but his task was the more difficult because Mrs. Proudie had already written to Mrs. Quiverful and thus committed herself.

The Bishop was now left in a very unsettled state, but inclining toward the Harding appointment because he would then have his chaplain's aid in opposing Mrs. Proudie. But he knew that Mr. Quiverful could not be thrown over without informing Mrs. Proudie, and in the subsequent terrible encounter with his feminine coadjutor the Bishop was worsted and Mr. Slope, returning to the palace after some hours' absence, learned that Mrs. Proudie's behests in the matter of the hospital were to be obeyed.

The Archdeacon, having sent word that he wished to see the Bishop, ascertained at the palace portals that his diocesan was ill, but that Mr. Slope would see him. Too angry to consent to this substitution, the Archdeacon turned away and, finding his father-in-law at Mrs. Bold's, there gave vent to his contempt for Mr. Slope. When Eleanor expressed the opinion that it might have been well for him to see the chaplain, a warm dispute between the two ensued, ended by Eleanor's leaving the room.

Mr. Harding now saw that the Archdeacon had made up his

mind that Mr. Slope would marry Mrs. Bold, and the precentor admitted to himself that certain things pointed that way. Not long after this Mrs. Bold spent an evening with the Stanhopes, where she saw the chaplain, somewhat to the disconcertment of Mr. Slope, who had expected to gaze on Madame Neroni and felt that such gazing would not much advance his suit with the Widow Bold. Charlotte did all she could to further her brother's interests with Mrs. Bold, and as he was amusing, yet respectful, she thought him most agreeable.

The Reverend Francis Arabin had recently become rector of St. Ewold's, near Barchester, and while visiting at the Grantlys' home at Plumstead Episcopi in East Barsetshire, he met Mrs. Bold, in whom he presently took a friendly interest that in time became something stronger ere he was aware. The Plumstead party dined at the Stanhopes' on one occasion and Mr. Arabin moth-like burned his wings in the flames of the Signora's candle. Mrs. Bold thought he showed a want of taste in paying so much attention to Madame Neroni, and was displeased at his subsequent praise of that person, although she herself had enjoyed the attentions of the Signora's brother. She was not in love with Mr. Arabin, but she had by this time enjoyed at Plumstead three weeks of his society, which was not unpleasant to her, and now at the Stanhopes' he devoted himself entirely to another. Neither was the vicar of St. Ewold's consciously in love with her, and her widow's cap had as yet hindered Bertie Stanhope from making a positive declaration.

The Harding and Quiverful complication was at this time occupying the minds of many. In spite of the Bishop and Mrs. Proudie, the chaplain was determined to place Mr. Harding in the wardenship in order to further his suit with Mrs. Bold, and to carry his point he again interviewed Mr. Quiverful, the outcome of which meeting was the poor vicar's abandonment of any claims to the wardenship. Mrs. Quiverful, mindful of the needs of a family of fourteen children, thereupon set off for Barchester, saw Mrs. Proudie, and explained the situation. Angrily entering her husband's study, Mrs. Proudie engaged in battle with the Bishop and his chaplain. At first the Bishop remained silent while the combat raged about him, reaching its climax when Mrs. Proudie requested Mr. Slope to withdraw

that she might speak to her husband alone. Mr. Slope not obeying, the Bishop was called on to enforce the order, but for a moment was silent.

"My lord," said the lady, "is Mr. Slope to leave this room or am I?"

Mrs. Proudie was boiling over with wrath. Divine anger got the better of her, as of other heroines, and she fell.

"My lord, am I to be vouchsafed an answer or am I not?"

"Why, my dear," said he, "Mr. Slope and I are very busy."

That was all. He had gone to the battlefield, endured the dust and heat of the day, and won the victory.

Mrs. Proudie, after slamming the door, descended to Mrs. Quiverful, intending to vent her displeasure on that innocent victim; but the real distress of the poor vicaress softened her, and she said the appointment should be insisted on. As she repeated the word "insisted," she thought of the Bishop in his nightcap, and with compressed lips slightly shook her head.

Mr. Slope, after writing a confidential letter to Mrs. Bold on the subject of the wardenship, next called on the Signora, who in the midst of his ardent love-making reminded him that he had forgotten the existence of a Signor Neroni, and also asked maliciously whether he were not going to marry Mrs. Bold. His letter to Mrs. Bold was sent after her to Plumstead, and its reception created new dissension between herself and the Archdeacon, who whispered some of his annoyance to Mr. Arabin. Eleanor did not in her heart admire Mr. Slope, but she resented the action of the Grantlys and was angrier than ever when the Archdeacon declared that he had spoken about the matter to Mr. Arabin, who agreed with him.

"Agrees with what?" said she.

"Agrees with me and Susan that it is quite impossible that you should be received at Plumstead as Mrs. Slope."

As Eleanor had no thought of Mr. Slope as her future husband, all this was very painful to her. The thought that she might become Mrs. Slope troubled Mr. Arabin likewise, and when he felt moved to ask whether she loved Mr. Slope and meant to be his wife she refused to answer, although she knew the speaker loved her and was pleased at the knowledge.

Dr. Trefoil, the Dean, now falling mortally ill, the ques-

tion of his successor was much discussed and the suggestion that Mr. Slope might chance to be appointed to the deanery created dire dismay among the Barsetshire clergy. The chaplain himself suggested it to the Bishop, who promised to consult the Archbishop about it, and in return Mr. Slope yielded in the matter of Mr. Quiverful and the wardenship. But the Bishop had a dreadful hour with Mrs. Proudie when she heard that her husband had promised to clear Mr. Slope's path to the deanery.

While the Dean still lingered, Eleanor saw much of the Stanhopes in innocent, friendly fashion and in accordance with Charlotte's plans. She accompanied them to a large garden-party given by the Thornes of Ullathorne Court, but was not pleased that the Signora had asked Mr. Slope to go with them.

At Ullathorne the Signora exercised her arts over Mr. Arabin, inquiring why he should let the Slopes of this world distance him, and whether he did not admire Mrs. Bold. But she soon saw that she could not make a fool of him as of Mr. Slope and Squire Thorne, and with unwonted good nature resolved to do him a good turn. Bertie was to have the first chance with Eleanor, but she did not think he would succeed, for she fancied Mr. Slope stood a better chance, and it would be amusing to thwart him. So the Signora resolved, should Bertie fail, to give up Mr. Arabin to the woman he loved.

As it fell out, Mr. Slope found opportunity to offer himself to Eleanor at the garden-party and, inspired by the champagne he had taken, attempted some outward demonstration of his affection, in response to which she promptly boxed his ears and fled. Meeting Charlotte Stanhope, she confided to her what had happened, and Charlotte thought to herself that the affair might be turned to her brother's advantage. But Bertie had no especial liking for the duty put before him, and when Charlotte had brought the two together he confided the whole scheme to Eleanor, who when she found that her dear friend Charlotte desired to sacrifice her for the Stanhope welfare, and that Bertie owned he did not care to pay his debts at so great a sacrifice of himself, was very angry. Still he was so good-natured that she was not half as indignant with him as with others.

Dean Trefoil died on the day of the party, and the *Jupiter*

supported Mr. Slope for the vacant post. For an entire week Barchester did not know who was to be the new Dean, but Mr. Harding finally received the appointment. The Archdeacon was delighted at the news, but indignant when his father-in-law said he should decline it, declaring himself unfit for decanal duties.

In the mean time the Signora had made game of Mr. Slope in the presence of Mr. Arabin, Squire Thorne, and other men, and the Archdeacon had been much crestfallen over the rumor that his paragon of excellence, Mr. Arabin, had succumbed to the siren fascinations of the Signora. The rumor reached Miss Thorne also, at Ullathorne Court, and she resolved to find a wife for the Vicar of St. Ewold's. The Signora was of the same mind, and despatched a request that Mrs. Bold would call upon her at a certain hour, a request which Eleanor obeyed with hesitation. When the two were alone Madeline said that Mr. Arabin adored her visitor with his whole soul.

"He told me his secret in a thousand ways, because he could not dissemble; but he does not dream that he has told it. You know it now, and I advise you to use it. If ever you are a happy wife in that man's house we shall be far away; but I shall expect you to write me one line to say that you have forgiven the sins of the family."

Miss Thorne's method was less direct than the Signora's, but, perhaps because of the Signora's earlier efforts, none the less effectual. She invited Eleanor to visit at Ullathorne Court, and also Mr. Arabin, who was to arrive on the day following. He came early, and after dinner Mrs. Bold informed her hostess that she was engaged to Mr. Arabin, and that she must return to Barchester at once. Miss Thorne had planned for a more leisurely wooing under her auspices, and was momentarily disconcerted by the swiftness of the present one.

The Grantlys now felt they had done injustice in their thought to both parties, and Mr. Harding, who renounced the deanery for himself, conceived the idea that Mr. Arabin was just the man for the office. The Archdeacon, knowing that nothing would induce his mild, conscientious father-in-law to accept the office if he thought it wrong to do so, fell in with this idea, and in due season the matter was arranged with the ap-

pointing powers and Mr. Arabin became Dean of Barchester. He insisted, however, that Mr. Harding should live with them at the deanery, and to this the other consented. Mr. Harding himself introduced the new warden of the hospital, Mr. Quiverful, to his charges, and soon after this event came the Arabin wedding, on which occasion the joyful Archdeacon made presents to nearly everyone. The titular Bishop never interfered with the Dean and Chapter, and Mrs. Proudie, who had learned wisdom from Mr. Slope's failures in that direction, but seldom.

When Mr. Slope learned of the disposal of the deanery he at once made plans for quitting Barchester, and having received a formal summons to the palace at his own convenience waited on the Bishop. He found, as he expected, Mrs. Proudie with her husband. Understanding that the prelate wished to speak to him on a matter affecting the chaplain himself, he made an ineffectual endeavor to secure Mrs. Proudie's withdrawal from the room, and when the Bishop began to take him to task he demanded boldly to know what he had done amiss.

"What have you done amiss, Mr. Slope?" said Mrs. Proudie, standing before the culprit, and raising that terrible forefinger. "Do you dare to ask the Bishop what you have done amiss? Does not your conscience—"

"Mrs. Proudie, pray let it be understood that I will have no words with you."

"Ah, sir, but you will have words, you must have words. Why have you had so many words with that Signora Neroni? Why have you disgraced yourself, you a clergyman too, by constantly consorting with a married woman—one altogether unfit for a clergyman's society?"

"I was introduced to her in your drawing-room," retorted Mr. Slope.

"And shamefully you behaved there," said Mrs. Proudie. "I should have insisted on your instant dismissal. You will have the goodness to understand that you no longer fill any situation about the Bishop, and I ask you to provide yourself with apartments as soon as may be convenient."

On Mr. Slope's asking the Bishop to let him know his own decision in the matter, the Bishop replied that it was to

the effect that Mr. Slope had best seek for some other preferment.

"And what, my lord, is my fault?"

"That Signora Neroni is one fault," said Mrs. Proudie.

"My lord, I desire to know for what fault I am turned out of your lordship's house."

"You hear what Mrs. Proudie says," said the Bishop.

The chaplain now threatened to publish an account of this transaction, upon which Mrs. Proudie declared he would not be so insane.

"I advise you to beware, Mr. Slope, of what you do and say. Clergymen have been unfrocked for less than what you have been guilty of."

"My lord, if this goes on I shall be obliged to indict this woman—Mrs. Proudie, I mean—for defamation of character."

"I think, Mr. Slope," said the Bishop, "you had better now retire," and the interview soon closed.

Scorning the curacy of Puddingdale, contemptuously offered him by Mrs. Proudie at the moment of his leaving the palace, Mr. Slope betook himself to London at once, there married the widow of a wealthy sugar-refiner, and presently became famous as one of the most eloquent and pious preachers in the metropolis.

ORLEY FARM (1861)

This novel was one of the author's own favorites; he regarded it as the most faithful of all his pictures of English country life. Its legal complications suggested to him the idea of making a dramatic version of the plot, which was begun but never finished.

T is the duty of rich city knights to "found families," and it is their pleasure to marry young wives. Sir Joseph Mason performed his duty and took his pleasure.

His son by his first marriage, Joseph Mason, Esq., lived at Groby Park, an estate in Yorkshire, and there played the country gentleman. His daughters were all married and handsomely dowered. His first wife had long been dead, so why should not Sir Joseph, living alone on his property of Orley Farm, about twenty-five miles from London, indulge himself in a wife forty-five years his junior?

The second Lady Mason, brought up as a lady, educated in the hard school of poverty and taught from her earliest infancy that money was all in all, had accepted the palsied hand of the aged knight as a matter of course.

Sir Joseph survived his second marriage about three years and then died, leaving a young widow and a son, Lucius, two years old.

When Sir Joseph's will came to be proved it was found that there was a codicil by which Orley Farm was bequeathed to the infant Lucius. Joseph Mason, Esq., of Groby Park was surprised, indignant, incredulous. His father always had assured him that Orley Farm should go at his death to swell the real estate held by the "head of the family."

Lady Mason often had urged Sir Joseph to make this provision for his infant son, but the knight always had answered: "As for you, madam, you shall have enough to support you in

comfort for the rest of your life. As for the brat, let him make his way in the world, as I did. The head of the family shall not be crippled."

The codicil was written in Lady Mason's own hand. It had been dictated to her, she said, by Mr. Usbech, Sir Joseph's attorney, the said Usbech being so ill at the time that he could write little more than his name. It was witnessed by young John Kennenby, Sir Joseph's clerk, and by Bridget Bolster, a housemaid.

"I have been robbed, sir, robbed most shamefully by that woman at Orley Farm," said the Squire of Groby Park. So Joseph Mason protested against the probating of the codicil and the great Orley Farm case was begun.

But Joseph lost. The two witnesses distinctly remembered having been called to Sir Joseph's bedroom, where he lay dying, on the date of the codicil, and there having witnessed some document—doubtless the will. Mr. Usbech had died before Sir Joseph, so his testimony, which would have been conclusive, was not available. But Lady Mason won, and Lucius Mason grew to man's estate and became master of Orley Farm, which was a snug little property.

The great neighbors of the Masons were the Ormes at The Cleeve. Nobody in that neighborhood was quite such a great man as Sir Peregrine Orme, and with him resided his son's widow, Mrs. Orme, and his grandson and heir, young Peregrine, who was of the same age as Lucius Mason.

Lady Mason's widowed life was successful, and the worst thing people could find to say about her was that she would not drink tea with Mrs. Arkwright of Mount Pleasant Villa because she had the privilege of entering Sir Peregrine's drawing-room. Of course there could be no real social equality between the widow of a city knight and the daughter of one baronet of James's creation and the daughter-in-law of another, even though she was called "my lady" and the other was only plain "Mrs." But Sir Peregrine had come forward as Lady Mason's friend at the time of the lawsuit, and by degrees an intimacy had grown up between the two widows.

Lady Mason went to Sir Peregrine for advice about her business affairs, and about the education of her son, and if there was

anything the stout old Baronet loved it was giving judicious advice to those who would follow it. But Lady Mason knew her place, and was not at The Cleeve nearly as much as the great people would have liked to see her there.

Lucius Mason was educated at a private school and then went to a German university, while young Orme, of course, went to Harrow and Oxford. Peregrine came home a great, hearty, rather stupid, honest young gentleman, given to fox-hunting and with a strong predilection for rat-baiting. Lucius Mason came home with a declared intention of making scientific farming and philology his life pursuits. To "philology and the races of men" Lady Mason did not so much object, but when it came to scientific farming, she was scared.

"Oh, Sir Peregrine," she told her patron, "he has gone off to Liverpool to buy a load of—of—guano. He says that what he buys here is adulterated. And he has taken the two meadows away from Mr. Dockwrath and thinks of taking some land away from Farmer Greenwood, who always pays his rent so promptly."

"He must put a stop to that sort of thing, Lady Mason," Sir Peregrine announced, "or he will soon ruin himself. He would better come and dine with me and we will have it out after dinner."

So Lucius did dine with Sir Peregrine, and after dinner, when the Baronet introduced the subject of farming, the young man quite swamped him by a flood of theory and scientific patter flowing unrestrained from the wide-open sluice-gates of the German universities.

"That young man is the most conceited puppy it has ever been my lot to meet," said Sir Peregrine afterward. To his mother, when she intimated that experimental farming should be attempted only by men of large capital, Lucius had replied:

"Capital is a bugbear. The capital that is really needed is thought, brains, mind, combination, knowledge."

Sir Peregrine might swear. Lady Mason could only sigh. But Mr. Dockwrath, the attorney in the neighboring town of Hamworth, with a wife and sixteen children, was moved to action when the two fields that he had held under lease were taken away from him. He had married Miriam Usbech, daughter of the late Sir Joseph's attorney, and with her had taken a legacy

of two thousand pounds that had been bequeathed to the girl in that famous codicil. Sir Joseph had often said that he intended to provide for Miriam, and the codicil had made the bequest to her chargeable on property that otherwise would have gone to Lady Mason. That had been one of the points in the case for the defense. If Lady Mason had forged the codicil she would not have deprived herself of two thousand pounds.

Lady Mason had desired Miriam to marry the clerk, Kennenby, instead of the attorney with a shady reputation, and Dockwrath knew it and hated her. When the fields were taken away from him he began eagerly to go through his late father-in-law's papers. He emerged from the examination maliciously exultant and hurried down to Groby Park to see Joseph Mason, Esq. Dockwrath had discovered that on July 14th, the very date borne by the codicil, Sir Joseph had signed a deed of separation pertaining to his London commercial house, and the maid and the clerk had witnessed it. At the trial neither of them had mentioned having witnessed two documents on that date.

This original deed was in existence in the hands of Sir Joseph's former partner. If the clerk and the maid had witnessed only one document on July 14th, it must have been this deed, and the codicil must have been a forgery. Mr. Dockwrath had sounded them, and they were sure that they had signed only one document.

"For twenty years she has robbed me!" exclaimed Joseph Mason of Groby Park, and let slip an oath or two. "No punishment will be bad enough for her. They ought to hang her."

"They can't hang her," said Mr. Dockwrath.

"No," replied Joseph; "they have altered the laws so as to give encouragement to forgers, villains, and perjurers. But they can give her penal servitude for life."

Mr. Dockwrath naturally wished to be Mr. Mason's legal representative in the matter; but Mr. Mason was cautious, and insisted that the attorney hand over his information to his regular legal advisers, Round and Crook, most respectable attorneys, who would not touch such a creature as Dockwrath with a ten-foot pole. After much haggling and a promise that he should be recompensed for his work, the Hamworth lawyer went up to London to see Round and Crook. Meantime Miriam had

slipped over to Orley Farm and told Lady Mason of her husband's sinister designs. Lady Mason took counsel with her attorney, Mr. Furnival—and with Sir Peregrine, of course.

Lady Mason was both interesting and comely in her grief, in spite of her forty-seven years.

The great Mr. Furnival left a very pleasant house-party to come to London and meet Lady Mason. The great Mr. Furnival had been a hard-working, modest-living attorney in his time, but in his age and his prosperity had developed into a Lothario with a port-wine nose, who spent as little time as possible at home. His wife, who had not developed at all since those days of poverty and work, was morbidly jealous.

Mr. Furnival comforted his fair client. He thought there would be no suit, but if there was he would stand by her.

"But, tell me, Lady Mason," said he, "why are you so much out of heart? I remember well how brave you were twenty years ago when there really was cause for trembling."

"Ah, I was younger then."

"So the almanac tells me," he replied; "but if the almanac did not tell me I never should know it."

After she had gone, Mr. Furnival sat thinking how comely she was and how intelligent. But by degrees he ceased to think of the woman and considered only the client.

In Sir Peregrine Orme Lady Mason found a champion of quite another sort. The stately, kind-hearted old baronet was filled with indignation at the villainy of Mason of Groby Park.

"I will not desert you, Lady Mason," said he; "of that you may be sure. You have no occasion to frighten yourself. What documents can Dockwrath have found that can possibly harm you? Ignore the whole thing, Lady Mason, unless you get some legal notice that requires answering."

"Dear friend," murmured Lady Mason, and Sir Peregrine thought how well preserved and uncommonly pretty she was.

"Dear, persecuted creature," thought the Baronet as he sat alone after the interview. And then, as he mused, he said aloud to himself: "Why should I not?"

The news of the discovery of documents bearing on the great Orley Farm case that might cause Lady Mason to be indicted was spread broadcast by Dockwrath. Lucius Mason angrily

commanded his mother to "leave all that sort of thing to him." He was her natural protector and would prosecute for slander the first man he caught repeating the story.

It took Lady Mason, Mr. Furnival, and Sir Peregrine combined to induce Lucius to subside, and when he did so he did it with a surly and superior air.

Lucius was in love, as much as his cold nature would allow him to be, with Sophia Furnival, daughter of his mother's attorney, and Miss Sophia, a prudent damsel, reciprocated his feelings as warmly as was consistent with her desire to choose a husband discreetly. As she had an offer from Judge Staveley's son Augustus, Sophia had decided to temporize until the final possession of Orley Farm was decided.

Peregrine Orme meanwhile had fallen over head and ears in love with Judge Staveley's daughter Madeline. But Madeline, not possessing the practical qualities of Miss Furnival, had fallen in love with somebody else, which somebody was a briefless barrister, one Felix Graham.

"Oh, dear," said Lady Staveley to the Judge, "why can't she love Peregrine? The Cleeve is such a nice property and lies so near our own. And Felix Graham has no money and no business. Oh, dear!"

"Well, my love," replied the Judge, "neither had I when you married me."

"Oh, that was quite different," retorted Lady Staveley. And she thought the learned Judge was rather stupid to make such a comparison.

"Well, my dear," said the Judge soothingly, "perhaps we had better let Madeline choose for herself." But Lady Staveley said to young Peregrine: "Do not give up hope, my dear boy. Go away now and come back later and try again."

Soon it became certain that Lady Mason would be forced to stand trial for perjury. They had elected to try her on that charge rather than forgery, which would have been harder to prove. Sir Peregrine's answer to this was to say to Mrs. Orme: "My dear, we ought to be especially good to Lady Mason in her great trouble. The countenance of such a family as ours will be of great help to her. You must invite her to The Cleeve to stay until this atrocious persecution is ended."

Mrs. Orme, who was lovingly attached to Lady Mason, consented gladly.

"Mother," said Lucius, "there is a cloud over us now. Your place is here and I am your defender until this dastardly conspiracy is brought to naught and its authors punished." But Lady Mason went to The Cleeve nevertheless. And while Lady Mason was staying at his house, Sir Peregrine asked himself again: "Why should I not?"

The chivalrous old gentleman, who, though he had turned seventy, was still keenly alive to a strong feeling of romance, had assured Lady Mason that he would be to her as a father; but her woman's instinct told her that the pressure of his hand was warmer than that which a father accords to an adopted daughter.

One day Sir Peregrine cautiously opened his question of "Why should I not?" with Mrs. Orme. Then, seeing that he was making little progress, he came out plumply with:

"Edith, I love her with my whole heart. I would fain make her my wife."

"Dearest father," softly replied Mrs. Orme, "will it make you more happy?"

"Yes," he replied slowly. "I think it will."

So Mrs. Orme was satisfied. Sir Peregrine's happiness was her only consideration. To Lady Mason he said:

"I am an old man—some would say a very old man. But I am not too old to love you. Can you accept the love of an old man like me? I mean the love of a husband for his wife, of a wife for her husband?"

Though not exactly taken by surprise, Lady Mason was much agitated.

"Sir Peregrine. Ah, me! You have not remembered the position in which I am placed, dearest friend, dearest of all friends"—and then she knelt before him, leaning on his knees as he sat in his accustomed armchair. "It may not be so. Think of the sorrow that would come upon you and yours if my enemies should prevail."

"By ——, they shall not prevail."

"But there will be disgrace in even standing at that bar," she protested.

"Who will dare to say so when I shall stand there with you?" he replied.

Lady Mason was tempted. There had grown in her heart a real love for this old man, the first of the kind she had ever known. This she felt was the love a woman should have for the man she married. And here was a haven of refuge, offered her when she most needed it.

In her distress and her weakness she yielded, crying out: "Oh, Sir Peregrine, it would have been better for you that you never had seen me!"

The news that Lady Mason was soon to become Lady Orme was soon flung abroad. Lady Mason wrote the news to Lucius at Orley Farm, and the austere Lucius was horrified. Children always are at the idea of their parents marrying again. Sir Peregrine told young Peregrine, and the grandson was surly.

"I hope you understand that it will not affect your interests," said the grandfather.

"I do not care about that, sir, one way or the other," the grandson replied, with sturdy truth.

"I think I have a right to please myself in this matter," said Sir Peregrine.

"Oh, yes, sir, you have the right," was the sole reply.

Then young Peregrine rode over to Orley Farm to see Lucius, and they agreed that the marriage must not take place. Mr. Furnival heard the news with hardly less anger than the two young men. His interest in Lady Mason's law business began to wane.

The blundering young Peregrine, while disapproving of his grandfather's marriage, let out to the old gentleman that he himself had matrimonial intentions in regard to Miss Staveley, and that his love affairs were not prospering. Sir Peregrine returned good for evil by sympathizing with his grandson, bidding him hope and try again—which was a shrewd piece of diplomacy and partly reconciled the youth to his grandfather's marriage.

One evening, as Sir Peregrine sat in the library alone, Lady Mason came to him and said:

"Sir Peregrine, it is impossible that we should be married."

"And why not? Have I done anything to offend you?"

"No, no, I do not think that would be possible. But, oh,

my dearest and best beloved, it may not be! Sir Peregrine, I am guilty!"

"Guilty! Guilty of what?"

"Guilty of all this with which they charge me," she sobbed, and then she threw herself on the floor and put her arms around his knees. The old man was bewildered.

"Lady Mason," he said at last, "let me lead you to the sofa."

She sat there, then, huddled up in a corner of the sofa with her face hidden. She was not hysterical, but when she spoke her voice had a terrible agony in it. Then she confessed that she had forged the signatures to the codicil that her child might not be left penniless. She had done for Lucius what Rebecca did for Jacob.

"You will tell Edith," said the shaking old man. "And—and I fear that this must be over between you and me."

"Oh, yes," she said, "it must be all over."

But it was Sir Peregrine who told Mrs. Orme, and that good woman went at once to Lady Mason's chamber and comforted her and wept with her.

Sir Peregrine aged rapidly—he never had shown his age before—but he resolved to stand by Lady Mason more stanchly than ever. Orley Farm must be given up to its rightful owner, that was agreed on—but not until after the trial. It was arranged that Lady Mason should return to the farm, and that Mrs. Orme should accompany her, to show that the great folk of The Cleeve were still her friends.

The news soon spread abroad that the match between the widow and Sir Peregrine was broken off—by Lady Mason's own act, it was given out. Mr. Furnival's interest in her case revived wonderfully; but the shrewd lawyer guessed a great deal, and the more he examined the matter the more he became convinced that it would be best to employ the celebrated Mr. Chaffanbrass and the no less celebrated Mr. Aram, Old Bailey practitioners, who made a specialty of restoring criminals to their friends and relatives. Then Lady Mason knew that Mr. Furnival knew, but no word of that kind was spoken between them.

The day of the trial came at last, and Mrs. Orme sat beside Lady Mason in the crowded court room. Mrs. Orme as she took her seat was so confused that she could scarcely look around

her, but Lady Mason was calm and collected. She had thought much of this day, and had arranged all its details. She had dressed herself with great care and appropriateness, and Mr. Furnival, as she turned her head toward the Judge, was startled by the grace of her appearance. Lucius Mason was with his mother, of course, and filled with indignation that she was not acquitted at once and her enemies denounced and sent to jail.

Joseph Mason also was discontented. The Solicitor-General, in his opening address, did not hold Lady Mason up to the scorn and indignation of the jury, as the Squire would have had him do.

The trial lasted two days, and a part of the third day was occupied by the Judge's charge and the consultation of the jury. When the lawyers for the defense got through with Dockwrath he had not a shred of character left. The great Mr. Chaffanbrass made him confess his revengeful motives in the matter and dragged out of him that he had a promise from Joseph Mason that so soon as Orley Farm was restored to the "head of the family" the Hamworth attorney should be the tenant.

Poor John Kennenby, who had got so wofully mixed up in his testimony at the first trial that the Judge had called him a fool, was confronted with a transcript of that testimony, and became so confused in his answers that, though he honestly tried his best to say he had witnessed only one document on July 14th, he was in reality made to say anything his examiner and cross-examiner wanted him to. His testimony was worthless.

But Bridget Bolster was quite another sort of person and baffled even the crafty Mr. Chaffanbrass. The most damaging admission he could get out of her was that she had taken a glass of spirits just before she came into court and had been in the company of Dockwrath. But Bridget, fixing her eyes on the canopy over the Judge's head, repeated steadfastly that she had witnessed only one document on July 14th.

At the end of the second day's session of the court, when the evidence was all in and the lawyers had made their pleas, the fate of Lady Mason plainly was in doubt. The great crowd that had come into the little assize town of Alston to see and hear the trial was divided into two camps over what the verdict would be. When Lady Mason came into court on the morning of the

third day her son Lucius was not with her. The night before, Mrs. Orme had, with his mother's consent, told him all.

"Oh, mother, what is this she has told me?" said Lucius as Lady Mason threw herself on the floor at his feet.

"Mother, if you will rise I will speak to you."

"Your words kill me!" she cried. She had done it for him.

"Mother," continued Lucius, "it is all over here. But our lot must still be together. You will find me here when you come back to-morrow. But we must then go away forever. If they imprison you I will come to you. If I said that I forgave you, my words would be a mockery. I neither condemn nor forgive. I accept the situation."

Yet Lady Mason seemed as calm, collected, and confident as ever when she appeared in court next morning. The Judge's charge blew aside all the froth that the lawyers had been stirring up, and the jury retired. Lady Mason and Mrs. Orme, accompanied by the sturdy and faithful Peregrine, went to a little room and waited, waited, waited. Suddenly Mr. Aram rushed upon them. The jury was coming in—Lady Mason must appear in court.

The three followed Mr. Aram into the court room. There stood the jury looking serious and composed.

"Have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have, my lord."

"Is it guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, my lord."

Shortly after that eventful day Mr. Mason of Groby Park received a letter from Mr. Furnival saying that his client, Lucius Mason, would no longer occupy Orley Farm and desired to give up that estate to "the head of the family." It required a personal interview to convince Joseph Mason that he was ready to have the estate.

"What?" said he. "And without compensation? Then she has robbed me. That will was forged, after all. For twenty years she has robbed me, and I'll punish her if I spend every penny I possess."

He did try to reopen the case, but could find no one to take it up for him in the face of the adverse verdict. Mr. Dockwrath sent Mason in a large bill, which he declared was due

him for his services. He lost, and the expenses of the trial ruined him and also made a big hole in Mason's estate.

Miss Furnival, when she heard that Lucius was to give up Orley Farm, promptly wrote him a letter offering to be a sister to him. Madeline Staveley married her briefless barrister, and young Peregrine went off to Central Africa hunting big game.

"Edith," said poor old Peregrine to Mrs. Orme, "had she so chosen, she could have demanded a home from me. Why should I not give it to her now?"

"I trust," replied Mrs. Orme, "that she will bear her present lot for a few years, and then, perhaps—"

"Ah, then I shall be in my grave. A few months will do that," said the Baronet. He went up to London to see Lady Mason, and found her preparing to go abroad with Lucius. Her income would support them in a quiet German village until Lucius should get employment.

"Mary," said he, "I wish that I might comfort you. I wish I might hear your light step again upon my floors."

"Never, Sir Peregrine," she replied. "No one ever again shall rejoice to hear either my step or my voice, or to see my form or touch my hand. I could have loved you with my whole heart had it been so permitted. Nay, I did do so. It is well for us both now that you should leave me."

He took her in his arms and kissed her twice upon the forehead and left the room without further speech on either side.

CAN YOU FORGIVE HER? (1864)

In 1850 Anthony Trollope attempted to write a comedy in mingled blank verse and prose, to which he gave the title of *The Noble Jilt*. Much pleased with this production, after carefully retouching it here and there, the author placed it in the hands of his friend George Bartley, a noted actor, to obtain his judgment. That judgment was unfavorable, and in later life Trollope acknowledged that Bartley was right. On this rejected play the story of *Can You Forgive Her?* was mainly based. Trollope informs us that he chose another name for the novel, "lest the critics might throw a doubt on the nobility." In August, 1863, the first number of *Can You Forgive Her?* was issued as a separate serial, and the publication of the story was thus continued through 1864. It is the first in order of the author's six novels of contemporary politics that constitute the *Parliamentary Series*. The time allowed for the development of the tale is a little less than two years, and the period is the earlier part of the sixth decade of the nineteenth century. For this work the author received £3,575.

HEN Alice Vavasour was twenty-four years of age she was living with her father in a small house in Queen Anne Street, London, and was engaged to Mr. John Grey, who lived on his estate of Nethercoats, near Ely, in Cambridgeshire. Her father was the second son of a Westmoreland squire and had married Alice Macleod, a wealthy heiress of good family. The marriage gave great offense to the Macleods; but Mrs. Vavasour died when her daughter Alice was born, and her fortune was settled upon the child. Alice was educated by her mother's kindred, who troubled themselves very little about her otherwise, except a certain Lady Macleod, whom Alice called aunt, who was living in Cheltenham on a small income, and was now over seventy-five. On her father's side her only relatives were her grandfather and her cousins George and Kate Vavasour, the children of Squire Vavasour's eldest son, and her aunt, Mrs. Greenow. George Vavasour was the natural heir of the Westmoreland estate, and three years previously Alice had been engaged to him, or had said that under certain circumstances she would become

engaged to him. George, however, had proved but a clay idol, and because of his untruth to her the arrangement had come to an end. All this had been imparted to Mr. Grey when she became engaged to that gentleman; but although she could not forgive George as a lover, she had pardoned him as a man because he was her cousin and the brother of her dear friend Kate, and she was now to take a Swiss tour in company with Kate and George. To this tour, in such company, Lady Macleod strongly objected, thereby strengthening Alice's purpose. Alice declared that her lover would be incapable of such suspicion as would be shown by an objection on his part to the arrangement for the tour, and in reply to her letter announcing her plans he had written a courteous letter in which no such objection was even obscurely hinted at.

On the June day before that appointed for the departure John Grey came to say good-by and to urge a date for their marriage soon after the return; but to this Alice demurred, and the question was not pressed further. She was by no means fully sure of herself, and perhaps had John Grey expressed definite disapproval of the Swiss tour she might have yielded in both matters.

During the major part of the tour no word was said which could have displeased Mr. Grey could he have heard it, but one evening in Basel George told his cousin that he could not understand her loving such a man as Grey. Had she made a mistake in regard to Mr. Grey, was a question she had already been putting to herself, and while George was speaking she knew that she had mistaken.

"If you take my advice," said Kate to her brother when they were next alone, "you'll ask her in plain words to give you another chance."

To Alice Kate declared that George still wished to marry her; and although Alice made but a lame defense of her position as the betrothed bride of Mr. Grey, she determined that on her return she would bid him name the earliest day he pleased for the wedding. Nevertheless, when she reached London and found a letter from her lover urging her to consent to a marriage in October, she replied that she could not let him hope that they should be married that year. In response he sent a line saying

that he should go up to London to see her at once, and she then resolved that she must tell him the whole truth. By this she meant that she must end her engagement, not that her heart had turned again to her cousin George. She told herself, indeed, that no marriage was possible for her now. She did not doubt her love for John Grey, nor his character; but she did feel that there was a wide difference in their dispositions, and that with her lack of sympathy in his interests she could not make him happy.

"He is perfect!" Alice had said to herself often. "Oh, that he were less perfect!"

In their interview he preserved entire self-command, thereby deceiving Alice as regarded the strength of his own feelings, but insisted that only her marriage with someone else would convince him that their engagement must terminate.

In her devotion to her brother Kate Vavasour urged him to renew his love-affair with Alice, a thing which he was much inclined to do if only to do an injury to Grey, and she sent him a part of a letter from Alice in which the writer said that every moment she had spent with Mr. Grey at their last meeting had made her more determined than before to break her engagement.

George Vavasour had been successively a parliamentary land-agent, a wine-merchant, and a stock-broker, and had lately unsuccessfully contested a seat in Parliament. He was desirous of making another trial, and being already involved with publicans and attorneys as regarded past election expenses, was well aware that much more money would be needed to meet the exigencies of another contest. If he could persuade Alice to engage herself to him, her fortune would help him vastly in his undertaking. Alice by this time had informed her father that she could not marry Mr. Grey, which disturbed him greatly. He announced that he should not interfere, though he considered her action foolish, and expressed the hope that she was not thinking again of her cousin George, who did not bear a good reputation in the world at large. When George called that same day she told him that her engagement was ended, at which he rejoiced so openly as to startle her, and when her cousin had gone she asked herself whether she had not been mad when she sent from her

side the only man she had ever truly respected. Still, she adhered to her resolution, and when Mr. Grey visited her at Lady Macleod's in Cheltenham she could only repeat what she had said before. But when John Grey spoke of the happiness of his whole life as being at stake with a decision against him that would be ruinous to it, he spoke without a quiver in his voice, and had no more sign of passion than if he were telling his gardener to move a rose-tree, and such admirable calmness was much against him in a matter of that kind.

Among Alice's grand relatives on the maternal side was Lady Glencora Palliser, who had been Lady Glencora McCluskie, the great heiress, and was now the wife of Plantagenet Palliser, nephew of the Duke of Omnium. She was four years younger than Alice, and more than a year previously had been on the point of elopement with Burgo Fitzgerald, a handsome scapegrace of thirty who had gained her heart. Her friends had rallied to prevent this sacrifice, with the result that she had been decorously married to Mr. Palliser, whom she did not love. Burgo had had money dealings with George Vavasour and thus had learned of Alice's relation to Lady Glencora, and while Lady Glencora was trying to hold out against the wishes of her friends she had begged Alice to let her meet Burgo at the house in Queen Anne Street, where an elopement might be planned. Alice refused, but Lady Glencora was finally pacified and Alice was subsequently asked to be one of the bridesmaids at the Palliser wedding. The Pallisers had then gone abroad, and Alice had heard no more from her grand cousin till she was now invited by Lady Glencora to visit her at Matching Priory. But before that visit George Vavasour called upon Alice, complaining that she had not been quite frank with him, and succeeding at length in establishing something like the former friendship. He also asked for her friendship and sympathy in his political career. At Matching she was on terms of closest intimacy with Lady Glencora, who told her she had done right to break with Mr. Grey if she did not love him.

"But I did love him," said Alice.

"Then I don't understand it," said Lady Glencora.

At another time Lady Glencora assured her that if she had only yielded when the meeting in Queen Anne Street was pro-

posed she (Lady Glencora) would then have gone away with Fitzgerald and all the after misery of being the wife of a man she respected but did not love would have been avoided. As for Burgo Fitzgerald, she admitted loving him with her heart and soul. There was much further confidence to the same effect, and Alice could only implore her friend to remember what was due to her husband and herself and avoid every chance of meeting Burgo.

At Christmas time when Alice had gone to Vavasour Hall in Westmoreland, George wrote to her, again asking her to be his wife, saying frankly that if she were his wife he should expect to use her money in his parliamentary contest—not that he asked her to marry him for the sake of that aid, but if she became his wife he should expect her coöperation; with her money, possibly, but certainly with her enthusiastic sympathy. As he placed his letter in its envelope he said to himself: "I'll bet two to one that she gives way." And after waiting several days and discussing the matter with her cousin Kate she did give way, and wrote him that she could not marry him under a year, but that any portion of her money was at his service should he need it before the twelvemonth was over. She had now the disagreeable task of apprising her grandfather of her change of purpose, a task not made pleasanter by his query:

"And that's the meaning of your jilting Mr. Grey, is it?"

Nor was her father pleased with the proposed marriage. John Vavasour considered his nephew a rascal, and so expressed himself to Alice, while her intention to furnish her unworthy lover with such a portion of her fortune as he might ask for made him still more opposed to the match. As Alice knew that her father, while yet a worldly man, was neither false nor malicious, his energy in this matter was proof that he believed himself to be right in his opinion of George. To tell the truth, Alice was frightened at what she had done, and almost repented of it already. Her acceptance of her cousin's offer had not come of love. She had not so much asked herself why she should do this thing, as why she should not do it, seeing that it was required of her by her friend. If I can do him good, why should I not marry him? In that feeling had been the chief argument that had induced her to return such an answer as she had sent

to her cousin. What if she were ruined? There was always the other chance. She might save him from ruin, and help him to honor and fortune. While she was turning these things over in her mind her cousin came to see her. She was not glad to see him, and he observed it. The interview was painful, and when he asked her to kiss him she shuddered. With all his desire for her money—his instant need of it—this was too much for him, and he left the room.

John Grey had not yet been informed of her engagement to George, but she found courage at last to write him the news, which gave him bitter pain but did not make him abandon his hope utterly. Her father informed him that he did not know a worse man than his nephew, but as Alice was her own mistress he could not prevent her marriage. Grey determined to buy off George Vavasour, if he should find Alice had no real love for her cousin, and when he saw her he knew that there was no love for that man to whom she had pledged her hand, but he did not know how unchanged was her love for himself.

Grey now paid a visit to his lawyer in company with Alice's father, and it was arranged that George Vavasour should get his funds from Grey's fortune rather than from Alice's, but in such a way that neither Alice nor Vavasour should know the real source whence the funds were to come. John Vavasour explained later to his daughter that in disposing of large sums of money she should apprise him, even if the property were her own, and Alice then undertook that when such case should arise the money should be raised through his means.

George Vavasour knew very well that Alice did not love him, and but for his sore need of cash for election expenses he would have spared himself the task of asking her for money. He presently determined that Kate should be his ambassador in this, and went to Westmoreland, where she was now living with her grandfather, to arrange matters to this end. Kate offered her own small portion, which he declined, and then applied unsuccessfully to her aunt Greenow. At last, with extreme reluctance, she wrote to Alice for a thousand pounds toward her brother's electioneering expenses, and when George returned to London he found that the money had been placed to his credit. He found also, in course of time, that much more

money would soon be required, and he was obliged to draw still further upon the fortune of his cousin.

He gained his seat in Parliament and came to ask Alice's congratulations, but because she would not say that she loved him he again parted from her in anger. He swore to himself that he would never be indebted to her for another shilling; but Parliament would be dissolved in three months, and he knew he should need more money to reënter it. In talk with his lawyer, Scriby, he learned the name of Mr. Grey's lawyer, Mr. Tombe, and at once suspected that Grey, Alice, and Mr. Tombe might be arranging his money-matters. He might endure to take Alice's money, but not John Grey's. He hated Grey, but for the moment he hated Alice more. He visited Grey at his lodgings, an altercation ensued, and Vasasour was ejected.

The Westmoreland squire died about this time, his granddaughter Kate being the sole member of the family then with him. On the same day she received a letter from Alice telling how George had ill used and insulted her, and in this matter Kate's sympathies were now all with her cousin. She loved her brother, but she had lost belief in him. The family were present at the reading of the will, which document passed over the natural heir, George Vavasour, and devised the estate to George's eldest son, when such son should be twenty-five. If there were no son, the property was to go to Kate's son, should there be one. Angry at these provisions, George grossly insulted the family lawyer, and in a stormy scene with his sister on the moors she declared he did not understand what it meant to be honest. In his rage because she would not admit their grandfather to have been other than sane when the will was made, he threatened to be her death, and as he left her he pushed her to the ground so harshly that her arm was broken. She returned to the Hall in much pain, but would not tell how the accident had happened, while her brother, heaping curses on everyone, including himself, presently returned to London. Kate told herself that everything in life was over for her. He had asked her to perjure herself that he might have his own way, and had threatened to murder her because she had refused to obey him. At this moment she resolved that she never wished to see him more.

Matters ere this had reached a crisis with Lady Glencora. Uncertain of herself in stress of temptation, she had attempted to avoid all meetings with the man she still loved; but Mr. Palliser had insisted in her mingling in the society where she would necessarily meet Fitzgerald, and when she did encounter him at Lady Monk's she had danced with him because he had asked her. The next day she told her husband exactly how things were with her; that she never should make him happy; that they did not love each other; that she loved Fitzgerald, and the night before had almost decided to go away with him. In reply he told her that he did love her and would rather have her for his wife, if she would try to love him, than any other woman, and then he proposed a trip abroad and suggested that Alice Vavasour should accompany them. Thus it chanced that Alice was again thrown with the Pallisers. Mr. Palliser had forgiven his wife and accepted her promise to love him, at the same moment that he acknowledged to himself that he had married without loving or without requiring love. He was still under thirty, and the goal of his ambition had been the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. At this juncture the office was tendered him, but he declined it because of his promise to take his wife abroad.

The day before that appointed for their departure Burgo Fitzgerald called at the Pallisers' in Park Lane and encountered Mr. Palliser going out before the servant had answered his question whether Lady Glencora were in.

"I am not sure," said Mr. Palliser; "the servant will find out for you."

Then he went on his way, never once turning back to see whether Burgo effected an entrance. Nor did he return a minute earlier than he would otherwise have done.

Burgo was shown into the room where she was, and she rose to greet him, first sending the servant for Alice. He would not leave when she refused to give him her hand, and even in the presence of Alice he still persisted in remaining. To his question why she bade him go she replied:

"Because I am another man's wife, and because I care for his honor, if not for my own."

Then he kissed her and departed.

Of course Lady Glencora knew all about John Grey and his

rejection, and much of George Vavasour also, and she was prepared to welcome Grey with open arms if Alice were likely to do so too, which just now did not seem probable. But at Lucerne John Grey was encountered by Mr. Palliser and the two men soon became friendly. Grey resolved to tell his story to Mr. Palliser in the hope of gaining his assistance, and that gentleman promised to do what he could. It was therefore tacitly agreed by the Pallisers that Mr. Grey was to mingle with them as a friend, and Lady Glencora assured him of her most cordial assistance. With such allies, joined to the assurance of her own heart, it is not strange that he at last gained his desire and that before the party left Lucerne Alice had yielded to his loving persistence. Mr. Grey returned to England with the Pallisers, who congratulated him most heartily.

Mr. Palliser, who had very recently been apprised of the fact that in the course of time there would be an heir or heiress to the Palliser fortunes, was in so blissful a state that he could afford to be generous to everyone and through his intervening it came to pass that the penniless Fitzgerald was made the recipient of a weekly amount of fifteen pounds so long as he should remain in a certain small German town where there was no gaming-table. True, the sum did not come from Lady Glencora's husband, but it was Mr. Palliser who was primarily responsible for this action on the part of Burgo's relatives.

Before John Grey had gone to Lucerne he had received a second visit from George Vavasour, who proposed a duel with pistols there and then, and when Grey declined he said:

"Look here, Mr. Grey. You managed to worm yourself into an intimacy with my cousin and to become engaged to her. When she found out what you were, how paltry, mean, and vile, she changed her mind and bade you leave her."

"Are you here at her request?"

"I am here as her representative."

"Self-appointed, I think."

"Then, sir, you think wrong. I am at the moment her affianced husband, and I find that you still persecute her by forcing yourself upon her presence. I give you two alternatives: either give me your written promise never to go near her again, or fight me."

Upon Grey's refusal to accept either, Vavasour repeated his insults and flourishing a pistol declared that Grey should not leave the room alive unless he promised to meet the speaker somewhere and fight it out. Then as Grey moved toward the bell Vavasour fired. The bullet narrowly escaped Grey's head and buried itself in the wall close by. Perceiving that he had missed his aim, and momentarily forgetting the other charges in his pistol, the would-be murderer, with a curse, flung himself out of the room. When the police searched for him he was not to be found; but later it became known that he had sailed for America, where he vanished from sight. After John Grey had become intimate with Mr. Palliser he told him of this incident, only a softened version of which ever reached Alice. Hitherto Grey had taken comparatively little interest in politics, but association with Mr. Palliser effected a change in that respect, and through the Palliser interest it came about that he was presently returned to Parliament as member for Silverbridge, and at the same time Mr. Palliser himself obtained the much desired post of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in about ten days' time would be on his legs in the House proposing for his country's use his scheme of finance. To crown his happiness, he became the father of a son to inherit the dukedom of Omnium.

While these various affairs were in progress, the wealthy Widow Greenow, the aunt of Alice and Kate, had been weighing the merits of her two suitors—a penniless captain and a well-to-do Norfolk farmer—and having decided at last upon the captain, had succeeded not only in pacifying the unsuccessful suitor but in getting him engaged to a young friend of her own, Charlotte Fairstairs, after in vain commending him to the consideration of her favorite niece, Kate. Mrs. Greenow became Mrs. Bellfield before the marriage of Alice took place. She took Captain Bellfield for better or for worse, with a thorough determination to make the best of his worst, and to put him on his legs, if any such putting might be possible, and both Kate and Alice were present at the ceremony.

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON (1864)

This novel, the fifth of the *Barsetshire Series*, began its career as a serial in the *Cornhill Magazine* in September, 1862, and in October of that year was similarly issued in *Harper's Magazine*, continuing in monthly instalments until June, 1864. In his *Autobiography* Anthony Trollope, pronouncing judgment upon his own writings, remarks: "I have created better plots than those of *The Small House at Allington* and *Can You Forgive Her?* and I have portrayed two or three better characters than are to be found in the pages of either; but, taking these books all through, I do not think I have ever done better work." From the *Cornhill Magazine* in payment for this story Trollope received three thousand pounds. Although the novelist has described the neighborhood of Allington with considerable detail, it is by no means certain that he had any actual locality in mind; but he appears to have wished his readers to understand that it was somewhere in eastern Hampshire. The period is the earlier portion of the sixth decade of the nineteenth century, and the time allowed for the conduct of the tale is a little more than eleven months.

IN the small village of Allington the Dales were the most important persons. Christopher Dale, a bachelor nearing seventy, the Squire of Allington, resided in the Great House by himself, and was often visited by Captain Bernard Dale, the son of his brother Colonel Orlando Dale; while the Small House, close at hand, was occupied by the widow of his youngest brother, Philip, with her daughters Bell and Lily. Not far distant was the market town of Guestwick, near which was Guestwick Manor, the residence of Lord De Guest and his sister Lady Julia. Another sister of the Earl's had as a young woman eloped with Colonel Orlando Dale, and their son, Bernard, was now the acknowledged heir of Squire Christopher. The Squire was a plain, undemonstrative man, close in small financial matters, and yet in some directions capable of much liberality. For ten years his brother's widow had been occupying rent free the Small House, which belonged to the Squire; but his ungracious manner had prevented the growth of any specially cordial feelings between the two. Mrs. Dale's income was small, and she

had accepted her brother-in-law's offer for her daughters' sake rather than for her own.

To his nieces their uncle had been kind in his peculiar way, which was not the pleasantest way in the world. Money he never gave them; but they were Dales and he loved them, and with Christopher Dale to love once was to love always. Bell was his favorite, sharing with Bernard the best warmth of his heart. He had planned the marriage of these two, but of this Bell was ignorant. Bell was twenty-one, and her mother had fancied that a certain Dr. Crofts of Guestwick would be her daughter's choice, but now that appeared unlikely.

There was another young man belonging in Guestwick who was well known to the Dale girls, John Eames, now in the Income-Tax Office in London. His father had been intimate with the Squire, who, on his friend's death in comparative poverty, had procured the London place for the son. The Squire had been kind to his friend's widow, but in an ungracious way, and Mrs. Dale had visited her on terms of great cordiality. Her daughters, moreover, were on terms of warm friendship with John Eames, who was hopelessly in love with Lily Dale when he went up to London. With an income of only a hundred pounds a year he knew that he could not make a home for her, and he felt himself to be but an awkward hobbledehoy; but not the less did he make up his mind that, as he had loved her once, it behooved him, as a true man, to love her to the end.

In Lily Dale's nineteenth summer her cousin Bernard came to visit his uncle Christopher, bringing with him his intimate friend Adolphus Crosbie, a senior clerk in the General Committee Office, Whitehall. Bernard had been fortunate in his profession, being now Captain in the Engineers, a slight, small man, not unlike his uncle in looks, and with the equanimity of a somewhat cold temperament. Crosbie was a tall, handsome man, whom people liked to meet, and who could make himself agreeable to most persons. He very soon made the acquaintance, through Bernard, of the young ladies at the Small House, and at first he appeared chiefly to notice Bell. Such feeling as she may have had for Dr. Crofts had been apparently overcome, and it is very possible that Crosbie might have won her affection had he so desired, but he did not so desire, and ere the end of

his first visit he transferred his distant homage from the elder to the younger sister. Returning to Allington as the Squire's guest, for a longer visit, he became Lily's accepted lover at the end of a month. Bell soon perceived how matters were going, and said what she could to foster Lily's evident regard for him.

Crosbie was very happy at first in his engagement, but had hoped Lily's uncle would settle a definite amount of money upon her; and failing to obtain any such assurance from the Squire, he was much disappointed, nevertheless he told himself that no consideration of worldly welfare should ever induce him to break his engagement. Such firmness would involve the sacrifice of his social aspirations and ambitions, but he felt himself prepared for that. While Crosbie was at Allington Johnny Eames had been down at Guestwick to see his mother, and had learned of Lily's engagement, to his great sorrow.

Lily Dale's engagement appeared to render the Squire eager to carry out his wishes regarding her sister, and he urged Bernard so warmly to propose to Bell that the Captain consented to do so at once. At the first opportunity, therefore, the offer was made, but in a voice betraying not the least passion or nervousness, and was declined. Bernard loved his cousin, but in his own equable fashion; he was not susceptible, like Johnny Eames. It was because of his susceptibility that young Eames, while adoring Lily Dale, had become entangled in the meshes of a net spread for him by Amelia Roper, the daughter of his London boarding-house keeper.

Amelia was a designing young woman, who, having once extorted from Eames a written profession of love for her, meant to capture him if she could; and although he did not in the least love her and called himself an ass for fearing her, he did indeed very much fear her, and the possibility that she might somehow gain her ends was very bitter to him. Amelia had twice written to him at Guestwick, in the second letter announcing that she should go to Guestwick by express if she did not hear from him by return post. In his perplexity he roamed idly about the Guestwick park, and falling asleep under a tree was presently waked by Lord De Guest, who when he found the sleeper to be the son of an old friend became very cordial. Detecting signs of trouble in Eames's face, the Earl kindly told him to write to

him in case he should ever need advice or counsel, and after this little incident Eames somehow found courage to reply to Amelia.

Crosbie had been invited by Lady De Courcy to visit at Courcy Castle, and accordingly before returning to London he did so. He had known the De Courcys a long time, and certain attentions had been paid by him in the past to Lady Alexandrina, the youngest of the four daughters of the house. Lady De Guest was also a visitor at the Castle and quickly divulged the news of his engagement to Lily Dale.

"I dare say it will come to nothing," said the Countess, who liked to hear of girls being engaged and then losing their promised husbands. She did not know that she liked it, but she did, and already had pleasure in anticipating poor Lily's discomfiture. But not the less was she angry with Crosbie, feeling that he was making his way into her house under false pretenses. And Alexandrina also was angry. The Countess was very civil, saying nothing about the engagement, but continued to ridicule him gently for his prolonged stay among so primitive and rural a tribe of people as the Dales.

"I suppose it won't go beyond a souvenir with you?" This was a direct question, but still admitted of a fencing answer.

"It has, at any rate, given me one," said he, "which will last me my life."

The Countess was not discouraged, however, and thus it fell out that before the end of his visit Crosbie had offered himself to Alexandrina and had been accepted. He had not been in all respects a willing sacrifice, but the thing had been done. It soon came to the ears of Lady Julia De Guest, who told him that he had treated Lily Dale like a villain, and when he received a third letter from Lily expressing disappointment that the previous ones had not been answered, he would have given all he had in the world, three times told, if he could have blotted out that visit to Courcy Castle.

While these matters were in progress at the castle, the Squire of Allington had learned of Bernard's unsuccessful offer to Bell, and had told his sister-in-law of the circumstances. He was disappointed, and felt hurt that Mrs. Dale would not promise to influence her daughter in Bernard's behalf. John Eames was still at Guestwick, and as he had the good fortune to rescue the

Earl from a bull that was about to gore him, he at once mounted high in his lordship's favor. The Earl asked him to dinner and gave him a gold watch in token of gratitude.

Before Lady De Guest returned to Guestwick Manor she wrote to Squire Dale to inform him that Mr. Crosbie was supposed to be engaged to Lady Alexandrina, and he at once rode to Courcy Castle, to find that Crosbie had departed. He then called upon Crosbie at his London club, where he learned the truth from Crosbie's friend Pratt, who did not disguise his opinion of Crosbie's course, but consented reluctantly to see the Squire in his stead and bear a letter to that gentleman. The next day Crosbie sent a hurried line to Lily Dale, explaining nothing, and on the day following wrote to Mrs. Dale a confession of what he had done and expressed the hope that Lilian might "soon forget, in the love of an honest man, that she ever knew one so dishonest as Adolphus Crosbie."

Then Mrs. Dale saw the Squire, who sent loving messages to his niece, declaring that if her old uncle could do anything for her she had only to let him know; and Mrs. Dale, as she walked back to her own house, acknowledged to herself that her brother-in-law's manner to her was different from anything that she had hitherto known of him. After the first shock of sorrow, Lily summoned all her courage and took up the burden of living, praying daily for her recreant lover and only asking that she should not be kept in the dark as to the day of his wedding.

The De Courcys kept close watch upon Crosbie that winter, and, much against his will, he was forced to spend the Christmastide at Courcy Castle.

Earl De Guest, having occasion to go to London, asked young Eames to dine with him at his hotel; and Johnny found the Earl highly indignant with Crosbie and declaring that he should fancy nothing would please Miss Dale so well as to know that the man had somehow been punished.

"If I thought so," said Eames, "I'd find him out to-morrow"; and in this way the Earl knew whom his young friend loved and gave him every encouragement possible, asking him to get leave of absence from his office and spend a few days at Guestwick Manor, in the course of which he could talk with Lily's uncle.

The visit was paid and the Squire was apprised of the Earl's pecuniary intentions toward Johnny, but during the dinner at Guestwick he remained non-committal as to his own plans for his niece. Then Johnny went back to London, accidentally came upon Crosbie, attacked him savagely, and gave him a black eye. News of this event at the Paddington Station spread rapidly and was much exaggerated in transit. It did Eames no disservice, delighting the Earl and Lady Julia, and proving not unpalatable intelligence to some of Crosbie's cronies.

After Crosbie's defection Bernard again besought his cousin Bell to marry him, urging his uncle's desires in the matter and the possible good results to Lily, for whom the Squire now felt so much sympathy. To this Bell replied that her uncle's wishes could not make any difference in regard to the question, and that she would never marry a man she did not love, to insure any amount of happiness to others. Thereupon Bernard told his uncle that he would go away till autumn.

"If you would give up your profession and remain here she would not be so perverse."

"I cannot risk the well-being of my life on such a chance."

Then his uncle had been angry with him as well as with his niece, and determined that he would go again to his sister-in-law and be very angry with her also, if she declined to assist him with her influence as a mother. She did so decline; and although he was saddened rather than angered, he said things that she found it hard to forgive. She decided that it would be best for them to leave the Small House, and her daughters agreed with her. When the Squire was told of his sister-in-law's intentions he was aghast; but Mrs. Dale was not to he turned from her purpose, and he was very miserable over the turn of affairs. Just at this time Lily fell ill with scarlatina, and Dr. Crofts was summoned. When the disease was at its height he came daily to see his patient, and afterward, when the danger was over, he confessed to Bell his love for her, saying:

"What if so poor a man as I ask for the hand you will not give to so rich a man as your cousin Bernard?"

She answered "No," but there was that in Bell's *No* which might have taught him that the bird was not escaping without a wound, if he still had any of his wits about him. But Lily

had read in the looks of Dr. Crofts his love for her sister, and had induced her to tell what had happened.

"But you wouldn't refuse him now?" asked Lily.

"I don't know," said Bell. "It seems as if I should want years to make up my mind, and he won't ask me again."

Upon this, Lily took matters in her own hands, and at the doctor's next visit gave him to understand that he should ask Bell once more; and when discussing with Bell the proposed removal to Guestwick from the Small House, she remarked:

"It will be a great comfort to be nearer Dr. Crofts, won't it, Bell?"

"I don't know," said Bell.

"Because if we are ill he won't have such a terrible distance to come."

"That will be a comfort for him, I should think," said Bell, very demurely.

On the 14th of February Crosbie and Lady Alexandrina were married in London. Montgomerie Dobbs and Fowler Pratt both stood by him, giving him, let us hope, assurances that he was not absolutely deserted by all the world—that he had not given himself up, bound hand and foot, to the De Courcys, to be dealt with in all matters as they might please. It was that feeling which had been so grievous to him—and that other feeling, cognate to it, that if he should ultimately succeed in rebelling against the De Courcys he would find himself a solitary man. As the wife of Crosbie, Lady Alexandrina found existence very dull, and her husband soon ascertained that he need expect from her little in the way of comfort or companionship. All the satisfaction that he could derive from his present experience must come from his office work.

In a little more than three months Lady Alexandrina went abroad with her mother, who could no longer endure Lord De Courcy's ill temper, and Crosbie found himself, though with the burden of a wife's support, alone in lodgings once more, beginning the world again on five hundred a year, the remainder of his income going to Lady Alexandrina at Baden-Baden. But he would have consented to accept his liberty with three hundred a year, so great to him was the relief.

Lily Dale had recovered from her illness; but Dr. Crofts

decided that removal to a new house should not take place till May, on her account, and in the interim Bernard again offered himself to Bell, this time by letter, but without success. While the Dales were packing the Squire brought them a note from Lady Julia asking Mrs. Dale and her daughters to spend a week at Guestwick Manor after Easter. The Squire had received a similar invitation from the Earl. Lady Julia in her note had unwisely mentioned that John Eames was invited for the same week, and Lily quickly saw through the friendly scheme. She declared that she could not accept, but that must not hinder the others.

When alone with the Squire Mrs. Dale was told that not only had the Earl promised to provide a comfortable income for Eames, but that he himself would settle a hundred a year upon Lily if she would accept young Eames. Mrs. Dale would have been glad indeed if this match could have been made, but she felt quite certain that Lily could never return John Eames's love, and so informed the Squire. It was too late for her to abandon the plan of leaving the Small House, but as she thought of the Squire's kindness on the way home she almost repented of her resolve. As she entered the house Lily told her that Bell and the doctor were in the drawing-room, and in a few moments she heard from Dr. Crofts that Bell had consented to marry him. Then they all sat around the fire, talking as if they were already one family.

Through the influence of Lord De Guest Eames had now become private secretary to Sir Rattle Buffle at the Income-Tax Office, and had since made up his mind to leave Mrs. Roper's boarding-house. Not only this, but he felt that he must put an end to all relations between himself and Miss Roper before he could venture to speak of love again to Lily Dale. It had been only a flirtation, but Miss Amelia had intended to secure a husband for herself and had taken advantage of his hobbledehoy youth. The last interview between them was sufficiently uncomfortable, but Eames succeeded in making her understand that what she wished could never be, and as he went away, well out of his difficulties in this quarter, he felt himself now ready for his love tale to Lily.

Lady Julia was the first to welcome John Eames at Guest-

wick Manor. After that she always called him John and treated him throughout his visit with wonderful kindness. Lady Julia, had she been called upon to talk of it, would undoubtedly have told Eames that he had committed a fault in striking Mr. Crosbie; but the deed had been done, and Lady Julia became very fond of John Eames. As soon as the Earl and Eames were alone the plan for the campaign was imparted to the young man. The Squire and his niece Bell were to visit at the Manor, and it was thought best that John should meet them at the Earl's on the first day, and on the morrow call on Mrs. Dale at Allington.

That afternoon he went to see his mother, and on the way paused at the center of a little foot-bridge on the rail of which he had many years ago carved the single word *Lily*. The letters were still there, though partly effaced, and he wondered whether she would ever come there with him and let him show the carving to her. When Mrs. Eames told him that Dr. Crofts was to marry Bell he was dismayed at the doctor's luck in getting himself accepted all at once, while he had been suing with the constancy almost of a Jacob. On the morrow he walked to Allington and found Lily and her mother together, for when Lily saw him coming she asked Mrs. Dale not to go away and leave them; and when after an hour he at last found words in which to declare his love he was obliged to do so in the mother's presence.

Lily was very gentle in her refusal, but although Mrs. Dale added her entreaties to his, the answer was still No. Although the man she had loved had married another, she had not changed, and loving another she could not marry John.

"Tell me I may come again in a year," he pleaded.

"You may not come again—not in this way. I have spoken to you more openly about this than I have ever spoken to anybody, even to mamma, because I have wished to make you understand my feelings. I should be disgraced in my own eyes if I admitted the love of another man, after—after—it is to me almost as if I had married him."

These were terrible words for both mother and lover to hear. To the mother they revealed a depth of suffering she had not yet realized; to John Eames they announced the utter failure of his dearest hopes. He had failed, and as he went back to Guestwick he came again to the little bridge. "What an ass I have

been always and ever," he said to himself, conscious of his hobbledehoyhood, of that backwardness in assuming manhood which had rendered him incapable of making himself acceptable to Lily before she had fallen into the clutches of Crosbie; and as he stood upon the bridge he took his knife and cut out Lily's name from the rail. Turning around, he saw Lady Julia close to him on the bridge. She had already seen his handiwork.

"Has she offended you, John?" she said.

"She has refused me, and it is all over."

"It may be that, yet it need not be all over. I am sorry that you have cut out the name. Do you mean to cut it out from your heart?"

"Never."

"Keep to it as to a great treasure. To have loved truly, even though in vain, will be a consolation when you are as old as I am. Remember how young you both are. Come again in two years' time; and then, when you have won her, you shall tell me that I have been a good old woman to you both."

"I shall never win her, Lady Julia." As he spoke the tears were running down his cheeks. When he once knew that she had seen his tears, he could pour out to her the whole story of his grief as she led him quietly back to the house.

That evening Mrs. Dale made her own appeal once more in John's behalf, but in vain.

"I am as you are, mamma—widowed," was Lily's answer.

After that Mrs. Dale had a talk with the Squire at the Great House, in which she was told that he was settling three thousand pounds on each of her daughters, and then she realized how constantly she had hitherto judged him by his words rather than by his heart. It was now settled that she and Lily should live on at the Small House. The Squire, too, after much inward struggle, confessed to himself that in the past his manner to his sister-in-law had not been as kindly as it should have been. Dr. Crofts and Bell were married in June, the Squire opening the Great House in honor of the occasion, and not only were the Earl and Lady Julia present, but Colonel Dale and his wife, the Earl's sister. Bernard, however, did not attend the ceremony. As for John Eames, his entrance upon full manhood might be dated from his disappointment.

HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT (1869)

This novel was begun while Anthony Trollope was living at Waltham House in the parish of Waltham Cross, Hertfordshire, and was completed during his stay in Washington, D. C., in the spring of 1868, the author being then engaged in effecting a postal treaty between Great Britain and the United States. In accordance with his custom of allowing no appreciable breaks in his literary work, he began the composition of *The Vicar of Bullhampton* the very next day after finishing *He Knew He Was Right*. Mr. Virtue, proprietor of *Saint Paul's Magazine*, brought out *He Knew He Was Right* in weekly sixpenny numbers, and in the United States the novel was issued in the columns of *Every Saturday*, Boston, beginning with the number for October 10, 1868, and concluding in that for May 29, 1869. A part of the scene is laid in the cathedral city of Exeter, and there is much precision of local coloring in this part of the narrative.

WHEN Louis Trevelyan was twenty-four years of age he chose to go to the Mandarin Islands, and there he fell in love with Emily Rowley, daughter of Sir Marmaduke Rowley, the Governor, and as he was handsome, well connected, and possessed three thousand pounds a year, he was not forced to sigh long in vain. And he himself proposed that Nora, the second daughter, should live with them in London. Accordingly, the Governor, with sundry of his eight daughters, went to London on leave of absence, and there the wedding was celebrated by the Reverend Oliphant Outhouse, who had married Sir Marmaduke's sister and was rector of St. Diddulph's-in-the-East. Lady Rowley discovered that Trevelyan liked his own way.

"But his way is such a good way," said Sir Marmaduke.

"But Emily likes her way, too," said Lady Rowley.

Two years went by. The Trevelyans were living in Curzon Street and Nora was with them, and there was a young Louis also. But trouble had come to them. A certain Colonel Osborne, an intimate friend of Sir Marmaduke's and about his age, was a frequent caller at the Trevelyans', and Trevelyan, having in mind certain stories concerning him, had said to his wife that

he would rather not have the man received at the house. At this Mrs. Trevelyan was very angry and told Nora that if she were suspected on account of her father's old friend life would not be worth having. Nora counseled submission. If the Colonel should call again, the butler should be told to say she was not at home. Mrs. Trevelyan declared that any such orders should be given by her husband. Trevelyan repented his harshness, but could not bear to own that he had been wrong. As he walked to and fro among his books he almost felt that he ought to beg his wife's pardon. He knew her well enough to be sure that she would not forgive him unless he did so. He would, he thought, but not exactly now. While he debated with himself the Colonel called and was shown to the drawing-room. Had Trevelyan obeyed his first impulse to go there also and kept his temper with the visitor, he would have paved the way for easy reconciliation with his wife, but he told himself that he withdrew because he would not allow himself to be jealous. Then he resolved to be decided with his wife; he would not apologize, but would tell her again that it was necessary that all intimacy with Osborne should be discontinued.

The Colonel had called ostensibly to discuss with her a plan for bringing Sir Marmaduke to England at public expense to give evidence respecting colonial government, but Osborne stipulated that the matter should be spoken of to no one at that stage of affairs, and to this she unwillingly consented. At his club, however, Trevelyan incidentally learned of Osborne's scheme and was angered at having first heard at the club what should have been ascertained at home, he thought. His resentment was increased that evening at a party at Lady Milborough's when the hostess, who had been a close friend of his mother's, cautioned him in private against Colonel Osborne. In the carriage on the way home he asked why he had not been told of Sir Marmaduke's coming, and when he discovered that Osborne had requested it to be kept secret for the time he forbade his wife to see Colonel Osborne again, and accused her of forfeiting her reputation by her familiarity with the Colonel. He then demanded her solemn assurance of obedience, which she, feeling herself deeply insulted, declined to give, and Nora's endeavors to explain effected nothing in her sister's behalf.

The next day Emily left on his library table a brief note from Osborne saying that the matter was settled, as she was minded to obey her husband (though refusing the exacted promise), and if his demand had included a requirement that she should receive no letters from the Colonel, she would not have opened this one. The note made Trevelyan angrier than before. Why should this man address his wife as "Dear Emily"? and it seemed clear to him now that if his wife would not give him this promise they must be separated. The more he thought of it, the more convinced he was that he ought not to yield to her. Let her once yield to him, and then his kindness should begin and there should be no limit to it. He accordingly sent a note to his wife, saying that he should dine that day at his club and requesting that she should not willingly see Osborne again, ending with the asseveration that, as he was doing what he thought to be right, he could not stultify himself by admitting that he had been wrong. After a separation of two days a reconciliation was effected through Nora, his wife assuring him that she would encourage no person to visit the house of whom he disapproved. He tried to seem pleased with this degree of submission, but told the servant as he came downstairs to dinner that if Colonel Osborne should call again he should be told that Mrs. Trevelyan was not at home.

As they sat at dinner the next day a note arrived from Osborne, which the servant placed at Emily's plate. As soon as the man had left the room Mrs. Trevelyan handed the note to her sister, saying:

"Will you give that to Louis? It comes from the man whom he supposes to be my lover."

As soon as he was alone Trevelyan opened the letter, which contained nothing objectionable, except the "Dear Emily," and merely announced that Sir Marmaduke's trip to England could not be arranged for as was hoped. He felt that he had created for himself a terrible trouble. He must tell his wife what was in the letter, but the very telling it would be a renewing of the soreness of his wound. Then, too, the Colonel had said that he would call on Sunday at luncheon-time as usual, and Trevelyan knew that were his wife denied at that hour Colonel Osborne would understand what the difficulty had been. Mrs.

Trevelyan declined to read the letter, and Nora read it aloud. Mr. Trevelyan now announced that she might admit Osborne the next day and thank him for his efforts regarding Sir Marmaduke's return, but was met by her reply that she should not remain in the room if Osborne were admitted. Angry words followed on both sides, and when Nora asked Emily why she could not admit the Colonel as usual, her sister responded:

"Because Louis has made me promise that I will never willingly be in his company again. I would have given the world to avoid a promise so disgraceful to me; but it was exacted and it shall be kept."

The Colonel did come in for luncheon, but Mrs. Trevelyan was not present. Later in the day, when the Trevelyans and Nora were walking in the park, they accidentally encountered Osborne and Hugh Stanbury, a friend of Trevelyan's much in love with Nora Rowley. On this occasion Mrs. Trevelyan's manner to the Colonel was so pointedly uncivil that it was impossible for him not to perceive the incivility, and Trevelyan told himself that his wife's outward compliance with his command was useless unless she complied in spirit.

Matters became more difficult with each day, and a fortnight later Stanbury encountered Osborne just as the Colonel was leaving Trevelyan's. Osborne expressed his regret at the misunderstanding, calling Trevelyan a confounded fool, and when Stanbury made his call upon the sisters Mrs. Trevelyan asked Hugh to be her messenger to Trevelyan. The husband was to be told that if he chose she would consent that Osborne be asked never to come into her presence again; or, if he chose, she would continue to receive her father's old friend as usual; but that she would not put up with an imputation on her conduct because her husband did not like the manner in which the gentleman thought fit to address her. Hugh took the message, the immediate result of which was a quarrel between the friends.

Osborne had no desire to run off with his old friend's daughter, but his vanity was pleased at being, as he thought, the confidential friend of a pretty woman, and the fact of the husband's jealousy increased his pleasure to some extent. He accordingly wrote to Mrs. Trevelyan, asking whether he were to be considered a banished man, and when the note arrived she was

saying to herself that if her husband laid any command upon her she would obey it, but she would protest that she was being ill-used. Moreover, she would see Colonel Osborne when he called unless Louis gave some clearly intelligible order otherwise. She answered Osborne's letter, saying that as far as she was concerned she wished for no change, and her husband saw the letter awaiting the postman. A stormy scene followed, in which Trevelyan forbade her seeing Osborne, writing to him, or having any communication with him, and insisted that she should put under cover to him, unopened, any letter that might come from Osborne. In response to this, his wife declared that she would make no promise exacted in so disgraceful a manner. Nora told her later that she ought to give way and tell her husband the contents of her note to the Colonel; but Emily declared such submission, as implying that her husband was right, was impossible for her. He had said they must part, and she supposed it would be better so.

Trevelyan's next step was a further remonstrance with his wife regarding what he considered her misconduct. This was communicated by letter, as was also the announcement that he had asked Lady Milborough to call upon her and give her suitable advice. Mrs. Trevelyan was very angry at this, and she made the ambassadress very uncomfortable while on her errand. For her part, Lady Milborough, disappointed as she was in her mission, began to perceive that the husband was not altogether in the right. The same day the Trevelyans saw each other in the library, the wife feeling acutely how ill she had been used, and the husband convinced that justice was on his side. Neither would yield, and the household was presently broken up, Louis assuring his wife that she might live where she pleased in the country, not in London, and that he would arrange that Osborne should not see her. Thus it came to pass that by midsummer Mrs. Trevelyan, with her sister and baby, was established in Nuncombe Putney in Devonshire, under the protection of Hugh Stanbury's mother and sister Priscilla. It had been at first suggested that the sisters should take refuge with their aunt, Mrs. Outhouse, until Sir Marmaduke should arrive from the Mandarins, but Mr. Outhouse had so plainly told Emily she was wrong that the plan was abandoned. This scheme failing,

Trevelyan made up his quarrel with Hugh and in consequence the Nuncombe Putney arrangement was made. In order to carry this out, the Stanburys had left their own cottage and hired the much larger residence known as the Clock House.

In a very short time news came to Exeter that Colonel Osborne had been a guest at the Clock House, but in this rumor was mistaken. The visitor was Mr. Glascock, who would some day become Lord Peterborough, and his object in coming was to offer himself to Nora Rowley a second time. As Nora loved Hugh Stanbury, she declined Mr. Glascock's offer, although she did not disguise from herself its attractions. The mistake occasioned a peppery correspondence between Miss Jemima Stanbury and her relations at Nuncombe Putney, and Priscilla triumphed over her aunt's discomfiture. But the triumph was short-lived. Colonel Osborne, under pretense of visiting a friend in Devonshire, wrote Mrs. Trevelyan of his intended tour and of his wish to call upon her while in her neighborhood, and in reply Mrs. Trevelyan wrote him that he must use his own judgment in the matter, but gave him little encouragement. The call was made, and Priscilla felt herself obliged to inform her aunt of the circumstance. Miss Jemima was not malicious, though prejudiced, and she perceived that her relatives might not have been able to help themselves in the matter of admitting the Colonel to the Clock House. She frankly admitted this in her letter to Priscilla and advised her to get rid of the sisters.

Trevelyan in the mean time was employing a private detective named Bozzle, and that person informed him promptly of Osborne's call at the Clock House. Trevelyan felt that he was having recourse to base expedients, but in his dire perplexity he saw no other course open to him. Stanbury implored him to dismiss Bozzle, but in vain. Of course, he told himself, Stanbury would take the part of a woman with whose sister he was in love. He was paying a rogue to watch the steps of a man whom he hated, yet what could he do? How was he to have avoided the employment of some such man as Bozzle? That night he wrote to his wife that her conduct in regard to Osborne had made it needful she should leave Mrs. Stanbury's house, and that he should immediately seek another home for her. Should there be any further communication with Osborne, her

child would be taken from her and her allowance limited to a mere sustenance. He showed the letter to Lady Milborough, who vainly begged him not to send it.

Trevelyan's letter to his wife fell like a thunderbolt among them at Nuncombe Putney, and her anger was very great. She wrote to Colonel Osborne, saying that her husband had forbidden her to see or write to him or hear from him again, and this letter she enclosed to her husband. To Trevelyan she wrote that she would obey him to the best of her power, and she enclosed copies of all the correspondence with the Colonel since she had left London. Save the Outhouses, the sisters had no relatives in England, and after some difficulty, for Mr. Outhouse and his wife were very doubtful of their duty in the matter, Trevelyan arranged that his wife and Nora should find a home at St. Diddulph's rectory till Sir Marmaduke's return in the spring. The Outhouses insisted that the sisters should come as their guests, and Trevelyan declared that he should pay their expenses at the rectory, and in the end his will prevailed. The rector was a poor man, paying his way as his money came to him, and sharing the proceeds of his parish with the poor.

The day after the sisters' arrival Stanbury called with a message from Trevelyan that the child was to be taken to his father for an hour, Trevelyan in fact awaiting him at a neighboring inn. Hugh accordingly took the boy to his father and brought him back. Trevelyan said bitterly that it was cruel to have to part with his boy so soon, and Hugh replied that the remedy was in his own hands. The wretched man was now so used to being told by everyone that he was in the wrong that he made up his mind to hide himself abroad and that no one but Bozzle should know his address. Nothing on earth should make him yield to a woman who had ill-treated him—nothing but confession and promise of amendment on her part. All persons with whom he had had to do, save Bozzle, had been false to him, and when he left for the Continent only Bozzle knew where to reach him. In the midst of all his misery it never occurred to him whether it were possible that his friends were right and himself wrong, and while bemoaning his cruel lot he employed Bozzle to ascertain how far that cruelty extended. In the course of his wanderings he fell in with Mr. Glascock, to whom he

related his woes, but they parted at Turin, where he awaited intelligence from Bozzle.

At the end of September Colonel Osborne called on Mr. Outhouse and said that he did not ask to see Mrs. Trevelyan, but evidently he thought it possible he might see her; and of this visit Bozzle duly informed his employer. Bozzle of course could not know that Osborne did *not* see Mrs. Trevelyan, but he wrote to Trevelyan that in his opinion such a meeting took place. Thereupon Trevelyan wrote to Mr. Outhouse a letter full of reproaches, accusing him of having betrayed a trust, and adding that he should take steps to have his child removed. Mr. Outhouse was made very indignant by the receipt of this letter, and although he explained that Osborne saw only himself at the rectory, he informed Trevelyan that he should not show the husband's letter to his niece. Trevelyan's lawyer assured him that nothing could be done about the child till the father's return to England, and Trevelyan at once concluded that his lawyer had been bribed by Osborne. The threat about the child was not altogether idle, for in January Bozzle, at the request of Trevelyan, called on Mr. Outhouse to demand the custody of the child. The parson ordered him out of the house (which Bozzle probably expected); but though he called Bozzle a knave and Trevelyan a madman, still he considered Colonel Osborne the chief sinner and that Emily had behaved badly. Trevelyan remained in northern Italy till the middle of March, constantly telegraphing to Bozzle to get possession of the child; but the detective, by the advice of Mrs. Bozzle, made no further personal application for the boy at St. Diddulph's, and when Trevelyan returned to England matters remained as they were. He was now utterly miserable; his nature had altered, and he knew it. His eyes were downcast and his gait had become shuffling.

Sir Marmaduke and Lady Rowley arrived in April, but before they came Trevelyan called at Saint Diddulph's. The clergyman would not see him, but Mrs. Outhouse did, and Emily consented, through her aunt, to see him. Very little was accomplished. He still demanded confession of wrong-doing and promises for the future, and these she refused, and because the child was frightened by his father's melancholy Trevelyan complained that the boy would not speak to him. Rooms at a

private hotel had been engaged for the Rowleys, and Emily and Nora were to join their parents there; but as the sisters were leaving the cab the boy was taken from them in pursuance of a stratagem planned by Bozzle and his employer. After this there was much correspondence between the Rowleys and Trevelyan, and various overtures were made, but to little purpose. Lady Rowley herself had an interview with her son-in-law, in which Trevelyan told her that her daughter must be crushed in spirit before she could again become a pure and happy woman. And this made Lady Rowley very angry.

For some time after this Mrs. Trevelyan remained in ignorance of the whereabouts of her husband and child, but through Stanbury his address was discovered, and she and her mother went to see him. She was permitted to see her child, and although she implored Trevelyan to let all be forgotten, the poor madman, for such he had almost become, still insisted on her repentance. He loved her better than anything else in the world, yet he still declared that there had been positive cause for his belief in her misconduct. Sir Marmaduke visited him the next day, and although he had said bitter things of his son-in-law the fury of his words was somewhat stayed when he saw the poor, weak, passionate creature before him.

The first result of Sir Marmaduke's visit was to send Trevelyan once more on his travels, since he now understood that effort would be made to deprive him of his child. He accordingly left Willesden, where the Rowleys had found him, and returned to Italy, hiring a small country house called Casalunga, seven miles from Siena. The Rowleys were by this time in Italy, and Trevelyan's retreat becoming known to them he was visited by Sir Marmaduke and Mr. Glascock. Trevelyan permitted Mr. Glascock to see Louie, evidently because it was expedient that someone should ascertain that the child was well, but he would not allow Sir Marmaduke to do so. Mrs. Trevelyan might come without her father to see her child, but might not return to live with her husband without full acknowledgment of her fault and promises of amended life. Emily did visit him soon afterward, and although he was anxious to come to terms with her, that at his death Louie should not be unprotected, he would not retreat—she must admit her sin.

After she left him he sat long in silent thought and when he was alone his reflections concerning his wife were much juster than his words to her or to others, but it was impossible that he should yield. His unhinged brain presently conceived that he might sacrifice himself, however, and he resolved to give up Louie to his mother. Through Mr. Glascock the thing was done. Mr. Glascock advised Mrs. Trevelyan, when he brought Louie to her, that she should own to anything and her husband would be conquered at last. On this she resolved to stay by herself in Italy, visiting her husband twice a week at Casalunga.

In the mean time Sir Marmaduke had consented to Nora's marriage with Stanbury, and the Rowleys were soon to return to the Mandarins. News then came from Emily that Trevelyan was much worse. Stanbury at her request journeyed to Siena, and together they brought him by easy stages to England. Louis had suspected he was to be put in a madhouse, but they overcame this fear. She had confessed, as he requested, and they were to occupy a cottage in Twickenham. All feeling of anger was over with her now. He still maintained that he had been right, and his wife never contradicted him; but when he hinted that if she married again she must be more careful of her husband's honor, she protested.

"Were you lying when you acknowledged that you had been false to your duties?"

"If I acknowledged that, I did lie. I never said that, but yet I did lie, believing it best that I should do so."

Though it should kill him, she must tell him the truth now. "Will you listen, Louis? As you would not let me serve you and assist you to come here where you are safe, unless I owned that you were right, I said you had been right."

After this, Trevelyan grew rapidly worse, and his wife never left him. Before he left her forever would he tell her that he had not doubted her faith? On the last night of his life she spoke to him softly:

"Louis, can you say one word for your wife, dear, dear, dearest husband?"

"What word?"

"I have not been a harlot to you; have I?"

"What name is that?"

"But what a thing, Louis! Kiss my hand, Louis, if you believe me."

And very gently she laid the tips of her fingers on his lips. For a moment or two she waited, and the kiss did not come. Would he spare her in this last moment left to him either for justice or for mercy? She had time to think that were she once to withdraw her hand, she would be condemned forever—and that it must be withdrawn. But at last the lips moved, and with struggling ear she could hear the sound of the tongue within, and the verdict of the dying man had been given in her favor. He never spoke a word more, either to annul it or to enforce it. At last the maniac was dead, and in his last moments he had made such reparation as was in his power for the evil he had done.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE

(United States, 1827)

NEIGHBOR JACKWOOD (1857)

In the summer of 1854, while John Townsend Trowbridge was spending some weeks at an old farmhouse in Wallingford, Vermont, writing *Martin Merrivale*, the idea of an anti-slavery fiction was slowly taking shape in his mind. One day while roaming near the confluence of Otter Creek and Mad River (which became Huntersford Creek and Wild River in *Neighbor Jackwood* and the scene of the fishing adventure of Mr. Jackwood and Bim), fancy showed him rising from the tall grass the figure of an old hag, or, as it seemed later, a beautiful girl in disguise, "a mystery to be accounted for." The phantom-like projection of fancy took its place immediately in the plan of the story to be written, the first few chapters being composed in the old farmhouse. Laid aside for a time, it was taken by the author to Europe in the spring of 1855. He soon settled down in the Parisian suburb of Passy, and there the book was completed, the author and a friend, who afterward became well known as Professor Monroe of the Boston School of Oratory, daily discussing its incidents and characters as the successive chapters were composed. Once finished, a score or more of titles were suggested and rejected, but after *Jackwood* had been decided upon, the scriptural passage, "A certain *woman* went down to Jericho, and fell among thieves," was thought of for the title-page. This evoked the question, "Who was *neighbor* unto this woman?" and the answer: "Neighbor Jackwood." The success of the novel led the author to dramatize it for the Boston Museum stage, William H. Smith, a veteran actor, taking the title rôle, and the famous comedian, William Warren, that of Enos Crumlett. We present the venerable author's own shortened version of this favorite story.

N the valley of Huntersford Creek was situated the home of Abimelech Jackwood, a Vermont farmer, whose family consisted of himself and wife, his daughter Phœbe, a girl of sixteen, and his son Abimelech, commonly called Bim, a twelve-year-old. Father and son had gone on a fishing expedition, at the close of which Mr. Jackwood suddenly encountered an old woman, seemingly, who had lost her way and implored his assistance. Assured that she could trust him, she admitted that she had been obliged to disguise herself for safety, and accord-

ingly removed her spectacles, cap, and gray wig, washed off in the stream the simulated wrinkles on her face, and showed herself to be a beautiful young woman. A thunder-storm coming up drove them all to the Jackwood farmhouse for shelter. Mrs. Jackwood readily consented that the stranger, who gave her name as Charlotte Woods, should remain for the night. At supper, overcome by fatigue and the kindness of her new friends, Charlotte fainted, and in the subsequent confusion it was discovered that she had a knife-wound in her breast. The sympathies of the Jackwood family were by this time fully enlisted in her behalf, and it was soon settled that the stranger should remain with them for the present. Desirous to return their kindness as far as possible, Charlotte assisted in the family occupations indoors and quickly endeared herself to all.

A few days went by and Mrs. Rigglesty, the mother of Mrs. Jackwood, arrived on a visit, a fault-finding, ill-tempered old woman, who quickly introduced discord into the household. From morning till night she was perpetually scolding the children and nagging their parents, and by some crossed-grained logic of her own she contrived to hold Charlotte responsible for everything that went wrong—the noisy pump, the intruding poultry, the dog's clumsy gambols, and the imputed laziness of Mr. Jackwood and Bim. Such treatment greatly distressed Charlotte, but the family consoled.

Mrs. Rigglesty was inquisitive, and while prying about she discovered an old gown with spectacles, gray wig, and cap in the pocket. She at once recalled seeing, while at her son Jacob's a week earlier, a woman wearing the same gown and gray wig, and speedily denounced Charlotte as an impostor, to the Jackwoods' consternation. Charlotte declined to make explanations, but declared she had not willingly deceived, that misfortune had brought her there and made her what she was. The Jackwoods, to Mrs. Rigglesty's discomfiture, stood by their guest, who insisted that she could not remain to cause dissension; but for once Mr. Jackwood's quiet spirit was roused, and he declared that before he would see Charlotte leave his roof he would give the old lady her "walking-ticket" and pack her off by the morning stage. To pacify him, Charlotte consented to

remain over night, but reflection confirmed her resolution and in the early morning she departed unseen.

Some little time before these events, Hector Dunbury, whose father was a neighbor of the Jackwoods, while in a saloon in Mobile had been involved in a dispute with a physician named Tanwood, who attacked him with a knife. In defense Hector had hurled his glass at the other's head, inflicting a wound that temporarily disabled him. A third person, named Dickson, was also involved in the encounter. In the confusion Dunbury walked away and shortly afterward appeared at his Vermont home, where Bertha Wing, the daughter of a neighbor and a playmate of his childhood, was caring for his invalid mother. Bertha was engaged to young Rukely, the village minister. Soon after Hector's arrival she returned to her home, where Charlotte had found temporary refuge on leaving the Jackwoods. It was arranged that Charlotte should take Bertha's place at Mrs. Dunbury's, and she and Hector speedily became friends, the young man being unaware that they had once casually met at the house of Tanwood in Mobile. At one time he taxed her with distrusting him, and in reply she declared that there was a gulf between them the nature of which she could not reveal. This troubled him, and when he happened to encounter Mrs. Rigglesty that day the old woman not only told him of Charlotte's disguise and exposure at the Jackwoods', but confidently identified her with a girl at North Nincum who had disgraced her family and fled from home. From that day Hector's treatment of Charlotte was marked by strange inconsistencies. Sometimes his manner was irresistibly gentle, or his assumed indifference chilled her like the north wind.

The invalid, who had grown much attached to Charlotte, perceived Hector's interest in her and gladly encouraged it. The two attended a village wedding at which was recited a congratulatory poem by its youthful author, Etty Greenwich, the thirteen-year-old daughter of a narrow-minded village justice. The substance of the poem was, that the happy pair were "a strong oak and a graceful vine yoked together in the car of matrimony, and sailing over a sapphire ocean, in a little Eden of their own, full of flowery fountains, rainbows, the prodigal son, and the wise virgins with oil in their lamps." There

was much applause and the village genius' head was quite turned.

Among the guests was one whose appearance strangely startled Charlotte, and to avoid him she passed into another room, which was dimly lighted, and there found Etty in tears lest her brother Robert, who had been away from home for a year and was a guest that night, should not care to see her. Charlotte comforted her, as did Hector when he entered. Robert Greenwich next came in, saying that he was in search of his sister, greeting Hector at the same time, and giving a keen glance at Charlotte. On the way home Hector said that Greenwich had told him that he would call on the morrow. That she had been recognized by the man she dreaded Charlotte could not doubt; but misgivings chilled her heart and sealed her lips, and sent her to her room with the heavy secret of her life still pent up in her soul.

Phœbe, Bertha, Mr. Rukely, and Charlotte on an excursion in the woods next day were driven for shelter in a thunder-storm to a sugar-shed, as were likewise, later, Robert and Hector, who had been hunting. Robert was introduced to Charlotte and sitting down beside her observed with peculiar emphasis that they might have met in stranger circumstances. He then said, "Keep my secret and I will keep yours," and when opportunity offered added that he had spent the summer in search of her; that nothing could exhaust his love which was centered in her; and that he would not let her go. She responded that she looked for no mercy at his hands, whereupon he asked her to consent to see him again and hear his explanation.

After this Robert called often at the Dunburys', always asking for Hector, and on one occasion obtained a few moments' private conversation with Charlotte. This aroused Hector's jealousy, and he reproached her so bitterly that in order to show him how deeply he misjudged her she told him the secret of her life. He then left the house, was gone many hours, and returning announced his speedy departure from home. There had been many differences between Hector and his father, a moody, disappointed man, who at times drank heavily, but the two were now seemingly reconciled. Mrs. Dunbury assured her son that Charlotte loved him with her whole soul, but be-

lieving her presence was driving him from home had gone temporarily to the Jackwoods'.

Robert Greenwich soon found his way to the Jackwoods', and pretending an interest in Phœbe secured occasional interviews with Charlotte. He assured her that Hector had gone to California and had mentioned her name in his letter in a slighting fashion; he protested his own sincerity and his wish to make her his wife, and was met by her determined answer that she could not give herself to one she did not love. Her scorn enraged him, but the appearance of Phœbe obliged him to conceal his anger. That same night Charlotte went to Mr. Jackwood for advice and obtained his ready promise of assistance. The next morning he drove with her to the nearest railway station and the train soon bore her northward. Once when the train stopped at a way station she saw Robert on the platform. He recognized her, entered the car, and seated himself by her side. At the terminus the passengers were about to take a steamboat on Lake Champlain, but through the singular interposition of a harmless deranged man, encountered on the journey, Robert was prevented from embarking, and the boat, with Charlotte on board, sailed without him.

In Montreal Charlotte found refuge with some connections of the Dunburys, and in their home subsequently encountered the deranged man, whom she now knew to be Edward Longman, a son of the house. Hector came to see her at the Longmans', and Robert called there also. She received him with scorn and commanded him to leave her. At this moment Hector entered the room, accused him of wronging Charlotte, and denounced him as a villain. The men then went out together, and when Hector returned he said that Robert had pledged his word not to go back to Huntersford. There was, then, nothing to prevent Charlotte returning and remaining with Mrs. Dunbury. She would be safe there while he journeyed south to forestall Robert's designs by striking at the root of his power.

Charlotte and Hector returned under somewhat untoward conditions. Mr. Dunbury, while in liquor, had met with a serious accident, and the shock had made his wife more ill than before. Hector found his father in a state of sullen discontent, complaining that Charlotte came to the house a servant, but

that one would think she was now mistress of the house. As soon as he felt that he could leave his father, Hector set off, though he was much disturbed on discovering that Robert had broken his promise and was again in Huntersford. During Hector's absence Edward Longman appeared, wild and incoherent as when Charlotte first saw him, and from his words Mr. Dunbury ascertained that Hector and Charlotte were married, Edward having been an unsuspected witness of the ceremony. "What is this, I say?" roared Mr. Dunbury. "Have I been duped? Has my son married my servant?" His rage and the fury of his speech smote Charlotte like a blow.

Etty Greenwich had been very fond of her brother, but was deeply wounded by his treatment of her after his long absence. He had ridiculed her verses, but although in this and in other ways he gave her pain, her attachment had not lessened though it had been put to a cruel test when on one occasion he struck her and sent her from him. She had no school companions, as she studied under her father's direction, and Charlotte was the only person whose sympathy she had much desire for. On a certain evening she had unavoidably overheard a conversation between her brother and some companions which revealed a great but vague danger that threatened Charlotte. With some difficulty, Etty managed the next day to warn Charlotte, and the latter prepared to leave the Dunbury house without delay. The warm-hearted maid-servant, Bridget, readily comprehended some part of the threatened danger and undertook to harness the horse and drive off with Charlotte, when Edward appeared, and with a shrewdness that often flashed out of his disordered wits, evolved a stratagem to deceive the three pursuers who were already driving into the Dunbury yard. He and the others were now in the barn, and while Charlotte and Etty hid behind a manger Edward leaped into the cutter with Bridget and drove away. The pursuers, supposing Charlotte to be beside him, drove frantically after, purposely delayed at the gate by the farm-boy, who had shut it in their faces. At length Edward's cutter was overtaken by the men, who attempted to drag his companion from the sleigh. Edward gave a wild laugh, and Dickson stared, as struggling through a mass of tangled hair appeared the red features of—Bridget!

While Dickson and his companion were pursuing the cutter, Oliver Dole, the constable, was assuring the Dunburys that the law must take its course, adding that if Mr. Dunbury had another horse in the stable he would join the pursuit. For answer Dunbury led the way to the barn, where Dole discovered a second horse on which he mounted and rode off. Etty, waiting at the barn entrance, came to Mr. Dunbury imploring him to hide Charlotte. The man paid no attention to the pleading child, but raising his arm cried out to Charlotte: "Begone! Lose yourself, save yourself, I care not—but begone!"

Charlotte arose and fled. There was a cow-path trodden through the snow, leading across the meadows; this she took. The snow lay deep in the valley, but it had been thawing all day; and now the slow, dull, wintry rain began to fall. With pain and difficulty, often slipping and falling, she followed the slumpy cattle-track to the banks of the creek, where there were willows that might conceal her flight. She could see the roof of the Jackwood home in the dim distance, and had a half-formed hope of reaching it in the deepening dusk; for now the short winter's day was drawing to a close.

She had fallen in utter exhaustion by a fence, when the bark of a dog and approaching footsteps startled her. The comers were the boy, Bim Jackwood, and his dog Rover. The animal yelped furiously at the dark object by the fence, but when she rose up and spoke his name he recognized her joyously. Bim hurried to the spot, and when told that some men were hunting her, offered to show her a hiding-place near by. He conducted her around a bend of the frozen and snow-covered creek to a haystack, where cattle and sheep were foddered; it was protected by a fence, and there was a rude shed on one side. Pulling out some hay, he exposed a dark cavity in the stack. "It's a den I made for me an' Rove! Once I had a notion o' runnin' away, an' I was goin' to live here, and have him bring my victuals. It's real slick an' warm in there!" The cavity was low, but she could not have entered a palace with more grateful emotions. Rover barked again, and Bim whispered: "There's a man comin' with a big hoss-whip! Is he one of 'em?"

It was the kidnaper, Dickson—for kidnaper he was—sent

north in pursuit of the white slave-girl, by her owner, Dr. Tanwood, in Mobile.

Bim climbed the stack, and threw down hay as if for the sheep, letting some fall before the mouth of the cavity. The man approached, demanding of the boy if he had seen "a gal down by the crick," and threatening him with his whip as he shrewdly evaded the question. To all which Charlotte (or Camille, the real name of the fugitive) listened with heart-beats of fear, which grew to horror and agony when Dickson, in lighting his pipe, set fire to the loose hay at the mouth of the "den." She was stifled by the smoke, and it seemed that the last struggle, the last mortal throe, had come. The kidnaper trampled the burning hay in the snow, and, the fire extinguished, hurried away. Then Bim went to "tell father," and the fugitive was left alone, in darkness and silence, hemmed in by the low roof and prickly walls of her cell. There Mr. Jackwood came to her with food and some dry clothing, and words of cheer and comfort; and it was decided that the stack was the best place for her until the immediate danger was over.

Returning, dripping wet, to his kitchen, Mr. Jackwood was astonished to find a burly, low-browed man sitting before the stove. It was the kidnaper, Dickson, come to spend the night in the suspected house.

It was a night of terrible anxiety to the farmer, who, as the rain increased, pouring in torrents, feared the valley might be flooded, and resolved to go to the stack for Charlotte. As he was starting from the house, he encountered Dickson on the stairs. The kidnaper was convinced that Jackwood knew where Charlotte was, and he persisted in accompanying him. While he was trying to bribe the farmer to give her up, and Jackwood was endeavoring to shake him off, the freshet came.

The ice-cold water creeping into her retreat roused Charlotte. She stood out in the darkness and the wild storm that beat upon her, and heard a crashing roar, with reports like thunder-claps, as though an earthquake were driving its plow with whirlwind and thunder through the valley. The creek was breaking up, and a flood was inundating the meadows. As it rose rapidly over her feet, she managed to climb the shed, beneath which the sheep were swimming about and bleating

piteously. Masses of ice went drifting by, some of which struck the posts that supported the shed, and made it tremble and creak beneath her weight.

Alarmed by the sounds in the valley, Jackwood rushed out, the kidnaper keeping by his side, and launched his boat, which Dickson stepped into before him. Bim followed with a lantern. Rowing to the stack, they found that the shed had disappeared. In the faint hope that its roof had served as a raft for Charlotte the farmer devoted his attention to saving his sheep by means of his boat, dexterously contriving to maroon Dickson on the stack for several hours. Reaching firm ground with his sheep, Jackwood at once saddled his horse, and after some search he found the raft, on which Charlotte was still clinging, and bore her to the house of Mr. Rukely and his wife, whom Charlotte had first known as Bertha Wing, and left her in their care. Returning, he rescued the cursing Dickson from the stack, and when threatened with the consequences of harboring a fugitive slave the farmer responded: "Though I set as much by my farm as any man, I wouldn't mind losin' it in a good cause, if I could be o' sarvice to a feller-crittur by so doin', an' save 'em from pirates and man-stealers like you."

The Rukelys had willingly consented to succor Charlotte, and to Bertha she confided her history. Her father was a French merchant, named Delisard, who married a wealthy woman in Louisiana, but as the union was unhappy a separation took place, and he was about leaving for France when he saw a beautiful girl of seventeen, the property of a bankrupt estate soon to be sold, and purchased her. The girl was the daughter of a white father and of a mother nearly white. She had been well educated and tenderly reared, and Delisard loved her. Charlotte, or Camille, as she was named, was their only child, and it was Delisard's intention to take them to France when he had secured a competence in New Orleans. One day he fell ill and the wife from whom he had been separated appeared and would not let Camille and her mother see him. He died shortly after that, and Mrs. Delisard kept the mother as a servant and sent the child to the plantation huts. The mother died broken-hearted and the child was sold.

After having several owners Charlotte at length became the

property of Dr. Tanwood, of Mobile, and the attendant of his wife. A visitor to the house, a Northern man who called himself Roberts, gained her confidence and promised to help her to escape. On one occasion he visited the house with Hector. Through the aid of Roberts she obtained passage on a New York vessel, not knowing that he had intended from the first to accompany her. She soon encountered him on board, and to excuse his unworthy addresses to her he charged her with ingratitude. She warned him that she would die sooner than yield to him, and as he put his arms about her a knife she had placed in her bosom was driven sharply into her flesh. She subsequently appealed to the captain, who, on arriving in New York, had her placed on a sloop bound for Troy ere Roberts knew she had left the ship. It was while attempting to go on to Canada that she had first encountered Mr. Jackwood.

While Charlotte was at the Rukelys' the rumor that she had been drowned in the flood was generally circulated—news which the slave-hunters sent to Mobile, where Hector was endeavoring to procure her purchase; and he thereupon hastened home. Finding that his father had thrust Charlotte forth, he reproached him bitterly, but was interrupted by his mother, who assured him that Charlotte lived, and told him where. Unfortunately, through the Rukelys' housemaid, Matilda, and her suitor, Enos Crumlett—leading comic characters in the story—knowledge of Charlotte's whereabouts had reached a few persons, one of whom quickly went to the Rukelys. This was Robert Greenwich, and Charlotte, now in despair, informed Bertha that he and "Mr. Roberts" were the same. Robert swore that all he lived for was to make atonement for the past; he said that the slave-hunters were again on her track and would be there in a few moments, but that he had a swift horse and would take her to a place of safety. To remain there was fatal. She did not yet suspect that it was he who, in rage at her rejection of his suit, had betrayed her to her owner. In mingled doubt and despair she yielded, and a few moments later Dickson and his companion arrived and were furious on finding that their prey had escaped once more.

Meanwhile Robert drove to a cabin in the forest—the retreat of a band of counterfeiters of whom he was one—where

they found the wife of one of the men, Mrs. Sperkley, whom Charlotte had met on the Lake Champlain boat. He told her that they would go on to Canada the next day, renewed his promises and again pleaded his love, but without success. As she shrank from him, Dickson's party surrounded the cabin, and when they entered he rushed to his sleigh and was soon out of sight. As he drove furiously on he encountered a horseman, who, recognizing him as they sped past each other, turned and pursued him. The pursuer grasped Robert's rein, the sleigh was overturned, the rider hurled out, and Hector leaped from his horse just as Robert was struggling to his feet.

While the slave-hunters were driving rapidly to the county town, the neighborhood was being aroused to what was happening, and Jackwood and others were on hand to prevent Charlotte from being carried back to slavery. A preliminary hearing was held in the justice's office in the case of the fugitive slave, Camille, Dickson solemnly swearing that she was the property of the claimant, Dr. Tanwood, of Mobile. The justice then sanded his mandamus and called for Marshal Dole to lead her from the room. Suddenly someone thrust the guards aside and snatched the girl from the marshal's arm. "She is mine!" exclaimed Hector. Dickson called upon the marshal to do his duty. "Amen!" said Hector, and handed a paper to Dole, who delivered it to the judge, who glanced at it and announced:

"This paper stops all legal proceedings. The girl is free."

Dickson rushed to the desk to examine the paper, but was compelled to admit that the signature was Tanwood's. After treating with scorn all Hector's attempts to purchase her, Tanwood had at last been glad to give up, for a small sum, the girl supposed to be drowned. Mr. Jackwood assisted Hector to place Charlotte in the sleigh, where Bim was awaiting them, got in himself with Hector and his precious burden, and she who was so late a thing, a chattel, a slave, rode out of the jubilant and cheering throng a soul, a woman, a wife loving and beloved.

The county jail had, however, a new occupant that night, Robert Greenwich, who after his encounter with Hector fell in with the sheriff and was arrested for counterfeiting: Sperkley, his chief confederate, having been already captured in Burlington. While he sat alone in his cell a visitor came to him: Squire

Greenwich, bewildered at the news of his son's arrest, but still stern and dictatorial. He was beginning to take Robert severely to task when the young man burst into bitterest reproaches, accusing his father of tyranny toward him when a boy and of never having spoken a loving word to him. The old man urged that his pride had been in his son; that he had looked forward to seeing him an honor to the family name, and had labored faithfully to that end. To this Robert responded with mingled sneers and accusations; and while the Squire listened broken-hearted he went rapidly over the shameful story of his life, acknowledging himself a criminal, refusing to admit any repentance, and pursuing his father with curses as Squire Greenwich left the cell.

"Son Robert, I shall see you in the morning."

"Let me advise you to come early," was the harsh response; but in the morning the keeper found the Squire's son dead, hanging from the lantern chain in the prison hall.

Hector and Charlotte were guests of the Jackwoods, for he would not return to his father's on account of the elder Dunbury's treatment of Charlotte; but a message that his mother was near her end altered his resolution. The invalid was being cared for by Mrs. Longman, who met Hector and his wife at the door. The dying woman assured her son that his father realized how unjust he had been to Hector and to Charlotte. "He knows I have not long to stay. . . . I have felt the love of his early years come back, and he has been strangely softened." Just then the sorrowing father entered the room. With trembling voice he said, "Hector!" and as the son replied, "Father," their hands met in forgiveness. Mr. Dunbury then held out a hand to Charlotte with the words: "My daughter!" She sank down at his feet with Hector at her side, as the father extended his quivering palms above them. "God bless you, my children!" and the dying mother whispered "Peace!"

CUDJO'S CAVE (1863)

Of the writing of this book the author gives an account in his volume of recollections, *My Own Story*. "The War of Secession was a war of emancipation from the start. It could not be otherwise, whether the actors engaged in it wished it so or not; campaigns and acts of Congress, battles and proclamations, victories and defeats, were not so much causes or hindrances as eddies of the stream in whose mighty movements they were formed and swept along." The author was eager to bear his humble part in the momentous conflict, and flung himself upon the writing of as fiery an anti-slavery fiction as he was capable of composing. Wishing to bring into it some incidents of guerrilla warfare and of the persecutions of Union men in the border slave states, he cast about for some central fact to give unity to the action and to form at the same time a picturesque feature of the narrative. The idea of a cave suggested itself, and he chose for the scene a region where such things exist. The story was frankly designed to fire the Northern heart. It was written very rapidly in the summer and autumn of 1863, and published in December of that year. Traditions regarding *Neighbor Jackwood* and *Cudjo's Cave* have grown up in the regions where the scenes of the stories are laid. In Wallingford, visitors are shown not only the house in which Mr. Jackwood lived, but the spot where stood the stack under which Charlotte was concealed. In the vicinity of Cumberland Gap there is a cave which guides and hotel keepers claim as the original and only "Cudjo's." We present here the author's own shortened version of the story, which still retains its popularity.

N the small East Tennessee town of Curryville Penn Hapgood, a young Quaker, was teacher of the village school in the early months of 1861. Disunionists were aiming at the secession of the State and Unionists were struggling to prevent it; and as Hapgood was known to be opposed to secession the local loyalists had offered him a commission in the secret militia, which he had declined on account of his Quaker principles of non-resistance.

One March day Penn discovered in the woods a poor white, named Dan Pepperill, who had been flogged and ridden on a rail and then tied to some saplings. Dan's particular offense was that he had befriended a certain negro who had been whipped for being out at night without a pass, as he explained to Penn when the Quaker had cut his bonds. In his indignation Penn

expressed himself warmly against a society which tolerated such things, and when it became known that the teacher had befriended the friend of the blacks the rougher portion of the community at once determined upon his punishment. A week later Penn was visited by members of the so-called Vigilance Committee, and tarred and feathered in spite of the efforts of Carl, a kindly German lad of sixteen, to summon assistance. The assailants forced the reluctant Dan to aid them in their work, having already wrung from him what Penn had said to him in private about the slaveholders. When Carl returned with Farmer Stackridge and several other Unionists, Penn and his assailants were not to be found. The house of his landlady, Mrs. Sprowl, was visited, and there it was ascertained that the schoolmaster had twice implored her to let him in and that each time she had barred her door against him, having been counseled thereto by a certain bully named Silas Ropes, who had led the band of ruffians.

In the village lived at this time an aged blind clergyman, named Villars, with his two daughters, Virginia, the younger, and Salina, the deserted wife of the Widow Sprowl's scoundrel son Lysander. The remainder of the household was composed of old Toby, a free negro, and Carl, the German lad, for whom Penn had found a home at the clergyman's when the boy was in despair of procuring food and employment. At this home Penn in his sad plight at last found succor. Old Toby and Stackridge removed the tar, dressed his wounds, and put him to bed. In order to avert suspicion it was decided to treat any caller with customary hospitality, and at that moment young Mr. Blythewood, a wealthy neighbor, appeared. To amuse him Virginia played and sang songs of his selection; and all the while Penn was suffering close at hand; Silas Ropes was treating his accomplices in a barroom not far off; Stackridge was drilling Unionists in a secret cellar; and Salina was having an interview with her rascally husband, who desired to get money from her.

Penn's persecutors did not intend to lose sight of their victim, and visiting Mrs. Sprowl's house in search of him they there encountered her son Lysander, who informed them that the schoolmaster was at the Villars'. The instigator of the assault on Penn was Blythewood, and when Lysander ascertained this

fact from Ropes he gave Blythewood certain suggestions, receiving money in return, and in accordance with their plan Ropes and his gang called on the clergyman the next night, accused him of harboring an Abolitionist, and announced that three days only would be given Penn Hapgood to leave the country. One unwilling member of the gang was Dan Pepperill, who managed to warn Carl that the men really intended to return for Penn that night. The family were thrown into consternation by this news, which was increased when Toby discovered that Penn had disappeared.

As Dan had predicted, the men came back drunk and bloodthirsty, bringing a rope with which to hang Hapgood at the clergyman's door. Furious at being thus balked, they seized the negro, Toby, whom they were about to flog for concealing Penn, but Carl contrived to cut the negro's bonds. As Toby fled he ran against Blythewood, who had been watching unseen the movements of his paid ruffians. Anxious to preserve his credit with the Villars family, Blythewood called off his men, and entering the house pretended great indignation at what had occurred. Penn, however, had not been spirited away, but, as he came later to understand, had realized the danger in which he was involving his friends and had fled in a half-delirious state, finding himself after some hours of unconsciousness in a barren field clad only in nightdress and blanket. Unconsciousness again came over him, and when he once more awaked he was lying on a bed of moss in a vast cave lighted by a blazing fire. An ugly, deformed negro entered soon, with an armful of wood for the fire, followed by a tall, grandly proportioned negro with a gun in hand and an opossum flung over his shoulder. The first negro, it appeared from their talk, was opposed to the presence of Hapgood, and the other, addressing him as Cudjo, explained that it was by befriending Pepperill, who had befriended Pete, who brought meal and potatoes to the cave, that the stranger had incurred the ill-will of Ropes and his gang. "Dat so, Pomp?" he said, in a changed voice. "Den 'pears like dar's two white men me don't wish dead as dis yer possum! Pepperill's one, and him's tudder."

Penn remained several weeks in the cave after his recovery, and it was not long before Pomp related to him certain parts of

his earlier history. The negro had been brought up by an indulgent young master named Edwin, who had made a friend of him and intended to give him his freedom. His master's younger brother told Edwin on his deathbed that he would see justice done to Pomp, who should have his freedom and a few hundred dollars to begin life with; but after Edwin's death the brother refused to keep his promise. When Pomp was commanded to whip one of the woman slaves on the estate a conflict ensued between the men in which each tried to kill the other; after which Pomp took to the mountains and made his home in the cave together with Cudjo, who had fled from his master on account of floggings received from the overseer.

It was through Cudjo that Pomp had discovered the cave. Old Pete, who had dressed Cudjo's wounds, often brought them provisions and ammunition for hunting and disposed of their game and skins. Pomp's unworthy master had been Blythewood. One dark night the two negroes visited the Villars home, where Penn's clothes were given to them, and friendly messages were sent by Mr. Villars to the schoolmaster, who he had feared was dead.

As soon as Penn was well enough he was conducted through all the various chambers in the cave. At one place, far from the entrance, a portion of the cave roof, with its weight of forest trees, was perceived to have sunk to the floor. The trees were still growing, their lofty tops barely reaching the mountain-top above, and gleams of light penetrated the cave from the opening. A perilous exit from the cave could be made by clambering up the ledges and climbing one of the trees, but the usual passage was by a fissure in the rocks well hidden by bushes.

At length Penn determined to leave his kind friends in the cave, return in secret to the village, and attempt, with the aid of Unionists he knew, to leave Tennessee. They tried in vain to dissuade him, but he persisted, made his way to Curryville by night, and at once fell into the hands of Confederate soldiers. Early in the morning he was subjected to a drumhead trial and was about to be hanged when Carl offered to enlist in the Confederate ranks in order to save Penn's life. The offer was accepted by Penn's captors, and the schoolmaster, hurrying from the spot, presently encountered Stackridge, who directed

him how to leave the region and offered him a pistol, which the Quaker accepted, having been taught wisdom by the stern logic of events.

Seeking shelter at one time beneath a bridge he overheard a conversation between Sprowl and Blythewood, who were in search of him at the same time that they were plotting mischief against the aged clergyman. Feeling that he could not quit Virginia and Mr. Villars in their peril, he reached their house only to learn from Virginia that the soldiers had taken her father; but when she added that if Mr. Blythewood, who was very friendly to them, had been in town the deed could have been prevented, Penn assured her that the "friendly" Blythewood was really the Villars's worst enemy. In the hope of aiding Mr. Villars, Penn set out again, was a second time arrested, and among his fellow prisoners recognized the clergyman. Carl was one of the guard, and by skilful strategy on his part the captives managed to escape and join Stackridge. A horse was secured for Mr. Villars and the path to the mountains was taken, but Stackridge was soon outgeneraled by the Confederates, and schoolmaster and clergyman were once more captured. Preparations were made for hanging Mr. Villars when Penn implored their captors to spare him. This the soldiers were willing to do, but Penn was bound to a tree and the order given to "charge bayonets." In an instant the murder would have been done. But when within two paces of his victim, the steel almost touching his breast, Griffin uttered a yell, dropped his gun, and fell dead at Penn's feet. The assassins were terror-struck. Not a human being was in sight. They waited but a moment, then fled, leaving Penn still bound but uninjured. Two figures came swiftly over the rocks. They were Pomp and Cudjo.

Mr. Villars was conducted to the cave by Cudjo, while Pomp and Penn watched from the cliffside the movements below of Stackridge's band on one side of a bushy ridge, and of the Confederates on the other. At the right moment both fired at the Confederates, who at once fled panic-stricken, pursued a short distance by the Unionists, who had not before suspected that their foes were so near. Penn now stood out on the ledge waving a handkerchief from his rifle, and was soon joined by the whole

party, to whom he explained that the credit of the maneuver belonged to Pomp. A few of the Unionists, led by Deslow, a bigoted slave-owner, looked grave at being thus brought into such relations with a fugitive slave; but Stackridge and the others insisted that they must give up some of their prejudices for the sake of the Union they were now fighting for. The band then had an interview with Pomp, assured him that he was safe from danger as regarded them, and he promised to supply them with provisions. On the succeeding night Carl appeared at the Villars' house in order to conduct Virginia to the cave; but he missed his way, and leaving his companion for a moment in order to find it fell into the hands of some Confederates who were just then setting fire to the woods to cut off the approach of their opponents.

Virginia, after waiting Cudjo's return in vain, went on by herself, her way being soon lighted up by the glare of the burning forest. For safety she entered a gorge in the cliffside, the flames now approaching her from every direction, and at last as she clung to a perilous ledge her progress was stayed by a bear seeking refuge like herself.

Virginia's earlier peril had been observed from a distance by Pepperill and the knowledge conveyed to Penn, who at length was able to rescue her with the aid of Dan and Cudjo, though with the greatest difficulty. Virginia and Penn had from the first been attracted to each other, and the dangers they shared inspired a tenderer attachment. The party reached the cave in safety and soon after were joined by Stackridge's band, piloted by Pomp, these having gained the cave by the dangerous sinkhole caused by the fall of a part of the cave roof. Deslow had been unwilling at first to owe his life to a fugitive slave, but finally consented to follow the others. It was now morning. The fires were nearly extinguished and it was raining. Penn, near the entrance of the cave, could hear someone climbing up the hillside, and peering over saw old Toby, whose first question was: "Miss Jinny—ye seen Miss Jinny?" He was assured that she was safe and was then admitted to the cave. In the afternoon he was sent back to Curryville with a note informing Salina that her father and sister were safe. To deceive Lysander Sprowl, who now bore the rank of captain, Toby announced

that "ol' massa and young miss" were nowhere on the face of the earth, which was in a measure true since they were inside the earth. Sprowl hoped they had perished, for if so he, as Salina's husband, might possess the Villars property.

Worthless as Lysander was, Salina loved him, and as he now showed her some little kindness she confessed that Toby had fooled him and showed him Virginia's note. Thereupon he ordered two stout and stupid German soldiers to flog Toby till he confessed where the escaped prisoners were hidden. Salina was furious, though to no purpose; but after twenty lashes had been applied to the unfortunate Toby, she set the house on fire, and while the others were putting out the flames she cut Toby's bonds and aided his escape. If Lysander was reckless she had been more so, and he was afraid of her in her present mood.

Salina persuaded Toby to pilot her to the cave that she might be with her relatives; on the way they encountered Carl, who had outwitted Sprowl when the other had commanded him to conduct him and his followers to the cave, and by means of a blow on the head had temporarily rendered him insensible. Toby and Carl then bore the unconscious Sprowl into the cave, where on his recovering he was quickly handcuffed, Carl guarding him with a pistol. His sword was given to Cudjo.

A council of war was presently held in the cave, at which Stackridge announced that Deslow had deserted. It became evident that their retreat could not remain secret much longer and that preparations for dispersal at any moment should be made. But dispersal came about sooner than was looked for.

As a diversion for the time, Penn, with Virginia, Carl, and Cudjo, set about visiting some of the wonders of the cave, Carl first tying Captain Sprowl more securely than ever and setting Toby to watch him, pistol in hand. As they reached the fallen portion of the cave roof they saw far above them, through the leafage on the brink of the chasm, their enemy Silas Ropes, who recognized them; he waved his hand, and a squad of soldiers came in view, pointed their rifles downward, and fired. No one was injured, and before the soldiers could reload the four were out of danger. Cudjo now gave the alarm to Stackridge and his men, who hastened after him to the chasm.

As they disappeared Lysander persuaded Toby to ask Salina

to come to him that he might ask her forgiveness before he died. Hating or loving him, she could not bear to see him degraded, and so had shut herself away from him, but now came at his request. With mingled entreaties and cajolery he at length prevailed upon her to aid him after promising that he would not take advantage of his freedom to injure those in the cave. Exclaiming that he should keep his oath or one of them should die for it, she dropped a knife by his side unseen by Toby. At the first chance the Captain sprang up and dashed out of the cave, rudely flinging his wife against a ledge as he rushed past her. His ingratitude showed her her fatal mistake, and when the escape was discovered she denounced herself and declared that she would defend the cave entrance and that no man should enter till she were dead.

Still handcuffed, Lysander made his way to Blythewood's forces and proposed to lead a squad of men to surprise the cave, the treachery of Deslow having made its locality familiar to the Confederates. With Lysander at their head the assailants reached the entrance, where Salina met them with a pistol and Virginia with an ax. When no attention was paid to Lysander's questions and entreaties to stand aside the Captain ordered his men forward. Salina fired her pistol at her husband, mortally wounding him, and was immediately bayoneted by one of the soldiers. Taking Virginia and Mr. Villars prisoners, the men retired, carrying their captives to Blythewood's headquarters.

The Colonel ordered that every attention should be paid to the old man, and then attempted to plead his cause with Virginia, who repulsed him with scorn. He had only a sergeant and two men now with him, the others having been sent to reenforce Ropes, and the two were, as he thought, quite alone. When he repeated that Virginia could save her father and her friends if she chose, she told him how all his schemes were known to her; and just then was seen through the bushes close at hand the face of Pomp. In a fierce whisper the negro assured Blythewood that a single move would be his death. He then ordered him to give his pistol to Virginia, and to send away his men, who, though near, were out of sight, or they would be shot from the heights where even now the gleam of steel was visible.

Blythewood sullenly obeyed, and was then made to proceed

toward the cave in front of Virginia, who was to shoot him if he turned his head. On the way Carl and Penn came into view, both armed, and Pomp covered the retreat. In the cave they found Toby wailing over the dead Salina. A helpless prisoner, Blythewood was forced to accede to every demand of Pomp's. At the negro's instance he wrote and signed an order to have the fighting on his side discontinued and his forces withdrawn, with a safe-conduct for Mr. Villars, his daughter, and servants beyond the Confederate lines, and an order for Deslow to be sent to the cave.

While Salina and Virginia were attempting to defend the cave entrance the skirmish at the chasm was at its height. The attacking party descending into the cavern had been met by volleys from the defenders, and the fifteen who reached the bottom were either killed or captured. Another volley diminished the number of assailants on the cliff above. Poor Cudjo was killed by a shot from one of the soldiers above, but even in his death was able to compass the death of Silas Ropes, the two falling into the dark river that swept through the cave, to be borne away on its mysterious current.

Danger from this quarter was now practically over, and following this event Pomp came upon Blythewood. The letter written by Blythewood at Pomp's stern instigation reached Colonel Derring, the chief officer in that region, shortly after news of the disaster at the sink-hole and the loss of prisoners; and that officer presently sent for Deslow, as he recognized that no other course was possible than to deliver up the renegade. It was represented to Deslow that the Unionists were coming to terms and were desirous of following his example, and that he could help along the cause by representing to them the folly of continued holding out.

With some misgivings Deslow agreed to visit the cave, but on reaching it he saw Blythewood bound, and stern looks in the faces of his former friends. No explanations were needed. He knew he was there to die. Terror-stricken, he appealed to the Unionists to save him, and was sternly answered: "This is Pomp's business. Deal with him." Penn then entreated for him, but in vain. Pomp now lighted a lantern and led Deslow to the farthest recesses of the cave, where falling waters plunged

into unknown depths. It was Pomp's purpose to shoot the renegade and then cast him into the chasm, but Virginia, who had followed them unseen, now pleaded with him for Deslow's life. Long she entreated, and at last the negro yielded to her prayers. Those who had been left behind heard presently the crack of a rifle, and after a time Pomp and Virginia returned, but Deslow was not with them. The trembling Augustus supposed that Deslow had been shot and feared a similar fate.

A week later Pepperill brought news to Pomp that the Villars family had safely reached Kentucky on their northward journey, and was urged by the other to push on to the free states. With little sympathy for the Southern cause, poor Dan was too weak to resist his destiny, and he elected to remain in the Confederate service. Pomp then told him he should have company, and from some recess in the cave brought forth the wretched Deslow. He next cut Blythewood's bonds, and bidding them go in peace disappeared in the cave while his late prisoners went slowly down the mountainside with Pepperill. Blythewood's reappearance was a signal for sending two full companies to capture the cave, but they captured nothing else. Pomp was already miles away on the trail of the refugees.

The Villars family found a new home in Ohio, where they were visited by Penn and Carl on their way to Pennsylvania. Pomp was subsequently famous as a negro scout, and poor Dan Pepperill fell in the battle of Stone River, fighting in a cause he never loved. To Virginia Penn said: "Our country first!" She bravely bade him go, and he and Carl served in the same Pennsylvania regiment. There the story leaves them, the union of the lovers being postponed until the restoration of the Union for which the Quaker-soldier fought.

IVAN TURGÉNIEV

(Russia, 1818–1883)

FATHERS AND SONS (1862)

Turgéniev was in the front rank of Russian authors when *Fathers and Sons* appeared. He stood for Liberalism, and the younger, more aggressive Russians hailed him as a champion and prophet, thinking the better of him because he had suffered at the hands of the Czar's government. It is known now that he had no political purpose in view in writing this novel, but its immediate effect on the politics of his country was tremendous. It is difficult for Americans to understand this, because not only do our institutions fail to suggest a parallel to the conditions under which Turgéniev's personages move, but the period (about 1860) is comparatively remote. Much has changed, even in Russia, since then. What Turgéniev undertook was a delineation of certain types which his clear vision saw as forces, acting in one direction or another, in his country at the time. Denial of authority was but then coming into fashion among the younger thinkers, and Turgéniev was a prophet in that he perceived the strength and weakness of the new thought, as well as its epoch-making spread over the land. He gave the doctrine a name, Nihilism, its advocates were Nihilists; and these terms, looked upon as terms of reproach by the upholders of authority, were speedily adopted by the new party with a sort of pride. But the Nihilists felt, nevertheless, that Turgéniev had caricatured them in Bazarov, the leading figure in the story, and the author, therefore, suddenly found himself hated by those whose cause he had espoused. He was involved in much controversy with his critics, and stubbornly contended that he had meant no caricature, but had drawn a type as he saw it, and that it was impossible for him to write otherwise.

HEN Arkady came home from the university he brought with him his new friend, Bazarov, whom he idolized with that enthusiasm which can be felt only by generous young fellows of twenty-three years, or less. Bazarov was some years the elder, a student of physical science, especially of medicine. Whenever he was asked about his future he answered that he was going to be a country doctor. Few who talked with him believed that he could be so circumscribed; it is doubtful whether Bazarov himself, with all his rigid regard for truth and his blunt, tactless, often offensive expression of what he thought to be the truth, believed it. Just what his private dreams were, whether for

that leadership in a great movement that worshiping friends like Arkady foresaw for him, it is impossible to say; but once he made a very suggestive remark. Arkady asked him, "Do you expect much of yourself? Have you a high opinion of yourself?" This question was pertinent to Bazarov's open contempt for everybody else. He paused before replying, and then answered, dwelling on every syllable, "When I meet a man who can hold his own beside me then I'll change my opinion of myself."

Bazarov was welcomed with effusive cordiality by Arkady's father, Nikolai Kirsanov, and with no effusiveness but still with cordiality by Pavel Kirsanov, Nikolai's elder brother. These two gentlemen, with the servants, constituted the household, so far as Arkady himself was aware, but there were two others, as he had yet to learn. The Kirsanov estate was not in a prosperous condition. The serfs had but recently been freed, and Nikolai, who managed the property, had tried to be progressive and to adapt himself to the new order. He instituted the rental system, but having little talent for business he was imposed on by his factors, by tradesmen, and by the peasants themselves, so that his resources steadily dwindled.

Pavel, the elder brother, who loved him dearly, could do nothing to help except in furnishing money for one emergency and another, which he did until the end of his reserve seemed to be in sight. Pavel's life had been wrecked by an unfortunate love affair. He was a singularly handsome man and regarded as exceptionally brilliant. At twenty-eight he was a captain, and a great career was apparently before him. Then he met the Princess R——. Pavel made his customary conquest, but on this occasion the lady also made a conquest, and it was permanent. When she tired of him, as she soon did, and he was convinced that there was no reawakening her passion, he tried in vain to get into the grooves of his former life. A dozen years passed in desultory wandering; then he retired to his brother's estate where he read some foreign publications, and dressed exquisitely, as if he were still in the capital, dined well, held aloof from his neighbors, and shaped his conduct with the most fastidious regard for the conventions.

Pavel Kirsanov and Bazarov were naturally, helplessly antipathetic. The visitor had not been in the house a day before

Pavel heartily disliked him. Bazarov's dislike began at sight. To him Pavel was the most detestable type of aristocrat, one who sat through life with folded hands, doing nothing. Pavel's good breeding led him at first to avoid discussions with the young men, for what began as a frank exchange of views speedily developed into bitter controversy; but Bazarov never minced terms, or disguised the hearty contempt he felt not only for Pavel's ideas, but for the man. At length, however, Pavel was so disturbed, partly because he feared the influence of the new ideas on Arkady, that he undertook deliberately an exhaustive argument with the visitor. It was acrimonious almost from the start, and Nikolai, whose nature was tolerant, tried to change the subject, but vainly. Toward the end of the conversation Pavel exclaimed: "Nihilism, then, confines itself to abuse."

"Nihilism," Bazarov echoed contemptuously, "confines itself to abuse."

It was as much as to say, "You are not intellectually capable of comprehending truth or conducting an argument."

Pavel puckered up his face a little. "So, that is it," he said, in a strangely composed voice. "Nihilism is to cure all our woes, and you—you are our heroes and saviors. But why do you abuse others, even the reformers? Don't you do as much talking as everyone else?"

"Whatever faults we have we do not err in that way," Bazarov muttered between his teeth.

"What then? Do you act? Are you preparing for action?"

Bazarov made no answer. Something like a tremor passed over Pavel, but he at once regained control of himself.

"Action, destruction," he mused. "How destroy without even knowing why?"

"We shall destroy because we are a force," observed Arkady, "and a force is not to be called to account."

Pavel could not maintain his composure any longer. He spoke hotly of the stupidity and danger of this doctrine, and Bazarov condescended to return to the argument long enough to defy his adversary to mention one human institution that would not better be destroyed. "Allow yourself two days to think it over," he said insolently. "I am going to dissect some frogs I caught this morning."

Bazarov then withdrew, and Arkady went with him. Now and again Arkady pleaded privately with his friend for a little personal consideration for the elder men. "They are good-hearted," he would say, and offer excuses for their unreadiness to accept the new ideas. Bazarov replied to pleas of this kind that he liked Arkady's father; he was a "good fellow"; but as for Pavel, he was a snobbish aristocrat and deserved no consideration; pleas in his behalf made Arkady himself a sentimental milksop, ay, a fool. The latter term was often applied to Arkady by Bazarov, to his face, of course, and the younger man endured it without protest, for so deep was his idolatry of the stronger character that he belittled himself almost to the degree of cherishing the harshness with which he was treated.

On the day of Arkady's return home, his father, with much hesitation and embarrassment, made known to him that there was an inmate of the house who had not been there when he went away to the university, who was—it is so difficult to speak of these matters!—in short, a girl; if Arkady objected, she could be removed to the lodge. But Arkady had no shadow of objection. The son was a man of the world. He knew. The only difficulty lay in not condescending to his father. It was mildly amusing, and mildly sad, that he, a loving and respectful son, should be put in the position of judge to his father's conduct. His expressions of assent, however, were wholly satisfactory to Nikolai, and yet not so much of a relief as to enable him to tell the entire truth. It remained for Arkady to discover that there was also a six-months'-old boy in the two rooms set apart for the "girl." When he discovered this Arkady ran to his father, crying joyfully: "You did not tell me I had a brother!" And in this fact, and Arkady's manner of taking it, father and son found occasion for such embraces as had signalized their meeting after years of separation.

The young woman was called familiarly Fenitchka, and the baby was Mitya. Bazarov discovered them in a day or two, and of course asked who they were. Arkady explained. "They ought to be married," the son said quite simply, whereupon Bazarov calmly sneered. Marriage was utterly unnecessary in his philosophy. That was to be expected of a Nihilist of those days, but Bazarov went further. He denied the existence of

love, so called. It was an unreality. The man who yielded to passion was contemptible. In his enthusiasm for his brilliant friend, Arkady believed this, too, or thought he did. Bazarov was not always gruff, insolent, discourteous. These harsh, discordant mannerisms were brought into evidence when his convictions were crossed, as they might be without a spoken word; witness his dislike of Pavel at sight. With Fenitchka and the baby he was almost a different man. The baby "took to him" instantly, much to the mother's astonishment and delight; and Fenitchka herself, after her first embarrassment, liked the visitor, was easy in his presence, and consulted him eagerly whenever the baby sneezed, or manifested any other alarming symptom. Most of the servants, too, liked Bazarov. Fenitchka's little maid became sorrowful with her secret love for him.

Although Bazarov spent almost all his time at his chosen pursuit, gathering botanical specimens, dissecting animals, and studying in other ways, he soon became restless, and it was at his suggestion that he and Arkady traveled to a distant town for the vague purpose of seeing the high officials there. Once in the town, the Nihilist's contempt for people in high places developed such strength that he could hardly be prevailed upon to go anywhere if there were a chance that officialdom would be represented; but Arkady induced him to go to the Governor's ball, and there they met Madame Anna Odintsov, a widow of considerable wealth. She was twenty-nine years old. Her estate lay about thirty miles from the town, and she seldom left it. The young men called upon her at her hotel, Arkady already in a condition of complete subjection to her charms. Bazarov, for the first time in his life, found himself embarrassed in the presence of a human being. She invited the young men to pay her a visit, which they promised to do, and they arrived at her house a few days after their first meeting in the town.

Madame Odintsov's duenna was an elderly princess who was too ill-natured to be in anybody's way, and another member of the household was Anna's sister, Katya, a shy, reserved girl of eighteen, who was even more under the dominance of her sister than Arkady was under that of Bazarov. Katya was as beautiful as Anna, and she was highly accomplished, but in Anna's presence she was submissive, like a well-trained child, never

asserting so much as her presence; and when Anna was absent she was almost equally silent, as if it were impossible to shake off the habit. Arkady was thrown necessarily very much with Katya, for Madame Odintsov was plainly attracted by his stronger companion. When they went for walks she took Bazarov's arm, and Katya fell to Arkady, who did his polite best to interest her, to discover what was of interest to her, and to interest himself in it. He was as certain that Bazarov had been fascinated with Madame Odintsov, and, without conscious self-abnegation, he effaced himself. It was his sorrowful recognition of the fact that such a thing as rivalry could not exist between himself and Bazarov. As well expect a candle to rival the sun!

There was from the beginning a struggle in Bazarov's secret thoughts. He was no fool to tell himself that he was not fascinated, but he fought against the charm of the woman's personality, and despised himself that she did charm him. Always what people call a "singular" man, this circumstance aggravated his singularity. It manifested itself in surly treatment of Arkady, whose passion for Madame Odintsov was as plain to him as noonday, and in such pronounced eccentricity of speech and demeanor when he was with her that her curiosity was highly piqued. This is not to deny that she had a deeper interest than curiosity in her unusual guest: it is not to say that she deliberately played upon his feelings after the manner of a conscious flirt; but, in any event, it was her insistent questioning of Bazarov about himself that brought the situation to a crisis.

As Bazarov said at a later time, it had to be. He stood, looking out of a window, his back to her, while she plied him with demands for an explanation of his reticence.

"You will not be angry?" he asked.

"No," she answered, with a sudden dread.

Then, without turning, "I love you like a madman," he said. "You have forced it from me."

He faced her, and she was terrified at the brute force of the passion that shone in his eyes. She retreated. He caught her in his arms and held her for one instant. Then, he knew not how, she was in a far corner, and he stood alone.

"You have misunderstood me," she whispered, and he left

the room. Within half an hour a servant brought her a note from him. He asked whether he should go at once or wait till the morrow.

Madame Odintsov would have had him stay indefinitely. She told him to wait until the next day, and meantime blamed herself heartily for what had happened. "He is not a man to be played with," she said to herself, and was much shaken. Bazarov apologized when he met her, and when she assured him that she was not angry he insisted that he should go away. To her "Why?" he said: "You do not love me, and you never could love me, I suppose?"

She did not answer him. "I am afraid of this man!" flashed through her brain. He seemed to understand, for he bade her an abrupt good-by.

Arkady was amazed, and at first pleased, when he knew that Bazarov was to go, but a few minutes' reflection convinced him that he would better go too. Madame Odintsov would surely pay him no more attention merely for the fact that the stronger personality was absent. So Arkady decided to go, and he was conscious of regret at parting from Katya as well as from Madame Odintsov, for forced companionship with Katya had made him feel at last acquainted with her.

The young men went to Bazarov's home, a poor little house in a mean little village. Bazarov's parents were frantic with delight at seeing him again. They overwhelmed him with affectionate attentions, all of which annoyed him to the degree of exasperation. He felt and expressed a contemptuous pity for the old people. Their thought, their life, was as impossible for him as his for them. Their sympathies were foreign to his. He was terribly, tragically out of place in his own home. Three days he endured it, and then, leaving father and mother heart-broken, abruptly departed.

For weeks the relations between Arkady and Bazarov had been strained. Arkady felt sympathy for his friend's parents, for which Bazarov called him a sentimentalist. Arkady found much to love in the world. Bazarov hated almost everything and everybody. They quarreled once, and came to the very verge of fighting, a climax that was averted by a frank retreat on Arkady's part, for he treasured still the wreck of the passion-

ate friendship with which he had taken the strange man to his heart. When Bazarov again journeyed, Arkady went with him, and they returned to the home of the Kirsanovs.

Affairs there were as before. Nikolai worried about the business details, Fenitchka devoted herself to the baby, and Pavel loitered elegantly through the days, keeping discreetly out of Bazarov's way, but lingering near Fenitchka so much that she was disturbed; for Pavel was the only person she feared, and she could not have told the reason why she feared him. He had little to say to her, but at unexpected moments appeared before her without any apparent reason. This habit of his increased after the return of Bazarov, who plunged into study and was hardly seen by anybody, except at meal times, or when he was consulted in his professional capacity.

Arkady dragged through ten days at home, and then announced that he was going to inspect the Sunday-schools in the town to which he and his friend had paid their former visit. Bazarov knew that he was going to see Madame Odintsov, but he said nothing. A few days after Arkady's departure Bazarov came upon Fenitchka in an arbor. She had a quantity of roses that she had plucked for the table. They had become great friends, and talked now in a half-bantering way—at least on his part—which is often the mark of friendly intimacy. The mother expressed her gratitude for his treatment of the baby during a recent illness, and Bazarov gravely suggested payment. She took him seriously and promised to speak to Nikolai about the matter, when he laughed and demanded a rose. She quickly chose the loveliest she could find, and he induced her to bend her head to inhale its exquisite fragrance. He stooped then and kissed her lips. Both were startled by a dry cough. Pavel looked in, made an inconsequential remark, and walked away. Fenitchka gathered up her roses and went to the house, saying, "You did very wrong."

Later in that day Pavel paid an almost unprecedented visit to the room where Bazarov worked. He leaned negligently on a stick he had brought with him, apologized for intruding on the student, but he desired a little information: what was his opinion of dueling? Bazarov replied that theoretically he was opposed to it. In fact—

"In fact," interrupted Pavel, "if you were insulted, would you fight?"

"I certainly should," Bazarov replied.

Pavel laid aside his stick. "Then," said he, "there need be no trouble, for I must fight you."

Bazarov was amazed. "What for?" he asked.

"I could explain," Pavel answered, "but I prefer to be silent. To my idea, your presence here is superfluous. I cannot endure you. I despise you; and if that is not enough for you—"

Pavel's eyes glittered. Bazarov's, too, were flashing.

"Very good," he assented. "No need of further explanations."

Very coolly they proceeded to arrange for their combat on the following morning, without seconds, but with a trusted servant for a witness. It was their purpose to keep all knowledge of the affair from Nikolai. Bazarov was disgusted with the situation. He had no wish to kill Pavel, much as he despised him, and his disdain was all the greater for recognizing that Pavel's hostility had been brought to a head by the kiss he had seen pressed upon the lips of Nikolai's mistress. "He loves her!" thought Bazarov, with ineffable contempt.

They met at daybreak, as agreed, took their weapons, which Pavel had loaded, Bazarov declining to examine them, and faced each other. Pavel gave the word, and they approached each other leisurely. Bazarov felt, rather than heard, a hissing past his ear, and then he heard the report of a pistol. With shrinking repugnance he raised his weapon, hardly pretending to aim, and fired. Pavel staggered, fell, and fainted. The bullet had entered his leg. The servant, crazed with fright, disobeyed orders and ran for Nikolai, who came at once and found his brother alive and Bazarov attending to his wound with all a surgeon's skill. It was a severe wound, but not fatal, not even dangerous. Pavel was taken to the house and a doctor summoned from the town, for Bazarov, of course, departed as soon as he decently could.

There was some fever and delirium attending Pavel's illness, and when he raved it was about the wonderful likeness between Fenitchka and the Princess R——, the flame of his younger days. The simple-hearted Nikolai, hearing all, never suspected

the significance of his brother's allusions. When Pavel was convalescent he called Nikolai to him, and with the most touching manifestations of affection asked him whether he would not do justice to Fenitchka by marrying her, a suggestion that Nikolai received with extravagant joy. He would have married her long before but that he had supposed it would cause a rupture of fraternal relations.

Meantime Arkady went to Madame Odintsov's estate. He had not sent word of his coming, and a hundred times was tempted to turn back on his journey. At last his carriage was at the gate. He left it there and went in afoot. Katya was reading in the shade of a tree. She welcomed him joyfully, and Arkady felt deep gladness to see her. Presently she took him to Madame Odintsov, who was surprisingly cordial, and Arkady felt confused. The days passed pleasantly, and on this visit Arkady was quite as much with Katya as he had been before, but this time it was from his own choice. He had made his journey longing to see Madame Odintsov; it was not until after his arrival that he realized it was Katya he loved.

Bazarov came on his way back to the paternal home. He, too, could not resist the fascination of Madame Odintsov, but he did not renew his declaration. She persuaded him to remain for more than the call he ostensibly intended, and he lingered several days. It was while he was there that Arkady opened his heart to Katya. The girl loved him, and Madame Odintsov's consent to their marriage was granted readily, although she was astounded at the revelation. She had perceived her own power over Arkady, but had been blind to the gradual change which enabled him to slip away from it. Bazarov had seen what was coming, and he had the satisfaction, if such it was, of believing that Madame Odintsov had come to love Arkady.

Bazarov proceeded to his father's house, bringing utterly unlooked-for delight to his old parents. He told them he would stay at least six weeks this time, but he insisted that he must be allowed to work undisturbed, and they regarded his wishes with painful exactitude. He worked incessantly. Not long after his arrival there was occasion to make a post-mortem examination of the body of a peasant who had died of the plague. Bazarov used the local doctor's instruments, and accidentally

cut himself on the finger. He neglected the matter—for the local physician had no caustic—until his return home four hours later. It was then too late. The terrible disease attacked him quickly and brought him low. He met death rebelliously. In no particular did he give up his destructive views as the fatal hour approached; but he resented his fate with intense bitterness. His one shadow of comfort was a visit paid to him by Madame Odintsov, to whom he sent word that he was dying. She brought a celebrated physician with her, but nothing could be done. She went into his chamber and looked at him with a feeling of blank dismay; and it flashed upon her that she could not have felt thus if she had really loved him. He begged a kiss from her, and she touched her lips to his brow. Not long afterward his brain reeled and he fell into a sleep from which he did not awake.

Six months later there was a double wedding in the parish church on Kirsanov's estate. Katya became the wife of Arkady, and Fenitchka the wife of Nikolai.

SMOKE (1867)

This novel followed *Fathers and Sons* in point of time, and, although considered simply as stories the two novels are absolutely independent of each other, the later work is in an important sense a sequel of the first. The background of *Smoke* is again that upheaval of thought in Russia which promised a revolution, but never accomplished it. Nihilism was pictured in its philosophical beginnings in *Fathers and Sons*; in *Smoke* the agitation is in a stage of transition preliminary to the development of terrorism in another decade, when inactive thinkers apparently gave place to actual destroyers to whom the world at large applied the term "Nihilism," which Turgéniev had fastened on the forerunners of the movement. Turgéniev was still a Liberal when he wrote *Smoke*, but he punctured the windbags and lashed the charlatans among the so-called advanced thinkers more mercilessly than in the earlier novel, which had aroused the hostility of the new thought. The discussions that abound in the book show the would-be leaders of Russia's progress in a most unlovely light, and the author, consequently, was still further alienated from the party whose general purpose was as dear to him as it had ever been.

N August, 1862, Grigory Litvinov was one of the Russian contingent in the floating population that made Baden, during the season, a cosmopolitan city; but he was not there to play roulette, or to mingle with the vainglorious "intellectuals" who imagined that they were destroying the traditions of the world in general and shaping the future of Russia in particular. Litvinov merely glanced at the gaming-tables; as for politics, he had no opinions, and he was not aware that he had so much as bowing acquaintance with any leader of thought. His presence there was due merely to the fact that Baden was a convenient place for meeting his betrothed, Tatyana Shestov. She was traveling with her aunt, and it had been arranged that he should join them in Baden and escort them to Russia, where the wedding was to be an event of the near future. Tatyana had been unable to reach Baden at the appointed time, for her aunt fell ill in Dresden; but as the illness was in no degree alarming she had been unwilling to modify the general plan of the journey and had written Litvinov asking him to await them at their original rendezvous.

Litvinov was thirty years old. He had been a student at the University of Moscow for a time, but had left without completing his course and entered the army. There followed years of hardship, including the terrible campaign in the Crimea. On his return home he found that his father, a plebeian official, was incapable of handling his property to the best advantage under the new conditions (this was soon after the emancipation of the serfs), and that the business, so to speak, of land-owning required more special intelligence than had been devoted to it. With the idea of fitting himself to develop his property to such a degree that it should be profitable, the son visited various countries in Western Europe and spent four years in studying the physical sciences with particular regard to their application to agriculture. He was now on his way home after this long absence.

So it was a matter of killing time for Litvinov in Baden, and when a Moscow acquaintance invited him to attend an informal meeting where several persons of great eminence in the world of thought would be gathered, there was nothing better to do than accept. On the way to this meeting they passed a lady who glanced at Litvinov and halted abruptly with a startled expression; but she did not accost him and he did not see her.

The meeting bored him. So far as he could discover, the "great eminence" of the thinkers was confined to their own estimates of themselves loyally echoed by a little coterie of satellites. In groups of two to a dozen they vaporized all manner of modern theories and filled the room with tobacco smoke. They were apparently agreed on the fundamental proposition that everything established was bad, but what were their conclusions, what they were aiming at, it was difficult to see. Perhaps their conclusions were obscured by the smoke. At all events, Litvinov could not avoid wondering what all the pother was about. There was just one person at the gathering who joined in no discussion, a middle-aged man of somber but not repellent countenance. Litvinov was not presented to him, but the man introduced himself later when they chanced to meet in the hotel. His name was Potugin, and his excuse for accosting Litvinov was his inference, from the young man's silence, that he had not been in sympathy with the radical views expressed at the meeting. He talked long

and sanely with Litvinov, manifesting a sufficiently liberal tendency; but he was unsparing in his criticisms of the self-chosen leaders of Young Russia, and his outlook for the future was tinged with gloom. Whatever hopes he may have cherished for his country, he was in despair of any good results from the present movement. Litvinov found this man interesting in spite of his pessimism, which apparently depressed him and made him positively unhappy; but Potugin evaded the younger man's friendly approaches and departed at length without giving the other the opportunity to call on him.

When Litvinov retired to his room he found a great bunch of fresh heliotrope in a glass of water set in his window. The fragrance aroused a vague sense of familiarity that he could not shake off, although it did not crystallize in any distinct memory. His servant, when asked about it, explained that a lady had left the flowers but not her name. "The Herr Litvinov will guess who I am," she had said, and had given the man such a liberal *douceur* that he was sure she could be no less than a countess. Litvinov was utterly mystified. For a long time he could not sleep, haunted by elusive memories associated somehow with heliotrope; and it was not until he awaked late the following morning that the message of the flowers flashed upon him.

His student days stood before him in startling distinctness. There was in Moscow at that time an impoverished family of noble blood, the Princes Osinin. The father held a sinecure that brought almost as little money as it did responsibility, and there seemed to be no possible hope that the family could ever regain its pretensions; but the children were educated after the manner of the nobility; pride reigned in the household, and tradesmen bawled their insults because bills were never paid in full. Litvinov called frequently at the mean little house of the Osinins, in a wretched back street, because he had fallen in love with the eldest daughter, Irina. It was a most difficult wooing, for he began by unwittingly wounding Irina's pride, and for months she snubbed him whenever she condescended to speak to him at all. But the suitor's patience won at last; the beauty unbent from her pride and became submissive and sweetly affectionate. Her whole character seemed to change under the influence of Litvinov's love; instead of being arrogant to her

younger sisters, she became their companion and helper; formerly an almost feared member of the household, she was now its serenest joy, and diffused sweetness about her.

The parents did not utterly oppose Litvinov's proposal for Irina. His fortune was considerable, but he was a plebeian, and pride suffered. As nothing better was in prospect, the parents simply refrained from putting a veto on the match, and the young people, therefore, discussed their future as if everything were settled. Then came the court to Moscow, and in the course of the winter there was a great ball to which all persons of princely rank were entitled to be present. Irina's father took it into his head that he must go; he called it a duty to his sovereign; and he declared that Irina must go with him. The girl mystified him by refusing. Perplexed, he asked Litvinov to use his influence with her to the end that she should go and be presented. Litvinov did so, and, yielding to her lover's persuasion, Irina unwillingly consented. She was manifestly apprehensive of some danger. In view of later developments it is probable that she already recognized her unusual power of fascination, and nobody needed to tell her of her physical beauty. She also knew her own weakness, her distaste for poverty, her ambition for the glitter of high life. Irina did not confide such fears, if these they were, to Litvinov, but warned him vaguely that if ill came of it he must remember that he wished her to go; and she made it a condition that he himself should be absent. Litvinov agreed wonderingly to this, and on the night of the ball called at her house to see her in her court costume and to give her a bunch of heliotrope.

Irina's beauty attracted unbounded attention. There was a distant relative of her father's who was an official of some importance at St. Petersburg. He observed her success and perceived that such a girl in his household would be of decided advantage in the promotion of his social aims. That very night he offered Prince Osinin a sum of money to let him adopt Irina, and dazzled the girl with prospects of a brilliant life at the capital. Her father accepted the money, and Irina wrote her lover a pathetic note of dismissal. The shock to him was so severe that he found it impossible to continue his university career; thus it was that he had left Moscow and sought to throw

his life away in battle. And now, ten years afterward, was it possible that Irina was near, and that she remembered?

That very morning he met her. He had climbed up to the castle and was resting when a party of fashionable people paused for refreshments. Irina was among them. She recognized Litvinov, spoke to him frankly, and presented him to her husband, General Ratmirov. He spent several uncomfortable minutes beside her at the table, and when at last she permitted him to withdraw it was on condition that he should call upon her at her hotel. He returned to his hotel feeling a profound disgust for the environment in which he found Irina. She was in a society of chatterboxes, herself a brilliant ornament of frivolity. It was for this that she had sacrificed the noblest impulses of her nature! Ah, well, she had chosen her life; it was well that she had done so, for she never could have been content with him and his ways. His sane love for Tatyana welled up within him. The thought of her was like a benediction. He wished that she could come to Baden at once.

Litvinov disregarded the promise he had given to Irina at the castle; that is, that day and the next passed and he did not call upon her. About noon of the third day Potugin came to him and, with some manifestation of embarrassment, brought a verbal message from Irina. It was to the effect that he should call upon her at once. Litvinov frankly expressed his surprise that Madame Ratmirov should have chosen Potugin for her messenger, but his inquiries elicited nothing clearer than the admission that Potugin was her friend; and the end of the matter was that both went to the Hôtel de l'Europe, where General Ratmirov had apartments.

Potugin left abruptly soon after they had been admitted to Madame Ratmirov's presence, and then Irina, without preface, owned to an insistent desire to see her former lover. She begged his forgiveness for the wrong done him in the past, and there was evident sincerity in the regret she expressed. Litvinov assured her that he cherished no bitterness, but he hesitated when she asked him to speak of himself. Again she was insistent, and her promptings of his memory showed that she had kept track of him all these years. He was surprised, mystified at this revelation, and at length haltingly told his story, or part of it, pausing

before he came to his engagement to Tatyana, and relieved of telling that by the entrance of Irina's husband. The gentlemen exchanged a few stiffly polite phrases, and Litvinov withdrew. Irina accompanied him to the door and said in a low voice: "You didn't tell me everything. I understand you are going to be married." There was no opportunity then for more than a hasty good-by.

The next morning in the course of a walk he saw Irina and passed her without recognition. Two hours later he met her again, and this time she accosted him, almost tearfully taking him to task for cutting her. To her insistent "Why?" he responded: "You ask for the truth, so think for yourself; to what but a desire to try how much power you still have over me can I attribute your persistence? What is the object, what is the use of our meeting? There is absolutely nothing in common between us now."

Irina's face expressed the sharpest pain. "Grigory," she said, "if I imagined I had the least power over you, I would avoid you. I wanted to renew my acquaintance with you because society is too insufferable, too unbearably stifling. You are a live man; after all those puppets you have seen me with, you are like an oasis in the desert. You suspect me of flirting and despise me because I wronged you, when I wronged myself far more. I have no pride now. I ask for charity. Do not spurn me, but give me a tiny spark of sympathy."

Thus she pleaded, begging that he would be her friend, that he would come to see her once more; and Litvinov, though he frankly confessed that he could not understand her, gave her his promise to do so.

She had asked him to come to her the next time on an occasion when they could not possibly be alone. It was at a reception in her apartments. After the first formal introductions to persons with whom he had no wish to converse, and who did not care to know him, Litvinov was seated in an obscure corner, but near Irina. All around was a Babel of voices uttering as many follies of another kind as had buzzed at the meeting of the thinkers. Here was brilliance of raiment, the pomposity of rank, the crushing insolence of power; and it all seemed as empty, as pointless as that other talk and show. Irina turned to him

from time to time with a thinly veiled expression of contempt when some especially stupid remark was made, as if to say: You see what sort of atmosphere I live in; this is the gay, the high life which is supposed to bring happiness! Litvinov sat like one spellbound, hearing nothing, waiting for nothing but for those splendid eyes to sparkle again, that exquisite face to flash upon him.

When he returned to his rooms he sat for a long time, head in his hands, thinking. Then he drew forth a photograph of Tatyana and looked intently at it. "All is at an end," he whispered at last. "Oh, Irina!" Only now, only at that instant, he realized that he was irrevocably, senselessly in love with her, that he never had ceased to love her. "But Tatyana, my God! Tatyana!" he repeated in contrition; and Irina's shape rose before his eyes, radiant with the calm smile of victory.

Litvinov did not go to bed that night. As an honest and straightforward man, he realized the force of obligations, the sacredness of duty, and would have been ashamed of any double-dealing with himself and his weakness. Loyalty to his pledge was his only safety, and the end of his miserable reflections on the situation was a decision to leave Baden at once and go to Tatyana. The same straightforwardness that prompted this course led him to go to Irina as soon as possible and acquaint her with it. He found it a difficult task to tell her his errand, but he did so unequivocally.

"I have met with a great misfortune," he said; "I find that I love you."

Irina put her hands suddenly to her face, and he could not tell what feelings may have been reflected there. He added that he would go away, and when he withdrew, she still sat with her face concealed. He walked vigorously for three hours, trying to quell the tumult in his heart. Then he returned to his hotel and sent a telegram to Tatyana to the effect that he was going to Heidelberg, and asking her to meet him there. This done, he went again to the Hôtel de l'Europe. In that last brief interview Irina had begged him to come and bid her good-by. This visit was not due to sudden temptation, or involuntary yielding to the desire of his heart; it was a deliberate step, taken

coolly, and with no purpose other than the literal one involved in a farewell call.

He entered unannounced and found Irina sitting just where he had left her, wearing the same dress. It was as if the shock of his revelation had deprived her of the power of motion. "I am going at seven this evening," he told her.

"You have proved your affection by coming to say good-by," she said, speaking with manifest difficulty. "I fully approve your decision to go away, because any delay—because—because I, whom you have accused of flirting—because I love you!"

Litvinov staggered as if somebody had struck him heavily in the chest.

"I love you," Irina repeated, her face again in her hands, "and you know it."

"I—know it?" echoed Litvinov blankly.

"And now you see," she continued, "how necessary it is for you to go away. To remain would be dangerous for both of us."

She arose, then, and held out her hand, but Litvinov remained stock-still. With a half-inarticulate good-by, she hastened from the room to her boudoir and locked the door behind her. Litvinov came partly to himself. "Irina!" he called, and he went to the locked door and knocked. He called three times. There was no answer, and he took his departure as one who walks in his sleep. Arrived at his hotel, he packed his trunk, ordered a conveyance to take him to the seven o'clock train, and waited for the time to pass. He concentrated his mind on his aim: to meet his betrothed, or, rather, to reach his hotel in Heidelberg. What might happen after that was not certain. It came to be a quarter after six. How the time dragged. The door behind him opened and shut softly; he turned; a woman, muffled in a cloak—

"Irina!" he cried. She raised her head and fell on his breast.

Two hours later he was still in his room in the hotel at Baden. His trunk was unpacked. On the table was a letter from Tatyana, saying that her aunt had recovered, that they were on the way, and would arrive in Baden on the following morning. His telegram had not reached her.

With infinite torture Litvinov waited for the train bringing his betrothed. He nerved himself to the utmost to appear composed, and, of course, overdid it. In the confusion of the railway station his own confusion was unnoticeable, but afterward, in the carriage, at the hotel, in the course of the sightseeing which the good-natured aunt insisted on doing at once, there was constraint that any sensitive woman in Tatyana's position could not have failed to notice. Their first opportunity to be alone came in the afternoon when the aunt took her nap. Litvinov had been summoned by Irina at that hour, and he left his betrothed on a flimsy pretext.

General Ratmirov was waiting to accompany his wife to a social function, and Litvinov had to see her secretly in the trunk-room of the apartment whither a servant of Irina's, who had been on the lookout, conducted him. Irina had only this to say —that, in spite of what had happened the day before, he must feel himself free.

"Irina," he cried, "why are you saying this?"

"Oh, my sweet one!" she whispered, "you don't know how I love you, but yesterday I only paid my debt; I have laid no obligations on you. Do what you will, you are as free as air, understand that!"

"But I can't live without you," Litvinov interrupted. "I am yours forever since yesterday," and he kissed her hand.

"Then let me say," she said, "that I too am ready for anything. As you decide, so shall it be. I am ever yours—yours!"

Her husband called impatiently, and she slipped back to the living rooms of the apartment.

Litvinov could then have returned to Tatyana and talked with her alone, but he did not. When evening came he appeared before her and her aunt and did escort duty again, and on the morning following he sought Tatyana while the aunt was shopping. "I have something important to say," he began lamely. After he had floundered a moment in unfinished sentences, she helped him. "You do not love me any longer; that's it, isn't it?" said she.

"Oh, Tatyana," he groaned, "it isn't that I don't love you, but I am the victim of another passion, different, terrible, irresistible. It has ruined me hopelessly."

She questioned him a little, a very little, and then said: "I do not reproach you, I do not blame you. I agree with you. The bitterest truth is better than what went on yesterday."

A little later the aunt returned, and the new situation was made known to her. While she hysterically upbraided Litvinov, Tatyana wrote a letter which she begged Litvinov to post for her. She was very insistent that he should attend to it personally, and he went forth to do her bidding. When he returned, Tatyana and her aunt had left the hotel. They had packed hastily, surrendered their rooms, and gone from Baden.

Clandestine meetings with Irina followed and an exchange of notes, all hurried, excited, but tending to a speedy elopement. It came to the time when Litvinov was making the actual preparations. He had taken account of his ready money, was planning to sell certain forest property, was considering the questions of passports, when a note came from Irina in which were the following lines: "I cannot run away with you; I have not the strength to do it. . . . I am full of horror, of hatred for myself, but I can't do otherwise, I can't, I can't. . . . I am yours, do with me as you will, when you will, free from all obligation, but run away, throw up everything? No! No! Our project was lovely, but impracticable; but don't abandon me, don't abandon your Irina. We soon go to St. Petersburg; come there, live there; only live near me, only love me. Come soon to me. I shall not have an instant's peace until I see you."

The blow was bewildering at first. Litvinov put on his hat and walked around the room, but he did not go out. When his brain cleared he packed his trunk and paid his bill. Then he wrote Irina briefly that he could not do as she wished, and that he should leave Baden on the early morning train.

He was just taking his seat in the railway carriage when he heard his name in a whisper. It was Irina. "Come back, come back!" her weary eyes were saying. Litvinov was almost beaten, could hardly keep from running to her; but he leaped into the carriage, turned, and beckoned Irina to take the vacant seat beside him. She understood him. There was still time, but while she hesitated the whistle sounded and the train started.

For three years Litvinov toiled incessantly on his estate. There was no enthusiasm in his work, but it was effective, never-

theless, and the property began to flourish. One day a distant relative of Tatyana visited him in the course of a journey, and Litvinov learned the details of her life since their separation. She had become beloved for her good works by all the people in her neighborhood. It was evident that life meant nothing to her now save as she could be useful to others. Litvinov wrote to her, trembling for fear of what her answer might be. She replied with simple cordiality and welcomed the visit he suggested. He lost no time in making it, and the moment he was in her presence, without the slightest premeditation, he fell on his knees and begged her forgiveness. "What is this?" she cried, and just then her aunt came in.

"Don't hinder him," said the old lady; "don't you see that the sinner has repented?"

GIOVANNI VERGA

(Sicily, 1840)

THE MALAVOGLIA (1881)

This romance is the first of a series of stories of the Sicilian people entitled *The Conquered*, which deals with the weak or the unfortunate who get thrown out of the current and are forced to bow their heads before the brute force of the conquerors of various sorts. In *The Malavoglia* the question is simply the struggle for the satisfaction of material needs. The next degree in the ascending social scale is represented by *Don Gesualdo*, who inhabits a small provincial town. Then comes the exposition of aristocratic vanity, set forth in *La Duchessa de Leyra*, and ambition, in *Onorevole Scipioni* ("The Honorable Scipioni"). In *Il Uomo di lusso* ("The Man of Luxury") all these desires, vanities, ambitions are summed up, character becoming constantly more complicated as the family struggles upward. All of these are among the "conquered" whom the current has cast upon the shore, having tempest-tossed and drowned them.

NCE upon a time the Malavoglia were as numerous as the pebbles on the old road of Trezza, all fine, hardy sailors, and precisely the opposite of what their name betokened (malevolence). From father to son, they had always had boats on the seas. But now none was left except the family of Padron 'Ntoni, who lived in the House of the Medlar-tree and owned the bark *Provvidenza*. The storms that had dispersed the other Malavoglia had done no great damage to this family, which fact Padron 'Ntoni was wont to explain by showing his clenched fist, which seemed made of walnut-wood, and saying: "In order to wield the oar, the five fingers must help one another—all must work in harmony." And this was the case with his family. He was the thumb; then came his son Bastianazzo, as big as the St. Cristoforo painted under the arch of the city fish-market, but very docile, who had married his efficient wife, Maruzza, to order. The rest of the family consisted of Bastianazzo's children; 'Ntoni, a stupid fellow of twenty years, whom 'Ntoni the

elder kept in order by cuffs, with kicks to restore his equilibrium when the cuffs had upset it; Luca, who had more sense than his big brother, said the grandfather; Mena (Filomena), surnamed "Sant' Agata," because she was always at her loom; Alessi (Alessio), who was the image of his grandfather; and Lia (Rosalia), who was as yet a mere child. Padron 'Ntoni was fond of quoting proverbs, to the effect "shoemaker, stick to your last," and acted upon this plan; hence the House of the Medlar-tree flourished (there was a tree in their courtyard), and Trezza wanted to make Padron 'Ntoni a Communal Councilor.

In December, 1863, 'Ntoni, the eldest grandson, was conscripted for the navy, and all Padron 'Ntoni's efforts to get him free were unavailing. Before long the young man began to write home complaining of the life on shipboard, of the discipline, and of his superiors, and demanding money for cakes. This sort of letter his grandfather did not consider worth the twenty *centesimi* it cost for postage. There could be no doubt as to its meaning, for Padron 'Ntoni went secretly to the apothecary, and then to the vicar, and got them to read it for him, in order to compare their versions—which, to his surprise, agreed.

It was a bad year for the fishing, and those left at the House of the Medlar-tree were not able to manage the boat without assistance. Moreover, Mena, who was seventeen, must be married. So Padron 'Ntoni arranged with Uncle Crocifisso ("crucifix") to purchase, on credit, a cargo of lupines, thus departing from his own motto to stick to the business he understood. He meant to send the lupines on the *Provvidenza* to Riposto, where there was said to be a vessel from Trieste seeking freight. The lupines were partly spoiled; but no others were to be had at Trezza, and that rogue of a Crocifisso knew that the *Provvidenza* was lying idle; so he would not lower his price by a single farthing. Gossip Agostino Piedipapera ("goose-foot"), with his jests, clenched the bargain, and Padron 'Ntoni explained to his family that it would take Bastianazzo only a week to go and return; their bread would thereby be assured for the winter and Mena could have some earrings. Maruzza felt a presentiment of evil, but said nothing, as it was the men's affair; and the usurer, Uncle Crocifisso, pretended that he knew

nothing about the lupines being spoiled; and so the bargain was concluded.

Padron 'Ntoni hired an extra hand, and the *Provvidenza* set sail on Saturday, toward evening. The entire population discussed this affair; and Padron Cipolla, who was very well-to-do, asked Padron 'Ntoni whether he would give some of the proceeds of the expedition to his granddaughter Mena. There had already been some talk between the men of marrying Mena to Cipolla's son Brasi, and if this venture should succeed Mena would have her dowry in ready money and the marriage would be effected.

Alfio Mosca, a poor but energetic young fellow, socially of lower rank than the Malavoglia, whose neighbor he was, loved Mena. He had nothing but an ass and a little cart, but confided to Mena his ambition to purchase a mule, become a real carter, and make money. He begged her to tell him should she dream of a good number for a lottery ticket, for if he could win a prize he would be able to marry. But Mena was too well brought up to seem to understand his hint or to let him divine her feelings.

Soon after midnight the wind began to blow furiously, and the rain descended in torrents. The next day the beach was deserted, except for Padron 'Ntoni, who was anxious about his bark and the lupines, and the nephew of Uncle Crocifisso, who had nothing to lose himself, and had nothing at sea but his brother, whom 'Ntoni had hired. All the other fishermen had moored their barks securely, and were assembled in the tavern of La Santuzza. Those people who went to church that morning discussed the fate of the *Provvidenza* and the luck of the Malavoglia between their prayers. At dusk Maruzza and her children went to the strand. The men on their way from the tavern showed her unwonted attentions, which alarmed the poor woman. At last, one more callous or more sympathetic than the rest led her to her home, where Cousin Anna and Piedipapera's wife met her in a silence which told her the fatal news.

The worst of it all was that the lupines were not paid for, and Uncle Crocifisso, though he lent money readily, was a harsh creditor. At the House of the Medlar-tree everyone was crushed by these misfortunes, and refused to be comforted even by the recital of their neighbor's woes. Those who knew of the gossip

about marrying Padron Cipolla's son to Mena declared that the wedding should take place now, in order that Maruzza might be diverted from her grief. But Padron Cipolla, when he heard such remarks, coldly turned his back and walked away in silence.

Meanwhile, the *Provvidenza* had been towed, much damaged, from the spot where it had lodged with its bow among the rocks; but although the shipwright Zuppidda declared that the hull was good, and could be repaired, not a sign of the lupines remained. Padron 'Ntoni still felt that with the aid of young 'Ntoni he would be able to make his way again, and Mena would once more become a good match. 'Ntoni junior had only six months more to serve, and then Luca would escape conscription, said Don Silvestro, the communal secretary. But 'Ntoni would not wait even six days, and as soon as his grandfather had obtained the necessary papers he came walking jauntily home, with his cap on one ear and his shirt with the stars. The *Provvidenza* was not ready, but Padron 'Ntoni found places at good wages on Padron Cipolla's bark for 'Ntoni the younger and himself. The youth did his work unwillingly, was insolent, and grumbled incessantly.

Meanwhile, the rest of the Malavoglia were working hard; Maruzza took orders for weaving and did washing; Luca went to work on the railway for fifty *centesimi* a day, and little Alessio hunted crayfish among the rocks, or worms for bait, and came home with bleeding feet, and did many other hard tasks for trifling remuneration. The shipwright must be paid large sums every week, and the date when the debt to Uncle Crocifisso fell due had arrived. Crocifisso demanded his money, but the vicar induced him to wait until Christmas. Young 'Ntoni grumbled that they were all slaving for Uncle Crocifisso, and went off to the tavern, or chatted with Barbara Zuppidda, rather than stay at home and hear the women plan ways of earning more money when summer should come.

Christmas approached. The *Provvidenza* was not repaired; the Malavoglias' house alone was undecorated and dark at the festival. Uncle Crocifisso stormed. On Christmas Eve the bailiff arrived with the writ, from which it appeared that Crocifisso had sold his claim to Piedipapera—the fact being that he had used the latter as a shield, to screen himself from public

displeasure. The Malavoglia, greatly alarmed, finally had recourse to a lawyer, who told them to do nothing, and wear the creditor out with the expense of sending the bailiff every day, if he liked; their house could not be touched, as it was Maruzza's dowry, and the shipwright should be made to claim the bark. But Don Silvestro, the communal secretary, tried to get Maruzza to sign away her dower rights.

Just at this juncture Luca drew a low number and had to join the navy. He would not let them see him off, and instead of demanding money from them he sent money home. So he was not among the throng which saw the *Provvidenza* launched again, looking very spick and span. Padron 'Ntoni said that if they could manage to get on until the summer the bark would set them on their feet again, and enable them to pay their debt. But Easter was now near at hand, and not more than half the money had been collected. Padron 'Ntoni's 'Ntoni (as the young man was called) proposed marriage to Barbara Zuppidda, a coquettish girl, with a shrew of a mother; but his grandfather told him that Mena must be married first. Whereupon the young man cursed his fate and envied the lot of his brother Luca.

With the prospect of paying the debt in the summer, Padron 'Ntoni managed to arrange the match for Mena with Padron Cipolla's son Brasi, as the house would be her dowry, and obtained a delay as to the debt. Hearing this, Alfio Mosca declared his hopeless love for Mena, who could not reply, and went off to fever-stricken Bicocca with his ass and cart and all his effects. Piedipapera and Crocifisso, after consultation, refused to accept part payment from 'Ntoni, demanding the whole; and 'Ntoni pleaded for delay until St. John's Day. But a fresh misfortune descended upon the unlucky Malavoglia. During the betrothal festival news came that the warship on which Luca was serving had been sunk in battle with the enemy, and all on board had perished. This mourning postponed the wedding. 'Ntoni told Barbara that when Mena was married his grandfather would let them have the attic room. But Barbara replied that she was not used to occupy the attic; and her mother determined to wait until the affair of the lupines was settled, and one could tell to whom the house belonged.

Nearly a year elapsed; Padron 'Ntoni decided at last that

the house must go, and Maruzza signed the deed. But they transported their chattels by night, out of very shame, to a wretched hovel which they hired from the butcher. Thenceforth the Malavoglia dared not show themselves on the streets, or in church, and went to mass in Aci Castello. Nothing more was said about Mena's marriage, and the girl quietly replaced the dagger in her hair. If the former *fiancé*, Brasi, caught sight of her in the distance, on the rare occasions when she ventured forth, he ran to hide behind a wall or a tree. No one was faithful to them in their adversity but Cousin Anna and brave young Nunziata (deserted by her father, and left with the younger children to support), who were too busy with their broods to come often. When Barbara's mother suggested to young 'Ntoni that he should look out for himeslf, and 'Ntoni refused to abandon his family, and leave his grandfather helpless to manage the bark and feed the little ones, Mother Zuppidda bade him begone; she had no intention of marrying her Barbara to a man who would bring five or six people on the girl's shoulders to support. Soon matters reached a point where the two mothers no longer spoke to each other and turned their backs if they met in church.

'Ntoni felt that the world was hard and unjust. He was tired of working from morning till night and never getting ahead; so he preferred to do nothing at all, and to lie in bed, especially as there was no keen military doctor, as there had been during his service, to detect feigned illness. He took to lounging about the town, sitting by the hour on the church steps on Sunday and watching the passers-by, too much bored even to recall the things he had seen and envied during his military service, but envious of all easy vocations. But on all other days he and Alessi went out with their grandfather in the *Provvidenza*, and took great risks for a few fish, especially as the bark was not too sound under its new coat of tar. One day, while they were thus risking their lives, they came near losing them in a gale. Padron 'Ntoni was knocked senseless with a wound in the head, and 'Ntoni and Alessi were saved with difficulty by Don Michele and his fellow coast-guards. The bark was saved, but needed many repairs; and Padron 'Ntoni, after being at death's door, had a long and expensive illness. While waiting for the *Prov-*

videnza to be repaired, 'Ntoni junior wandered aimlessly and frequented the tavern. The fickle, gold-laced coast-guard, Don Michele, had a chat every evening with Barbara. Santuzza, the landlady, turned out her lover and made the vicar repeat to Barbara's mother what she had told him of their relations in confession, then took 'Ntoni in his place, and saved up for him the dainty morsels, and the wine her customers left in their glasses. 'Ntoni grew fat, but was useless to his family. Santuzza, on the other hand, bought fresh eggs, olives, and other articles from Maruzza and Mena, so that they were able to pay the shipwright for repairing the *Provvidenza* and lay in a supply of casks and salt; and they awaited the time to catch and salt the anchovies to buy back their house and marry off the patient Mena. In fact, the catch of anchovies was magnificent that year, and meant wealth for all the countryside. The Malavoglia salted a vast quantity and refused offers to sell, meaning to get better prices in the autumn. Hope dawned again in their tortured breasts.

But cholera appeared at Catania that summer, and the dealers would not buy the salted fish, saying money was scarce, though Providence had sent to Trezza great numbers of summer visitors, who spent much money. The Malavoglia had not counted upon having the fish left on their hands; and Maruzza began to carry eggs and fresh bread to the strangers' houses, taking great care to walk in the middle of the road, far away from the walls, and to touch nothing and nobody of whom she was not sure. But one day, utterly worn out, she ventured to sit down a few minutes on a rough seat under a wild fig-tree, too weary to notice what the last traveler had left on it; and after suffering all night, tended only by the family, she died the next day of cholera. To 'Ntoni, as the eldest, she had confided his brothers and sisters. Naturally, people left them alone in their sorrow, and if they had not fortunately happened to have plenty of provisions in the house they would have starved. Everybody fled like rabbits, or shut themselves up in their houses. Only the Malavoglia, who had nothing more to lose, were visible, seated on their threshold, with their chins propped on their hands. Don Michele was master of the street now, and, in order not to waste his stroll, took to looking at them, noticing

—unhappily for them—that Lia was becoming a beautiful girl. Poor Mena felt as if she had suddenly grown twenty years older. She tried to keep Lia under her wing, as her mother had kept her. She sometimes wondered whether Alfio Mosca had died of the cholera, and where he was. The summer visitors had fled before the cholera, like leaves before the winter winds, and she could not sell eggs, and no one would buy the fish. All that Padron 'Ntoni could think of was that Maruzza had died out of her own house, that House of the Medlar-tree which he sadly visited from time to time. He was forced to pay expenses from the money they had put together to buy back that house. When the cholera was over only half of the hoard was left. Then 'Ntoni declared that he would go away and try his fortune, as he had long wished to do; he could no longer remain where his mother had died in such misery; he must try to remove their wretchedness with one stroke.

His grandfather reminded him that his mother had left Mena in his care; but he insisted upon going. Thus left with no one to help him on the bark but Alessi, Padron 'Ntoni was obliged to hire hands. Unhappily, the fishing was bad and often the earnings did not suffice for the wages of these men. Then Padron 'Ntoni held council with Mena (who had good judgment, as her mother had had before her) concerning what it was best to do. They decided to sell the *Provvidenza*, lest all the money saved up for the old house should be spent, especially as the boat was old and required constant repairs. When 'Ntoni should return and skies should be brighter, they would buy a new boat. It was a bad time to sell: because of the bad season many others would have liked to sell their boats, which were far newer. Piedipapera tried to persuade Uncle Crocifisso, the only man who had money, to purchase the bargain. So the bargain was concluded for a mere song: and Padron 'Ntoni felt as if his very vitals were being torn out. Then Piedipapera persuaded Padron Cipolla that it would be not only profitable but an act of charity to hire Padron 'Ntoni and Alessi: which he consented to do if they would come and ask it.

Don Michele paraded up and down the street ten times a day, partly to show that he was not afraid of Barbara's mother, who had threatened to gouge his eyes out with her distaff: and

when he reached the Malavoglia house he halted and peered in to see the pretty maidens who were growing up there. The family had begun to save money again, now that Alessi was earning good wages; and they hoped great things from 'Ntoni. But one night 'Ntoni returned, ashamed to show himself without shoes, and with clothing so ragged that he would have had no place to keep money if he had made any. His family received him warmly, but everyone else ridiculed him; and he took to making revolutionary speeches, like the apothecary. His grandfather chided him gently, tried to inspire him to work for the old house and a new boat. 'Ntoni flatly refused, saying that it was useless: there would be another bad season, or cholera, or some misfortune; and where he had been there were people who rode about in carriages all day long, so they did. He frequented the tavern, returned home drunk, and his grandfather tried to hide the fact from his sisters: no Malavoglia had ever done that before. He consorted with the good-for-nothings Rocco Spatu and Vanni Pizzuto.

Mena had her hands full with the work, and could not control Lia, who was as vain as 'Ntoni, and insisted on standing on the door-sill, to hear Don Michele tell her how beautiful she was in her rose-patterned kerchief. Don Michele flattered Lia when he found her alone, but frightened her into fleeing indoors at the sight of him by offering her a silk kerchief, talking to her about the cloth and silk gowns she was worthy to wear, and about marriage. One day he entered the house, to the surprise of Mena and Lia, and warned them that 'Ntoni was engaged in dangerous business (they understood that he meant smuggling), to which he pretended to be blind, as he was their friend. The authorities had their eye on his evil companions, and 'Ntoni was to distrust the old fox Piedipapera, who was quite capable of betraying them all, because the informer receives a share of the forfeit. Mena spared her grandfather this news, but warned her brother, who swore there was no truth in the suspicion. But before long 'Ntoni began to appear publicly with his evil companions; for he had lost Santuzza's favor. Santuzza had liked him (after she had dropped Don Michele) because he kept the unruly customers in order with his fists, and had supported him. But soon he became too obstreperous. The customers liked to

drink in peace, and disliked the wine which Santuzza provided (she always watered it), now that Don Michele was no longer on hand to connive at the smuggling of the favorite sort by Massaro Filippo; and she saw that her business would be ruined unless she could dismiss 'Ntoni and lure back Don Michele. 'Ntoni did not acquiesce willingly, and gave Don Michele a sound drubbing, promising that he would "give him the rest" the first time he met him. That meeting occurred before long on a stormy night on the shore, where 'Ntoni and his comrades were landing a smuggled cargo. Don Michele (who had continued to pay court to Lia, and had at last persuaded her to accept a silk kerchief) had insisted on being admitted to the Malavoglia house that night, and had told Lia she must prevent her brother going to the shore. But 'Ntoni had gone to the shore by an unusual road, ashamed even to pass home, where he knew his sisters would be waiting up for him, and so had given Lia no opportunity to warn him. He had already been told by his companions that Don Michele had been in his house that evening and that his sister was expecting Don Michele, not himself. In the fight with the coast-guards, 'Ntoni stabbed Don Michele in the breast and was arrested with his comrades. At the trial an attempt was made to prove that he had not been smuggling, but had attacked Don Michele on account of his sister. When poor Padron 'Ntoni heard the lawyer say this there was a ringing in his ears, and he swooned away in the courtroom.

'Ntoni was condemned to five years in fetters. That evening, when old 'Ntoni was brought home on a cart, and Mena went out to meet him, Lia slipped from the courtyard into the street, went away, and never was seen there again. People said she had gone to be with Don Michele. Old 'Ntoni was completely broken, and everyone said that Mena and Alessi ought to send him to the poorhouse as he was nothing but a burden. But they persisted in caring tenderly for him, until at last he made Nunziata and Alfio Mosca (who had returned with his mule and cart) take him to the public hospital while his grandchildren were absent. There he remained until he died. Hard-working, thrifty Alessi managed to save up enough money to marry brave Nunziata, who had brought up her little brothers and sisters, and to buy back the House of the Medlar-tree, which

Uncle Crocifisso was only too glad to sell at a reasonable price, since no one would buy it any more than if a curse had lain upon it.

Mena installed herself in the attic, refusing to marry Alfio Mosca, alleging that she was too old, being now twenty-six; but at last she confessed that should she think of marriage people would begin to talk about her sister Lia. Only Alfio knew where Lia was, and he told Nunziata that she had followed her brother 'Ntoni; he had seen her in the town where 'Ntoni was in prison, but had not spoken to her, as he saw that she did not wish to be recognized.

Late one night 'Ntoni came to the House of the Medlar-tree, where Alessi was restoring the Malavoglia family to public respect and Mena was devoting her life to the children. He was so changed as to be hardly recognizable. After he had satisfied his hunger and rested a little he rose to go. He had come to see them all once more, he said, but he could not stay at Trezza; he would seek his bread where he could, and no one should ever know who he was. He inquired where Lia was, and whether she were dead; and they saw that he knew nothing of her. And so, refusing Alessi's invitation to stay, he disappeared out of their lives.

JULES VERNE

(France, 1828–1905)

TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA (1873)

Jules Verne is generally known for romances in which the most extravagant flights of fancy are blended with psuedo-scientific information. Although a member of the Legion of Honor, and an immensely popular writer, some of whose vorks had been crowned by the French Academy, Verne died, when nearly eighty years old, with the regret that his merit had not been fully recognized by his own countrymen. Some of his most imaginative flights are to-day calmly accepted realities. Submarine boats are now regarded as part of a nation's naval equipment, and a prevailing belief is that the time is not far distant when balloons, or air-ships, which have already reached the dirigible stage, will be as much a matter-of-fact conveyance as automobiles.

THE year 1866 was signalized by a peculiar marine phenomenon which greatly disturbed the seafaring world. Several craft had been met by a long, spindle-shaped thing in the sea, infinitely larger and more rapid than a whale, which at times was phosphorescent. It was an undeniable fact. The *Moravian*, of the Montreal Ocean Company, and the *Scotia*, of the Cunard Line, had been struck by this monster, and marine losses of two hundred sailing craft, for which no reason could be assigned, were attributed to this unknown terror of the seas. Its extermination was demanded loudly by the public.

I, Pierre Arronax, Professor in the Museum of Paris, believed the thing to be a gigantic narwhal, with a tusk as hard as steel. The United States fitted out a swift frigate, the *Abraham Lincoln*, to run down and destroy this portentous monster, and I was invited to represent France in this cruise. I accepted, taking my man, Conseil, a sturdy Flemish companion of my scientific expeditions for ten years. We sailed from Brooklyn

to the Pacific. Ned Land, the prince of harpooners, a strong, violent Canadian of forty, was one of the crew. He was eager to flesh his harpoon in this redoubtable cetacean which terrified the marine world.

Suffice it to say that we encountered the monster in the Pacific, pursued it, and, when within twenty feet, were deluged with water. Land, Conseil, and myself were thrown into the ocean. We swam for hours, until I fainted. When I recovered my senses I found that all three of us were on the back of a sort of submarine boat. Soon after I came to my senses an iron plate was moved, eight masked men appeared and drew us within the formidable machine. A door banged on us and for half an hour we were left in utter darkness. Then a brilliant electric light flooded the cabin, which was about twenty feet by ten, and two men entered. One was a tall, pale, dark-eyed man, the most admirable specimen of manhood I ever have seen. We addressed them in French, German, English, and Latin, but they did not seem to understand. Their own language was unintelligible to us. However, we were clothed and fed. I noticed that every table utensil was marked: *Mobilis in mobili. N.* After that we slept the sleep of exhaustion.

The next day Captain Nemo (as I learned the tall man was called) told me things that made me regard him as Œdipus regarded the Sphinx. "I have been considering your case," he said in French, "and did not choose to speak until I had weighed it well. You have pursued me to destroy me. I have done with society, for reasons of my own. I have decided. I give you choice of life or death. If you grant me a passive obedience, and submit to my consigning you to your cabins for some hours or days, as occasion calls, you are safe. You have been cast by fate on my vessel. Here you remain. You, Monsieur Arronax, have least cause to complain, for you have written on the life in the sea, and will benefit most when I shall show you its marvels. I love it. It does not belong to despots."

Evidently we were in no condition to do aught but submit. Captain Nemo showed me his wondrous craft. Besides a dining-room, there was a large library of twelve thousand volumes, containing works on every subject except political economy. There was a drawing-room, thirty feet long, eighteen wide,

and fifteen high. Thirty *chef-d'œuvres* of the greatest painters adorned its walls, and there were also some superb marble and bronze copies of classic antiques. The best compositions of the great musicians were scattered over a large model piano-organ. Under glass cases were the most precious specimens of sea creatures that a naturalist could wish to see. Pearls of enormous value, some as large as pigeon's eggs, were in a cabinet. The collection was worth millions. Captain Nemo casually informed me that he had gathered all these specimens himself, having rifled every sea of the earth for them.

He then showed me an elegant room with the most luxurious appointments, which he assigned to my use. His own contained nothing but the barest necessities. No monk's cell could have been more severe and plain. But in it were all the instruments and devices that regulated his marvelous craft: thermometer, barometer, hygrometer, storm-glass, sextants, chronometers, and glasses for day and night. A manometer, which was connected with the sea, gave its depth and pressure. There were electrical instruments, various and novel, which supplied the life of the *Nautilus*, and the chloride of sodium which he obtained from the sea-water was the main factor in his electrical supply. To procure fresh air the *Nautilus* ascended to the surface. The engine-room was sixty-five feet long; one part contained the materials for producing electricity, the other the machinery that applied it to the screw. He could get a speed of fifty miles an hour. Captain Nemo also explained how the *Nautilus* could be made to rise or sink, vertically or diagonally. The steersman was in a box raised above the hull and furnished with lenses, the glass of which was ten inches thick. A powerful electric reflector behind the steersman's cage illumined the sea for half a mile in front. Captain Nemo had designed and constructed the *Nautilus* on a desert island, its parts having been made in different cities. Its tonnage was fifteen hundred, and, with the fittings, collections, and art treasures, it represented an expenditure of two million dollars.

"You are rich, Captain Nemo," I remarked dryly.

"Rich? I could pay the national debt of France and not miss the sum," he returned, with perfect simplicity.

After this we set out on our enforced voyage, during which I

was to see the innermost mysteries of the ocean as no man could have thought possible. We had sunk about fifty yards. Suddenly all was darkness in the saloon; then light broke out on each side through two oblong openings. The liquid mass was illumined by the electric gleam. Iron plates had been rolled back, and crystal plates enabled us to see the water for a mile all round the *Nautilus*. It was as if the glass were the side of an immense aquarium. A thronging parti-colored aquatic army escorted us, attracted by the light. I was in an ecstasy of wonder and delight.

None of the ship's crew ever appeared, and Captain Nemo himself was sometimes invisible to us for days. The voyage took us to the Torres Strait, the Papuan coast, through the Red Sea, *under* the Isthmus of Suez, through a subterranean strait, to the Island of Santorin, the Cretan Archipelago, to the South Pole, which Captain Nemo discovered and on whose sterile waste he reared his black flag with the white N upon it; thence through the Gulf Stream. I cannot begin to speak of the wonders of the deep, strange, and superb specimens floating before my vision which had greeted no other naturalist's eye.

Not all the time did we remain in the *Nautilus* itself. It was one of our early surprises to be asked by Captain Nemo to join a hunting-party on the bed of the sea, in the marine forest of the Island of Crespo, a little rock in the midst of the North Pacific, discovered by Captain Crespo in 1801. We were encouraged to make a hearty breakfast, as it would be a long jaunt. All the food we ate was taken from the sea, and even a fermented liquor, which we mingled with water, was extracted from seaweed by the Kamchatkan method. We were protected by stout diving apparatus and carried a reservoir of stored air with tubes for breathing. We even had powerful air guns and bullets which were practically Leyden jars, which discharged the electrictiy when broken by striking an animal, with disastrous results to the animal.

The peculiarity of this forest under the sea was that every branch, even the slightest, ascended perpendicularly. The fauna and the flora were singularly allied in that submarine world. We bagged a superb sea otter, the only exclusively

marine quadruped. It was five feet long, and its skin was worth four or five hundred dollars.

One day Captain Nemo showed me the place where sank the ship made by the French explorers under Commander La Perouse, in 1785, at the Island of Vanikoro, after they had lost *La Bousolle* and the *Astrolabe*. He had found a tin box containing the instructions to La Perouse.

"A fine death for a sailor," said Captain Nemo. "A coral tomb makes a quiet grave, and I hope it will be mine."

The days passed rapidly and I took no account of them, incessantly charmed by new marvels. Captain Nemo was always the same calm, inscrutable being, his secret history locked in his breast. But one day, after looking through the glass at a point designated by the lieutenant, he was transfigured with violent agitation. I and my companions were promptly imprisoned, as on our first admission to the *Nautilus*. Our dinner was served us as usual, but we all fell asleep after it. I awoke the next morning to find that freedom was restored to us. But Captain Nemo took me to a wounded man, an Anglo-Saxon. I told him the man could not live two hours with his shattered skull. Captain Nemo's hands contracted and tears glistened in his dark eyes.

That night I thought I heard sounds like a funeral hymn. The next day Captain Nemo took me to a submarine forest of coral, which I saw, from a coral cross and slight, regular excrescences, was a cemetery. There they buried the man I had seen yesterday—a solemn sight at the bottom of the sea.

Then we wandered on. Ned Land, who had not any reasons for being interested, longed to escape, and was ready to do so at the first opportunity; but no opportunity offered.

We had coursed through the Mediterranean; then sped swiftly to Cape Horn; sailed up the eastern coast of South America, and underwent a fearful storm off the New England coast, which it suited Captain Nemo's caprice to battle with on the surface, instead of seeking repose beneath the waves. However, the *Nautilus* confirmed the words of a clever engineer: "There is no well-constructed hull that cannot defy the sea." As the *Nautilus*, pitching fearfully, raised its steel spur in the air, it seemed to act as a conductor, and I saw long sparks burst

from it. Finally, we retreated twenty-five fathoms into the deep and found perfect quiet, absolute peace!

By the seventeenth of May we were about five hundred miles from Heart's Content. There I saw, at a depth of more than fifteen hundred fathoms, the electric cable lying at the bottom of the ocean. It recalled the trouble, failure, and final success which attended this magnificent undertaking. The cable, covered with the remains of shells, bristling with foraminiferæ, was incrusted with a strong coating which served as a protection against all boring mollusks.

After showing the restless Ned Land a glimpse of American shores, Captain Nemo coursed to Ireland, and then went southward. On the thirtieth of May the submarine boat passed in sight of Land's End, between the extreme point of England and the Scilly Isles. The entire following day it described a series of circles in the water, as if it were trying unsuccessfully to locate some particular spot. At noon Captain Nemo himself came to work the ship's log. He had no word for me and was gloomier than I ever had seen him.

The next day was beautifully clear, and about eight miles to the eastward a large steam vessel could be discerned. It had no flag and I could not tell its nationality. Captain Nemo took the sextant. Suddenly he said: "It is here!" He went below. Soon the *Nautilus* sank to the bottom of the sea. The lights were extinguished, and the panels opened. I saw at the starboard what must have been a sunken vessel which had lain there long, for it was incrusted with shells. It had no masts. I was wondering what it could be and why the *Nautilus* should visit its tomb, when I heard Captain Nemo's voice, speaking slowly: "That was once the *Marseillais*, launched in 1762. It carried seventy-four guns and fought gallantly against the *Preston*, then at the siege of Granada, then in Chesapeake Bay. In 1794 the French Republic changed its name. That same year it joined the squadron of Villaret Joyeuse, at Brest, to escort a cargo of corn coming from America. On the eleventh and twelfth Prairal of the second year the squadron fell in with an English vessel. Sir, to-day is the thirteenth Prairal, the first of June, eighteen hundred and sixty-eight. Seventy-two years ago, day for day, on this very spot, after fighting heroically, its three

masts shot away, the hold full of water, and a third of the crew disabled, this vessel preferred sinking with its three hundred and fifty-six sailors to surrendering; and, nailing its colors to the mast, it sank beneath the waves, to the cry of 'Long live the Republic!'"

"The *Avenger!*" I exclaimed.

"Yes, the *Avenger.* A good name!" muttered Captain Nemo, crossing his arms. The way he said "the *Avenger!*" impressed me deeply. No common misanthropy had shut up Captain Nemo and his crew in the *Nautilus.*

We were already rising to the surface and the dead ship faded from our eyes. I heard a low boom after we came to the top. The other ship was steaming toward us. Soon Ned Land said she was a two-decker ram. She hoisted no flag at her mizzenmast. If Captain Nemo remained there, and she came near enough, there was a chance that Ned Land, Conseil, and myself might escape to her.

"I will jump into the sea if she comes within a mile of us," said Ned Land, scowling.

Another shot showed me they were firing at us. I suddenly reflected that since the *Abraham Lincoln* had seen that Ned Land's harpoon had had no effect on the *Nautilus* she had been assumed to be an engine of destruction which every nation would wish to destroy. Had not the *Nautilus* attacked some craft that first night we were imprisoned on her? Had not the man buried in the coral cemetery been one of her victims? They would not be likely to show mercy to anybody upon her! The shot rattled about us.

"Let us wave at them," said Land, flourishing his handkerchief. He was instantly felled by an iron hand.

"Fool!" hissed Captain Nemo. "Do you wish to be pierced by the spur of the *Nautilus* before it is hurled against that vessel?" He was frightfully pale, and roared at the Canadian. Then, turning to the ship, he yelled: "Ah, ship of an accursed nation, you know who I am! I do not need to see your colors to know you. Look, and see mine!"

He unfurled a black flag, like the one he had planted on the South Pole in taking possession of it. "Go below, you!" he said to us sternly, as a shell struck the *Nautilus* and rebounded

into the sea. "You have seen the attack. I shall sink that ship. But not here! Your ruins shall not mingle with those of the *Avenger*."

We had no choice but to obey. Shortly after this the screw was set in motion, and the *Nautilus* was beyond reach of the fire. I remained below until four; then mounted to the deck to endeavor, if possible, to dissuade Captain Nemo from more destruction. He was moving round the other ship like a wild beast. I had hardly uttered a word when he silenced me fiercely.

"I am the Law and I am the Judge. There is the oppressor. Through him I have lost all that I loved, cherished, and venerated—country, wife, children, father and mother. I saw all perish! All that I hate is there! Not another word!"

I and my companions resolved to attempt to fly when the *Nautilus* attacked the other. At six the next morning the vessel was not a mile and a half away. The *Nautilus*, stripped for action, had let the aggressor draw near. It was the second day of June!

Suddenly, as we were preparing to rush forth and make an attempt to escape, I heard the upper panel close sharply. It was too late! The next moment the hissing water running into the reservoir announced our sinking beneath the water. We stood speechless. The speed was accelerated. The whole ship trembled. I heard the shock—then rattlings and scrapings. The *Nautilus* had cut her way through the other vessel like a needle through sail-cloth. I groaned, and rushed into the saloon. Gloomy, implacable, mute, Captain Nemo was looking through the port panel. The *Nautilus* was following the sinking ship to the bottom, not to lose a particle of its agony. It was a human ant-heap overtaken by the sea. The poor victims were crowding the railings, clinging to the mast. Held by the ghastly fascination of the spectacle, I could not avert my eyes. Suddenly came an explosion! The compressed air blew up her decks and she sank more rapidly. Her topmast, laden with victims, then her spars, bending beneath the weight of men, faded below. The doomed ship and her drowning crew had sunk to their grave.

I turned to Captain Nemo. He was still looking like an archangel of hate. Then he turned and went to his room. As the door opened I saw on the wall, beneath his heroes, the por-

trait of a woman, still young, and two little children. Captain Nemo looked at them, slowly stretched his arms toward them, and sinking on his knees burst into deep sobs.

I felt a horror for this man, who, whatever he had suffered, had no right to punish so fearfully for revenge. Whence was the *Nautilus* flying now? The instruments showed a high speed, and indicated the north. That night we had crossed two hundred leagues of the Atlantic. Whither? In such unaccountable speed? I calculated that this kept up for fifteen or twenty days. I saw nothing of Captain Nemo now, nor of his second. Ned Land was at the end of his strength and of his patience, and Conseil watched him, fearing he would kill himself.

One morning Ned said to me: "We are going to fly to-night. I have taken the reckoning—twenty miles or so to the east there is land. I have got a little food and water. Conseil and I will be near the boat at ten. Meet us there. If we do not escape, they sha'n't take me alive."

"I will go with you. We can die together."

I went to the saloon to verify our course. It was N.N.E., at a frightful speed. The hours were like a nightmare. At last nine o'clock struck. Half past nine. Another half-hour to wait!

At that moment I heard the organ. It was like the wail of a soul longing to break its earthly bonds. I listened, plunged, like Captain Nemo, in that musical esctasy which was drawing him to the end of life.

Then I reflected, with horror, that he must be in the saloon, and that I had to cross through it, for it was nearly ten! But whatever happened I must make the attempt.

I reached the saloon. It was dark, but the music continued. I had reached the library door when I heard him sigh. I knew he had risen. His arms crossed, he glided like a specter, his breast swelling with sobs. I heard him gasp out these words (the last I was ever to hear from him):

"Almighty God! Enough! Enough!"

I rushed in desperation to the stairway to find the boat. My companions were there. "Let us go! At once! Hurry!"

Suddenly there were voices, loud, agitated tones within!

Were we discovered? Ned Land slipped a dagger into my hand. "Yes," I muttered; "we can die, anyhow."

But a dreadful word reached our ears. It was not we who were claiming the crew's attention. It was their own danger.

"The maelstrom! The maelstrom!" I cried.

Was it to this that the *Nautilus* had been driven at unflagging speed? We heard a roaring, and we could feel ourselves borne into spiral circles. We rocked frightfully. The craft's steel muscles cracked. At times it seemed to stand upright.

"We must hold on," said Land. "We may be saved if we stick to the *Nautilus*—"

He had not finished when there was a crashing noise, the bolts gave way, and the boat was flung from its groove into the midst of the whirlpool. My head struck on a piece of iron and I lost consciousness.

How the boat escaped, or what happened after that, I do not know. But we came out of that hideous gulf. I was in a fisherman's hut on the Loffoden Islands when I came to, with my comrades anxiously watching me.

We had to wait for a chance to return to France, and here I have revised the record of this incredible expedition—not one detail exaggerated—in that element deemed inaccessible to Man, but to which Progress shall one day open a road. I may be believed or not; but I know I have made twenty thousand leagues in a submarine tour of the world.

Does the *Nautilus* exist? Is Captain Nemo alive? Was that last hecatomb the end, or is he still pursuing an awful vengeance? Will the revealing record which he had prepared of his life, and which the last survivor of the exiles in the *Nautilus* was to cast in its hermetically sealed case into the sea, ever be found?

This I know, that only two men can answer the question Ecclesiastes asked three thousand years ago: "That which is far off and exceeding deep, who can find it out?" and they are Captain Nemo and myself.

PUBLIUS VIRGILIUS MARO

(Italy, 70–19 B.C.)

THE ÆNEID

Three books of this poem the author read to Augustus, shrewdly throwing in occasional complimentary allusions to the Emperor's ancestors. While he borrowed his plan from the *Iliad*, he used freely such Roman traditions and episodes as he found available. The publication of the entire poem was looked for eagerly, as indicated by a couplet of Propertius, which may be translated:

Give way, give way, ye Greek and Latin writers!
A greater than the Iliad is being born.

It took its place at once as the national epic. The author alone was dissatisfied with it; and he revised and revised again, as long as he lived. On his deathbed he instructed his executors to burn the manuscript; but this Augustus forbade.

FTER encountering numberless perils by sea and land, Æneas, son of the goddess Venus and of Anchises of the royal house of Troy, sailed from Sicily in search of that Italian country which, by decree of the Fates, was to be the home of himself and his companions. His seven years of wandering since he had fled from the smoking ruins of Ilium, which had been destroyed by the Greeks in the ten years' war, as described in the *Iliad*, were to end at last; for he was now fast nearing the promised land. But he had not reckoned on the hate of Juno, which still pursued this sorry remnant of the men of Troy. As soon as she perceived that they were drawing near to the end of their journey and about to attain their goal, her soul flamed with anger; for deep in her heart she held the memory of the insult offered to her slighted beauty by Paris on Mount Ida, and of many other wrongs she had suffered from the royal house of Troy. Moreover, she had intended Carthage to be the queen city of the world, and now the descendants of this accursed brood were destined to destroy it in the coming years. But these Trojans

had not yet landed in Italy, and even the Fates might be rendered powerless against the Queen of Heaven, sister and wife of the ruler of gods and men.

Pondering on these things, she flew down to Æolia, where Æolus, the King of the Winds, had his abode. Him she persuaded, by the gift of the fairest of her attendants, Deiopea, to unchain his winds and sink the Trojan ships, and willingly he complied. The winds rushed forth, the heavens became dark as night, and lightning flashed across the sky. Æneas, in heart-stricken tones, gave vent to his anguish:

"How far happier they who fell beneath the walls of Troy, before the eyes of their fathers!"

Some of the ships were sunk, others driven upon rocks, and soon the waves were strewn with broken planks and the arms and treasures of Troy. But, just when destruction seemed certain, Neptune, from the bottom of the sea, heard the commotion and came to the help of the wretched Trojans. With wrathful words he rebuked the winds and bade them depart. Then he ordered the waves to be still, and, aided by his Tritons, he raised seven ships, all that were left out of a fleet of twenty. With these Æneas sailed into a landlocked harbor on the African coast. Venus, heart-broken at this disaster to her son, appealed to Jupiter. Had he not pledged his word that Æneas should rule Latium, and that his descendants should rule the world? Jupiter smilingly reassured his daughter and revealed the destinies of her descendants, at the same time telling her that she herself should receive her son, the great-hearted Æneas, into the heavens. Finally, he declared that two divine twin brothers would spring from Mars and a descendant of Æneas. One of these, named Romulus, would found a city and call it Rome, and to this city would Jupiter grant endless and boundless empire. Nay, Juno herself would become appeased and would cherish the Romans, so that they should rule even Argos and Mycenæ.

Meanwhile, Æneas, attended by his faithful Achates, had landed for the purpose of exploring the strange country upon whose shores he was cast. His divine mother had not only inspired the Queen of Carthage with pity for the sufferings of Troy, but now, in the disguise of a Spartan huntress, appeared before her son and instructed him in everything it was useful

for him to know with regard to the people of the land. She gave him an account of its present Queen Dido, who, after the treacherous murder of her husband Sichæus by her cruel brother Pygmalion, had fled from Tyre with her followers and was here building a new city. Then, when she was about to leave him, her ambrosial tresses shed a fragrance that was not earthly, and by her gait the goddess was disclosed. In vain did Æneas expostulate with his mother; she vanished from his eyes. But she had first thrown a cloud around the Prince and Achates, which no mortal eye could penetrate.

Æneas safely ascended a hill from which he had a clear view of the rising city. He perceived a grove, and therein was a temple, partly built, which he entered. Great comfort did the spectacle he beheld bring to his heart; for depicted on its walls were all the misfortunes of Troy, in due order, and he recognized his own figure among its heroes. "So even here," he thought, "there is pity for unexampled misfortune."

Then Dido appeared, with her train of attendants; and soon afterward the sailors of the other ships of Æneas, who had all, save one, been miraculously saved, appeared before the Queen. They complained of their treatment by the natives after landing, and spoke of their divine leader, whom they were inclined to regard as lost, as he had thought they were. Dido's gracious reply fully satisfied Æneas.

"I have been taught by my own sorrows to pity the sorrows of others," she answered.

She promised them her protection and ordered a search to be made in every direction for their leader. Thereupon the cloud disappeared, and Æneas stood revealed, his beauty rendered more godlike than ever by the arts of his mother; and the interview between him and the Queen was followed by a splendid banquet, whereat there was a dazzling display of golden vases, silver cups, jeweled goblets, and embroidered purple, and all the sumptuous opulence of Tyre. Æneas sent Achates to the ships to conduct his son Ascanius to the feast. But Venus was on the watch; she knew the Tyrian guile, and that Dido might change. She therefore persuaded her son Cupid to assume the form of Ascanius, while the true Ascanius she carried, fast bound in sleep, to Idalium. When the false Ascanius reached

the banquet-hall, the hapless Queen, unconscious of the future, kissed and fondled him in her arms, and with every embrace imbibed deep draughts of passionate love. At the close of the festival, and after many vague questions asked by Dido, who was not satisfied with the answers of Æneas, the Queen requested the hero to give a detailed account of his own and his country's misfortunes; and the Trojan prince, though his soul shrank from relating the unspeakably lamentable story, could not refuse her request.

He began the tale of the capture and supreme might of Troy, told of the deceitful offering of the wooden horse, the treachery of Sinon, Laocoön's fruitless attempts to prevent the gift of the Greeks from entering the city, and the slaying of Laocoön and his sons by the serpents of Minerva sent from Tenedos. He told how Hector, covered with dust and blood, came to him in a vision and bade him flee the doomed city and found elsewhere another Troy. But when Æneas started up from his couch and saw Troy in flames, he resolved not to flee, but to avenge himself on the enemy or find honor in death. Then, after he had fought mightily and beheld such horrors as the eyes of mortals never before had witnessed, he obeyed the command of his divine mother to flee the doomed place. Not Helen, not Paris, had laid Ilium low; it was the gods themselves, and even Jove supreme.

Thereupon he betook himself to his house and bore hence his father Anchises, his wife Creüsa, and his predestined son. On his way he lost Creüsa, and he was returning to seek her when her spirit appeared to him, bidding him refrain, and prophesying the greatness of his race. The rest of the year was spent by him and such of the Trojans as had escaped from Troy in building ships with the wood of Mount Ida.

When the summer returned, they took their household deities on board and sailed whither the gods might direct them. And in many places did they build cities, even in Thrace and Crete, fondly hoping that these in succession were to be their homes. But quickly were they warned by oracle or wasting pestilence that their way lay farther, until at last the household gods appeared to Æneas as he slept, and plainly revealed to him that Italy, ancient and fertile, and most beautiful of lands, was

to be the dwelling-place of him and his companions, where his children's children would found a city destined to rule over many nations. And when he told the vision to his father, Anchises remembered that Cassandra was wont to prophesy such things—truth-telling Cassandra, fated never to be believed.

Then did the hero Æneas relate all the adventures that had befallen him before he came to Drepanum, in Sicily, where his father died. Most lamentable and terrible were these adventures, and Queen Dido was moved to the very depths of her soul as she listened to the story, and exceedingly did she marvel at him who told it. And all the time, unhappy one! she had been holding in her arms, all unknowingly, the invincible God of Love. As she clung to the lips of the hero, her passion grew stronger and more overpowering; and mightier, too, grew her efforts to keep him and chain him to her shores. But much as the hero would have liked to respond to her love and dwell with her in Carthage, Æneas, who was the most pious of mortal men, chose rather to obey the gods, though much troubled in heart for the hapless Queen. For Jupiter himself had sent down Mercury to warn him to think of his son to whom the Fates had given Italy and Rome. He bade him begone at once, and not tarry. And fain was the hero, although stricken with sorrow, to consent. So he made ready his ships and departed.

Then the raging Queen built for herself a pyre, and ascending thereupon, she fell upon a sword, even the sword which Æneas had left in her chamber, but not before calling upon the Avenger to spring from her bones who was in future ages to requite her wrongs on Rome.

Æneas and his companions, now far from land, beheld the flames of the pyre, and knew not what they meant, yet feared some evil hap to Dido, witting that a raging woman is capable of any furious deed. They made their course back to Sicily with much speed, where its King, Acestes, born of a Trojan mother, received them with great honor and refreshed them with food and drink.

It being now a year since the death of Anchises, Æneas decreed funeral games for his father, and many marvels were seen at the tomb of the departed hero, wondrous to be told. Great was the multitude that came to view the games and the

prizes offered by Æneas and King Acestes: crowns, palms, weapons, purple garments, and talents of gold and silver and cups of the same. Then the trumpet sounded, and the games began with a race of ships; and then the boxers contended, and in the contest the aged Sicilian, Entellus, was victor over the youthful Trojan, Dares, and, to show what his strength must have been ere age enfeebled it, he smote the ox, offered as a prize, with his gauntleted fist, and lo! it fell dead to the ground. Other games there were, and a display of horsemanship and a feigned battle by the Trojan youth. And Ascanius, fairest of them all, taught this custom, after he had built Alba, and thence it reached Rome, where it was kept forever.

But a terrible thing happened while the games were going on, for the women, weary of their eternal wanderings, attempted to burn the ships, being incited thereunto by the wiles of Juno. Ascanius, being the first to perceive the fact, rode swiftly to the camp, and brought Æneas and the men of Troy. Thereupon were the women ashamed and fled. But the fire continued to devour the ships, and the pious Æneas rent his garments and cried to the gods. They heard his appeal, and a great storm, with thunder and lightning, quenched the flames; but four of the ships were destroyed. Then it was resolved that the aged men and women, and those who were weak or fearful, should remain in Sicily, Acestes promising to build a city for them; and, when it was fine weather, Æneas departed with the others, few indeed, but right stout of heart.

He landed near Cumæ, for, in a vision, Anchises had bade him consult the terrible sibyl who dwelt therein, and who, the Fates having so decreed, would guide him to the abodes of the dead. And, in sooth, he reached this underworld after many strange happenings; and there his father pointed out the glorious shades that were in the future to inform the bodies of Roman heroes. And he spake of their great deeds, and taught him that souls like theirs do not die with the body, but, by noble service rendered to their country, cleave a path to heaven.

Æneas, after his return to the upper air, knew not that he was in the lands marked out for him by the Oracles. He therefore sent ambassadors to Latinus, its King, who, being divinely forewarned, offered him his daughter Lavinia in marriage and

a share of his kingdom. But Juno, though baffled, did not consider herself defeated.

"If I cannot persuade Heaven," she cried, "I shall appeal to Hell."

She summoned the Fury Alecto from Tartarus. Amata, the wife of Latinus, had already betrothed her daughter to Turnus, the young King of the Rutuli; and the Fury inspired her and all the women of the land with insane rage in favor of Turnus. Then she betook herself to the Rutulian prince and hurried him to the combat, and he was supported by many Italian rulers, among them Camilla, fleetest and bravest of virgin warriors.

Æneas was surrounded and was fearful of the future. But the god of the River Tiber appeared to him in a dream and advised him to seek help from the rustic King Evander, whose little realm occupied the Seven Hills, one day to be the site of mighty Rome. The monarch received Æneas hospitably in his humble cot, and granted him a band of horsemen, commanded by his son Pallas. And when Æneas returned to the camp, his goddess-mother bestirred herself to persuade Vulcan to make arms and armor for her son, even as he once had done for Achilles. Her husband obeyed her, and marvelous they were, but, above all, the shield, whereon were wrought not only all the great deeds of the olden men of Rome, but the battle of the ships at the Cape of Actium, and Augustus Cæsar riding triumphant through Rome amid the joyful acclaim of the people.

But before Æneas attained the wished-for goal, many sore trials awaited him in the struggle with Turnus, because of the unrelenting hate of Juno. At last the goddess yielded to the commands of Jupiter, stipulating that the Latins should not be called after the name of Troy, nor change their speech nor their garb. Then, providing Troy had perished forever, she would consent that Rome should rule the world. The fate of Turnus was therefore decided. In his last encounter with his enemy, the spear of Æneas pierced his thigh. He dropped on the ground, and would have been spared by the hero had not the latter spied upon his shoulders the belt of Pallas, whom the Rutulian had slain. Then did Æneas grow wrathful, and sacrifice his foe to the shade of his beloved friend and ally, and, groaning, the angry spirit of Turnus vanished from the upper air.

FRANÇOIS MARIE AROUET VOLTAIRE

(France, 1694–1778)

ZADIG (1760)

Biting satire and bitter philosophy were Voltaire's chief characteristics, nowhere better displayed than in this famous semi-allegorical story, which was widely read in its day.

N Babylon, in the reign of King Moabdar, lived a young man named Zadig, of a good disposition, improved by education. Though rich and young, he had learned to moderate his passions and to control his spirit.

Zadig never boasted of his conquests among the women nor affected to entertain a contemptible opinion of the fair sex. He was generous and was never afraid of obliging the ungrateful.

He was wise, for he sought to live with the wise. Instructed in the sciences of the Chaldeans, he understood the principles of natural philosophy, such as they were then erroneously supposed to be.

Being rich, of course Zadig had many friends. Blessed with a good constitution, a handsome figure, a mind just and moderate, and a heart noble and sincere, he fondly imagined that he might be happy.

Zadig was betrothed to Semira, a beauteous daughter of Babylon. One day, as the sweethearts were walking by the banks of the Euphrates, a band of armed ruffians—attendants of young Orcan, the Prime Minister's nephew, who was jealous of Zadig's popularity—made a sudden attack and tried to carry off Semira. Zadig, though taken unawares, fought valiantly. Assisted by two faithful slaves, he succeeded in beating off the ravishers and carried home the fainting lady.

"Oh, Zadig!" said she, on opening her eyes and beholding her deliverer, "I loved thee formerly as my intended husband; I now love thee as the preserver of my honor and my life!"

Her injuries were slight, but Zadig was more dangerously wounded. An arrow had pierced his face, near the left eye, and an abscess formed.

The great physician Hermes was called from Memphis to visit the patient, and declared that he would lose the eye.

But in two days the abscess broke and Zadig's wounded eye was as good as ever. Old Dr. Hermes wrote a book to prove that it ought not to have been cured. Zadig did not read the work; but as soon as he was able to go out, hastened to pay a visit to her in whom all his hopes of happiness were centered.

Semira had been in the country three days. On the road thither Zadig learned that that fine lady, having openly declared that she had an unconquerable aversion to one-eyed men, had the night before given her hand to Orcan!

It took Zadig a long time to recover from this shock. But in the end his reason got the better of his affliction, and the severity of his fate served even to console him.

"Since," said he, "I have suffered so much from the cruel caprice of a woman educated in our best court society, I should probably do better now to take my chances with the daughter of a plain, every-day citizen."

So he married Azora, a young lady of the greatest prudence and belonging to a most respectable family. For three months they dwelt together in all the delights of the most tender union.

The only thing Zadig objected to was that his wife inclined to levity, and was rather too apt to find that the best-looking and most forward young men of their acquaintance were likewise invariably possessed of the most wit and virtue.

One morning Azora came in uttering violent exclamations against the young Widow Cosrou, to whom she had been paying a visit of consolation.

"Just think!" said she, "that woman had a tomb built for her late husband beside the little rivulet that runs near here, and in the bitterness of her grief she vowed to heaven that she

would never leave the spot so long as the water of the rivulet should run past it. Now, what do you suppose she is doing at this moment?"

"Turning the course of the rivulet, most likely," answered Zadig.

He could not help thinking that Azora protested too much, and he was far from being pleased with such ostentation of virtue.

Zadig had a handsome and exemplary young friend named Cador, whom he decided to make his confidant, having secured his fidelity, as he thought, by a considerable present.

During Azora's temporary absence on a visit to her mother, Zadig caused the report to be sent out that he had died suddenly and been buried in the tomb of his ancestors at the end of the garden.

The distracted wife, or widow, wept and tore her hair and cried out that she would follow her husband to the grave. Cador wept with her and begged her to be resigned. Next day they wept less and dined together. When Cador told her that his friend had left him the bulk of his estate and suggested that she should share it with him, the lady was indignant, but at last became more mild and gentle. They sat longer at supper than at dinner. They now talked with greater confidence. Azora praised the deceased, but admitted that he had many failings from which Cador was free.

Suddenly Cador was seized with a violent pain in his side. The lady was greatly concerned, as her friend grew worse and worse. She would have sent for old Dr. Hermes, but that eminent specialist had gone back to Memphis.

"This malady," declared Cador, "has brought me to the brink of the grave before now. There is but one remedy that can give me relief, and that is to apply to my side the nose of a man who is newly dead."

Azora reflected upon this strange case, and upon the attractive merits of young Cador. Finally she said:

"After all, since my poor husband is now well on his way to the other world, the Angel Azrael will not refuse him admittance just because his nose is a little shorter in the second life than it was in the first."

So she took a razor and went to the tomb, prepared to cut off the nose of Zadig. But the supposed corpse rose and protested, saying:

"Madam, you need not have exclaimed so violently against the Widow Cosrou. This little plan of yours to cut off my nose quite equals hers of turning the course of the rivulet. And now, since our moon of honey has waned into a moon of wormwood and gall, and your pleasure is elsewhere, let us break our marriage contract and go our respective ways apart."

Having repudiated Azora, Zadig retired to the country, lived alone, and became a philosopher.

One day he met one of the Queen's eunuchs running toward him, followed by several officers, who appeared to be eagerly searching for something.

"Young man," quoth the first officer, "hast thou seen the Queen's dog?"

"It is a bitch," replied Zadig, with great modesty, "and not a dog. It is a very small she-spaniel, that has lately whelped. She limps on the left forefoot and has very long ears."

"Thou hast seen her!" cried the officer eagerly.

"No," replied Zadig. "I have not seen her, nor did I know until this moment that the Queen owned a canine pet."

At this same time it chanced that the finest horse of the King's stable had escaped from the jockey on the plains of Babylon. The principal huntsman, who was out searching for the steed, addressed himself to Zadig just as the other officer had about the dog.

"He is the fleetest horse in the stables," mused Zadig, speaking aloud, but as if to himself. "He stands fifteen hands high, has very small hoofs, and a tail three feet and a half in length. The studs on his bit are gold of twenty-three carats, and his shoes are silver of eleven pennyweights."

"Which way did he go? Where is he?" demanded the huntsman.

"I have not seen him," answered Zadig, "and never heard of him before."

The officials of the royal household were sure that Zadig had stolen the King's horse and the Queen's spaniel. They therefore had him arrested and conducted before the tribunal where he

was condemned to the knout and to spend the rest of his days at hard labor in the mines.

Hardly was this sentence passed when horse and spaniel were both found.

The judges reluctantly let Zadig off with a fine of four hundred ounces of gold, which he was obliged to pay as a penalty for having said he had not seen what he had seen. After paying his fine he was graciously allowed to speak in his own defense, which he did to the following effect:

"Ye stars of justice, illimitable repositories of science, mirrors of truth, who have the weight of lead, the hardness of iron, the brilliance of the diamond, and many of the properties of gold, hear me, as I swear to you by Oromazes that I never have seen the Queen's honorable spaniel, nor the peerless horse of the King of kings. The truth of the matter is this: In walking leisurely toward the little wood I observed on the sand the traces of an animal, plainly those of a little dog. The light and long furrows impressed on little eminences of sand between the marks of the paws showed that it was a female, whose breasts were hanging down, so that she must have recently whelped. Other traces, of a different kind, that always appeared to have gently brushed the surface of the sand near the marks of the forefeet, indicated that she had very long ears; and as I remarked that there was always a slighter impression made on the sand by one foot than by the other three, I concluded that the pet of our august Queen was a little lame, if I may be allowed the expression.

"With regard to the horse of the King of kings, you will be pleased to know that while walking in the lanes of this wood, I observed the marks of a horse's shoes, all at equal distances. This must be a horse, said I to myself, that gallops excellently. The dust on the bushes in a road that was but seven feet wide was a little brushed off at the distance of three feet and a half from the middle of the road. This horse, said I, has a tail three feet and a half long, which, being whisked to right and left, has swept away the dust. I noticed under the trees, which overarched, forming an arbor five feet above the ground, that leaves from the branches were newly fallen; from whence I inferred that the horse had touched them, and that he must therefore be

fifteen hands high. As to his bit, it must be gold of twenty-three carats, for he had rubbed its bosses against a stone which I knew to be a touchstone and which I have tried. From the marks made by his shoes on flints of another kind, I thought he must be shod with silver eleven deniers fine."

This speech was much applauded and the news of it reached even the King and the Queen. But as many of the magi were of opinion that Zadig ought to be burned as a sorcerer, the King ordered that the amount of the fine which he had paid should be restored to him. The registrar, attorneys, and bailiffs came with great formality to bring him back his four hundred ounces of gold. They only held out three hundred and ninety-eight ounces of it to defray the expenses of justice.

Zadig, having thus found how dangerous it is to live alone and acquire too much knowledge in one direction, reopened his town house, patronized literature, and gave sumptuous entertainments to men and women of letters. Among his guests was one Arimazes, surnamed the Envious. This eminent literary man would go to Zadig's to feast and remain to criticize. One evening he found a scrap of manuscript in his host's handwriting, which seemed to be part of a quatrain of verse torn in two. Examining the lines more closely, he discovered that they made sense and contained injurious reflections upon the King. They ran thus:

To flagrant crimes
His crown he owes;
To peaceful times
The worst of foes.

The envious man was happy for once in his life.

"These verses," said he, "have no literary merit. But they are full of treason, and I think therein I can perceive Zadig's fall."

He sent the scrap of paper to the King, and without any of the proverbial law's delay Zadig was imprisoned, tried and convicted, and—without being allowed to speak, because his writing spoke for him—sentenced to be impaled.

His relatives were inconsolable, for they could not succeed to his estate. Three fourths of his wealth was confiscated into the

King's treasury, and the other fourth went to the envious critic who had accused him.

On the day set for the execution, just as Zadig was preparing for death, the King's parrot flew from its perch and alighted in Zadig's garden to pick up a ripe peach blown from a tree in the orchard. A piece of paper with writing on it stuck to the peach as it had fallen. The bird carried off peach and paper and laid them on the King's knee.

The King looked at the writing and was interested to see that it resembled poetry, being divided off into short lines with no intelligible meaning. He handed the piece of paper to the Queen, and she, on an impulse of compassion, or else curiosity, asked Zadig if he could explain it, as the handwriting resembled that of the verses for which he was now going to the stake. He said:

"If your gracious Majesties will put the two scraps of paper together they may possibly be found to match."

And so they did. The lines then appeared as Zadig had originally written them:

Tyrants are prone to flagrant crimes;
To clemency his crown he owes;
To concord and to peaceful times
Love only is the worst of foes.

A great light burst upon the King. He not only liberated Zadig and restored his fortune, but also gave him such preferment that the young man, in a comparatively brief time, rose to be Prime Minister of the State.

Zadig eloquently thanked the King and Queen for all their goodness, and he did not forget likewise to thank the parrot.

"Beautiful bird," said he, "thou didst save my life, and now I am happy at last. But the fates of mortals hang on slender threads. Perhaps this happiness will vanish very soon."

"Soon," echoed the parrot.

The word startled Zadig, but he quickly recovered his poise and resolved to execute his duties to the best of his power.

His chief talent consisted in discovering the talent which men for the most part seek to obscure. For the time being all the world favored him, not because he was wise or was a man of real merit, but because he was Prime Vizier.

An affinity, mysterious and overwhelming, was the sudden cause of Zadig's undoing. The awful thing about it was that this affinity was none other than the beautiful Queen Astarte herself, and her gentle heart was pierced with the same fatal arrow that had wounded Zadig.

When their eyes met they seemed to say: "We adore each other and yet are afraid to love; we are consumed with a passion which we both condemn."

Zadig took heroic resolution and set out to fly into Egypt—the more precipitately as he had learned from his faithful friend Cador that the King was secretly planning to have him strangled.

Hardly had our philosopher-hero crossed the Egyptian frontier when he had occasion to kill a native named Clitofis, who was barbarously ill-treating a fair and unprotected damsel. She, after appealing to Zadig for help, now bitterly reproached him for having slain her lover. At this juncture four Babylonian couriers came along and carried off Missouf—for that was the fickle lady's name.

The Egyptians tried Zadig for murder, but on account of extenuating circumstances let him go with the relatively light penalty of being sold as a slave. He was bought by Setoc, an enlightened Arabian merchant, and taken to a far kingdom in the desert.

Setoc soon found out that Zadig was a sage and employed him as his counsel in a case against a Jew who refused to repay a loan of five hundred ounces of silver, because the witnesses of the transaction were dead.

"In what place," asked Zadig, "didst thou lend the five hundred ounces to this infidel?"

"Upon a large stone," answered the merchant, "that lies in yonder foothills of Mount Oreb."

Having summoned the Jew before the tribunal, Zadig addressed the Judge in the following terms:

"O pillar of the throne of equity! I come to demand of this man, in the name of my master, five hundred ounces of silver which he refuses to repay."

"Hast thou any witnesses?" asked the Judge.

"No, mighty Justice, they are dead. But there remains a large stone upon which the money was counted, and if it pleases

thy grandeur to order the stone brought into court, I hope that it will bear witness. I will send for it at my master's expense, and the Hebrew and I will tarry here till the stone arrives."

Later in the day, when the court was about to adjourn, the Judge said to Zadig:

"Well, friend, hath thy stone not yet arrived?"

At this the Hebrew laughed loudly, and said:

"Thy grandeur might stay here all night, and yet not see the stone. Why, it is more than six miles from here, and it would require fifteen men to move it."

"Ah!" cried Zadig, "did I not say the stone would bear witness? Since this man knows where it is, and all about it, he thereby confesses it was upon that stone the money was counted."

The Hebrew was confounded, and finally acknowledged the truth; whereupon the Judge ordered him to be chained to the stone, without meat or drink, until he should pay—which shortly he did.

Zadig grew in favor with his master, who now made the young Babylonian his partner and bosom friend. His repute for wisdom spread throughout Arabia, and he was instrumental in bringing about some notable reforms. One of these was the abolition of the ancient custom of widows burning themselves on their deceased husbands' funeral pyres. An amiable and attractive young woman named Almona, whom Zadig rescued from this horrible death, subsequently became the wife of Setoc.

The priests of the stars, finding that Zadig's reforms deprived them of certain rich perquisites they had been getting, took advantage of his temporary absence when he accompanied Setoc to the fair of Balzora, had him tried and convicted of heresy, and sentenced to be burned by a slow fire.

It was all the combined influence of Setoc and Almona could do to get Zadig off, and then he had to leave Arabia, taking flight for the Island of Serendib. There, by his sensible advice and judicious services to the ruler, he soon drew upon himself the enmity of various powerful factions, and narrowly escaped being poisoned.

"I must go away," mused Zadig, "but whither? I should be enslaved in Egypt, burned in Arabia, strangled in Babylon. However, I must learn what has become of Queen Astarte. I

will push on toward Babylon once more, and see what troubles fate still has in store for me."

On the frontier Zadig encountered the great robber baron Arbogad, who took a fancy to him and tried to induce him to join the brigands.

"This is not a bad profession," urged Arbogad, "and thou mayest one day become what I am at present. I began by stealing two horses. Then I organized a company and put myself in a way to hold up small caravans. Thus by degrees I wiped out the difference which had formerly subsisted between me and rich men. I was greatly respected and became a captain of the robber industry. This castle I seized by force. The satrap of Syria would have dispossessed me; but I was too rich to have anything to fear. I gave the satrap a handsome present, and he appointed me receiver of taxes for this province. I perform my duties as receiver with punctuality and exactness; but the petty duties of paymaster are so irksome that I wish to be rid of them.

"The grand Desterham of Babylon," continued the genial robber baron, "sent hither an under-satrap, with a delegation in the name of King Moabdar, to have me strangled. I had the four delegates strangled and took the satrap into my own service, where he is making twice as much money as he did in Babylon. If thou wilt take my advice, friend Zadig, thy success may be equal to his. This is the best season for plunder that we have had in years, since King Moabdar is killed and all Babylon thrown into confusion.

"Moabdar killed!" cried Zadig—for this was the first news he had heard from Babylon since his flight—"and what has become of Queen Astarte?"

"All I know," answered Arbogad, "is that Moabdar lost his senses and was killed. If the Queen did not also perish in the tumult she was probably carried off by the Prince of Hircania, who was attracted by her."

So saying, the happy robber drank himself to sleep. Zadig took the opportunity to steal away, and proceeded on his journey with a mind full of disquiet and perplexity.

He had not gone many leagues before he met a fisherman, who had a tale of wo to tell—house and business gone, wife

stolen, money all spent for legal advice, and now even the fish would not bite. These things had happened in Babylon, and the Prince of Hircania was at the bottom of it all.

Zadig gave the fisherman some money and spurred on to Babylon. Yet as he rode through a beautiful meadow he could not help noticing a lovely lady of desolate aspect seated beside a stream and tracing letters in the sand.

He dismounted, drew near, saw the letter Z, then A, then D—yes, his own name!

"By what surprising adventure," he exclaimed, "do I here find the name of Zadig traced out by a divine hand?"

The lady lifted her veil, looked at Zadig, sent forth a cry of tenderness, surprise, and joy and fell speechless into his arms. It was Astarte herself, the beauteous Queen of Babylon, for whose fate Zadig had been so anxiously concerned.

She told him her strange story—that the jealous King had sought her life, and after she hid in the temple had sent couriers after her, who brought in the capricious Missouf by mistake; that the King had taken up with this Egyptian woman, who finally drove him mad; and how the Prince of Hircania had then stepped in and sacked Babylon. This predatory Prince had indeed intended Astarte for his seraglio; but the Queen escaped by inducing the willing Missouf to take her place. Then the unhappy fugitive was captured by the robber baron Arbogad's band, who sold her to Lord Ogul.

"And at this moment," concluded the weeping Astarte, "thou seest me a slave to Ogul, who is a voluptuary and dwells in yonder castle. He is corpulent and suffers from indigestion, whereupon his physician has persuaded him that a basilisk stewed in rose-water is the only thing that can cure him. Lord Ogul hath promised to marry the female slave who shall bring him a basilisk—though little am I desirous of finding one now."

"Leave that to me," said Zadig reassuringly. "Since the basilisk is an imaginary creature, I will readily undertake to supply what Lord Ogul desires."

Zadig, being introduced to this mighty lord, spoke to him in the following terms:

"Wishing thy lordship immortal health! I am a physician and have brought thee a basilisk stewed in rose-water. Not that

I wish to marry thee, magnificent Lord Ogul. All I ask is the liberty of a Babylonian slave who recently came into thy possession. If I fail to cure thee, I consent to remain a slave in her place."

The proposal was accepted. Then Zadig spoke thus:

"My lord, the basilisk is not to be eaten; all its virtues must enter through the pores of thy skin. I have enclosed it in a little ball, blown up and covered with fine leather. Thou must strike this ball with all thy might and I must strike it back. By observing this regimen for a few days thou wilt see the effects of my art."

The first day Ogul was out of breath and thought he should have died from fatigue. The second he was less tired and slept better. In less than a fortnight he had recovered the health, strength, and agility of his university years. Then Zadig told him:

"Thou hast played at handball and hast been temperate. Know that there is no such thing in nature as a basilisk; that temperance and exercise are the two great preservatives of health."

This, of course, infuriated the naturalists, physicians, and apothecaries, and at the banquet given in celebration of Lord Ogul's recovery they prepared a certain dish for Zadig, calculated speedily to send him searching for basilisks to another world. The fatal dish was to have been served in the second course, but during the first Zadig was suddenly called away by an urgent message to join Queen Astarte.

They returned to Babylon and the Queen was received with joyous demonstrations by the people, for the Prince of Hircania had been killed and all was quiet along the Euphrates once more.

It was resolved that Astarte should wed again and that her consort, to become King of Babylon, should be the man proved to be possessed of the greatest valor and the greatest wisdom. The politicians were eager to select this man by their customary methods, but Astarte and the sages had another plan.

The hero, to win Astarte's hand and kingdom, must prove himself the champion of champions with lance and sword at a grand field tournament, and then he must vanquish all comers at guessing enigmas proposed by the magi.

Zadig, equipped with a suit of armor by Astarte herself, and mounted on the finest horse in Persia—a gift from his old friend Cador—came out a comparatively easy winner at the tournament. The enigmas looked more serious; but Zadig, fired by the confidence and favor of Astarte, besought Venus to fortify his courage and enlighten his understanding.

The question proposed by the grand magi was:

"What, of all things in the world, is the longest and the shortest, the swiftest and the slowest, the most divisible and the most multiplied, the most neglected and the most regretted, without which nothing can be done, which devours all that is little and develops all that is great?"

After other contestants had guessed "Fortune," "Light," "the Earth," and other foolish answers, Zadig said:

"This is easy. *Time* is the only correct answer to your little conundrum. Nothing can be longer than time, since it is the measure of eternity; nor anything shorter, when we consider its insufficiency for the realization of our projects. Nothing is more slow to the expectant, nothing more fleeting to him that enjoys. In greatness it extends to infinity, in smallness it is infinitely divisible. All men neglect it, all regret the loss of it, and nothing can be done without it. It consigns to oblivion whatever is unworthy and immortalizes what is truly great."

The assembly acknowledged that Zadig had solved the enigma.

So Zadig was made king, in spite of the fact that the whole country acknowledged him to be a genius as well as an honest and a courageous man.

Among his first appointments he placed Setoc, the Arabian merchant, at the head of the kingdom's commerce, and made Arbogad, the jolly robber, his secretary of war. He ordered that the poor fisherman's property and wife should be restored to him; but the fisherman, who had now grown wise, took only the money. The envious critic died of apoplexy and rage.

The empire, though governed by love and justice, enjoyed peace, honor, and prosperity. The people blessed Zadig, and Zadig thanked Heaven. His was the happiest age of the earth.

All this happened a long time ago.

HORACE WALPOLE

(England, 1717–1791)

THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO (1765)

This story was suggested to Horace Walpole by a dream of which he said: "All I could recover was, that I had thought myself in an ancient castle, and that on the uppermost baluster of a great staircase I saw a gigantic hand in armor. In the evening I sat down and began to write without knowing in the least what I intended to relate." It was written in two months, and professed to be a translation by "William Marshal, gentleman, from the Italian of Onuphro Muralto, canon of the Church of St. Nicholas, at Otranto." The incidents are such as were believed in the dark ages of Christianity. The story is supposed to have happened in the time of the crusades between 1095 and 1243. It points the moral that "the sins of the fathers are visited on the children to the third and fourth generations," but piously recommends devotion to St. Nicholas as a diversion of the anathema. The story was a sign of the reaction toward romance in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

MANFRED, Prince of Otranto, had two children—Conrad, a boy of fifteen, and Matilda, a beautiful girl three years older. Conrad was sickly and infirm from his birth, but, notwithstanding his youth and his poor health, his father was determined to make his birthday the day of his wedding. He had chosen Isabella, the daughter of the Marquis of Vicenza, as the bride.

When the company was assembled in the chapel for the ceremony, Conrad was suddenly missing. The domestic who was sent to find him came back in a state of fright, gasping, "Oh! the helmet! The helmet!" The father rushed out into the court and beheld his son dashed to pieces and almost buried under a gigantic helmet shaded with a quantity of sable plumes. Manfred and the frightened crowd stood aghast, their one inquiry being, whence could it have come? At last a young peasant observed that the miraculous helmet was like that on the black marble figure of Alfonso in the Church of St. Nicholas.

"How darest thou utter such treason?" demanded Manfred. "Thy life shall pay for it."

At this some of the spectators ran to the church and came back declaring that the helmet was indeed missing. Though the helmet in the church was of marble, and this one was of steel, Manfred pronounced the young man a necromancer and ordered him kept prisoner under the helmet.

Manfred retired to his chamber and refused to see anyone, though his wife, Hippolita, beside herself with grief for her son and anxiety for her husband, had sent Matilda to comfort her father. Hippolita was about to go herself, when Manfred's servant arrived and told Isabella that his lord demanded to speak with her. When they came to the Prince, he dismissed the servant and bade Isabella sit by him, while he addressed her:

"I sent for you on a matter of great moment. You have lost your bridegroom, and I have lost the hopes of my race. But Conrad was not worthy of your beauty."

Isabella, fearful lest her indifference to Conrad had been observed, began to protest vehemently and urge her devotion to his Highness and Hippolita.

"Curses on Hippolita," cried Manfred. "I divorce her from this hour. Too long has she cursed me by her unfruitfulness. In short, Isabella, since I cannot give you my son, I offer you myself."

Isabella, half dead with fright and amazement shrieked and started from him. At that instant she saw through the window the plumes on the fatal helmet waving backward and forward. "See," she said, "Heaven itself declares against your impious intention."

"Heaven nor hell shall impede my designs," said Manfred.

At these words the portrait of his grandfather hanging above the bench uttered a deep sigh and heaved its breast. Slowly it left its panel, descended to the floor, and entered a chamber on the right. Manfred tried to follow, but, finding the door securely closed, turned back for Isabella, who had used this opportunity to escape.

The girl had recollected a subterranean passage leading to the church at whose altar she knew not even Manfred's violence would dare touch her. Fleeing through the passages and vaults,

she halted in terror on seeing a form that she believed to be the ghost of Conrad, and shrieked. The words, "Be not alarmed, lady; I will not injure you," reassured her, and she implored the figure to help her find the trap-door. A ray of moonlight came to their assistance, but hardly had her protector lifted the door and helped her descend when it fell with a thud, leaving him to meet the angry Manfred, who was pursuing the fleeing maiden. Manfred's astonishment was great when the torches borne by his servants revealed the peasant whom he believed to be still under the helmet.

"Tell me thy accomplice," Manfred demanded.

The youth pointed to the floor, where it could be seen that, as it fell over the peasant, the helmet had broken through into the vault, leaving a gap through which the fellow had pressed himself. The youth was endeavoring to explain the noise of the door without incriminating Isabella, when two domestics, despatched through the house to search for her, came into Manfred's presence, frightened out of their wits. They had opened the door of the great chamber and seen the armor-clad foot and leg of a giant. The young peasant bravely offered to go and investigate; but Manfred, accepting his company, refused to trust any eyes but his own.

At the door of the gallery they met Hippolita and her chaplain, who assured him they had visited the chamber and found nothing. Manfred, having now locked the young man in a small room and dismissed the others for the night, retired to his apartment.

Matilda, being unable to sleep and being anxious about the disappearance of Isabella, summoned her maid, Bianca. While they were discussing the strange events of the day, they heard singing in the unused room beneath them. Opening her window, Matilda called down, and a voice implored that she would tell him whether it was true that the Princess was missing from the castle. Amazed at the stranger's audacity, Matilda refused to answer, and the clever Bianca, who had surmised that it was no other than the peasant, asserted that he was a magician, who had effected Isabella's escape. While they were talking, a servant came in to say that Father Jerome, the chaplain, had brought word that Isabella had been found in the sanctuary. Manfred

came into Hippolita's apartments as Father Jerome made his disclosures, and demanded that the girl return to the castle at once. Their argument was so long and heated that Hippolita withdrew to her oratory to pray to the Blessed Virgin. When she had gone, Manfred made known to the friar his resolve to divorce his wife and marry Isabella, and promised gifts to the Church if his wishes were carried out. He then tried to learn from the friar something concerning the youth. Father Jerome, who knew nothing, but saw the advantage of diverting Manfred from his present purposes, answered in a manner to confirm the Prince's belief in some connection between the peasant and Isabella.

Manfred fell into a rage and commanded the youth to be brought before him. The composure and bravery of the youth, who would tell nothing, save that his name was Theodore, so exasperated Manfred that he ordered him to be borne into the courtyard and his head to be severed from his body. Theodore received the sentence with resignation, but asked that a confessor be sent him, and Manfred granted the request, hoping thus to learn his history.

Jerome was overcome with remorse at what his idle accusation had brought about, and tried to intercede for the boy's life. But this was useless, and Theodore knelt for his last prayers. As he stooped, his shirt slipped down below his shoulder and discovered the mark of a bloody arrow.

"Gracious Heaven!" cried the holy man; "what do I see? It is my child! My Theodore!"

The attendants, moved by the old man's entreaties, called out, "Spare him! Spare him!"

"Peace," said Manfred sternly; "I must know now, ere I am disposed to pardon."

"He is my lawful son," said the friar, "and Sicily can boast few houses more ancient than Falconara."

Manfred, relenting, promised him the life of his son on condition that he would comply with his demands.

Just then the trampling of horses was heard, and a brazen trumpet that hung outside the castle gate was suddenly sounded. At the same instant the plumes on the mysterious helmet nodded three times as if bowed by some invisible wearer. At Manfred's

command, the friar tore himself from his son and demanded who was without.

"A herald," was the answer, "from the Knight of the Gigantic Saber, and I must speak with the usurper of Otranto."

"Who dares to question my title?" cried Manfred. "Go to your convent, friar, and prepare for the Princess's return. Your son shall be a hostage. I will meet this presumptuous herald myself." Turning to the new arrival, he said: "Well, what wouldst thou with me?"

"I come," he replied, "from the Knight of the Gigantic Saber, to demand in the name of Frederick, Marquis of Vicenza, Isabella, his daughter, whom thou during his absence hast got into thy power by bribing her guardians; thou shalt also surrender the principality of Otranto, which thou hast usurped from Lord Frederick, the nearest of blood to the last rightful lord, Alfonso the Good. If thou dost not comply, he defies thee to single combat to the last extremity."

On being told that the knight was not far distant, Manfred, who was well aware of the truth of the statement, asked of the herald that he might hold some converse with his master.

When Jerome returned to the convent he found the monks deeply stirred by a false report of Hippolita's death. Isabella had also heard the news and was not to be found. Meanwhile Manfred had opened his gates to receive the stranger knight, who entered silently with his train, preceded by a hundred men bearing an enormous sword. As the weapon was borne into the court the plumes on the enchanted helmet again waved in the same extraordinary way as before. Scorning to betray his courage, the Prince bade his guests alight, saying: "To-morrow thou shalt have a fair field, and Heaven defend the juster side."

Suddenly the gigantic sword burst from the supporters and, falling to the ground opposite the helmet, remained immovable. As soon as his guests were properly disposed of for the night, Manfred sought an interview with the chief knight. Taking him one side, he told him of his position with regard to his wife and the advantages to accrue to both houses from his marriage with Isabella. While they were talking, Jerome called the Prince outside to tell him of Isabella's disappearance. The

principal stranger, hearing the controversy, rushed to the door and said:

"Thou traitor prince! Isabella shall be found."

With that he called for his attendants and ran out to search for the Princess. Manfred ordered all his servants to scour the country, thus leaving the peasant unguarded.

Matilda, perceiving this opportunity, unbolted Theodore's door and bade him make good use of his liberty. She then conducted him to her father's armory and, having fitted him with a complete suit, told him to seek the caverns that reached to the seacoast and there hide till he could get aboard a passing vessel.

Theodore had not penetrated far in the cavern before he heard a step fleeing from him, which he overtook just as a woman fell breathless at his feet. Again he was fated to be Isabella's deliverer. He bore her farther within, to escape the danger of pursuit, but, hearing a call, he rushed to the mouth of the cave, where he found the stranger knight. Thinking him to be a retainer of Manfred, he engaged him in mortal combat, and not till the knight fell did Theodore know who was his foe. Recovering his speech, he begged that Isabella be called to him.

"Art thou Isabella of Vicenza?" he asked, struggling for breath.

"I am," said she.

"Then thou seest thy father. I am Frederick. I came to deliver thee, but it will not be."

The wounded knight was borne to the castle, and, to the relief of all, the surgeons declared his wounds not serious. Hippolita and Matilda cared for him most tenderly, and not insensible to their courtesy, he informed them of his story.

He told them that while a prisoner to the infidels he had dreamed of his daughter and had been led to a wood near Joppa. Upon his release he sought the spot and found a dying hermit, who directed him to a certain tree. Six feet beneath the earth he had discovered the enormous saber bearing these lines:

> Where'er a casque that suits this sword is found
> With perils is thy daughter compassed round;
> Alfonso's blood alone can save the maid
> And quiet a long restless prince's shade.

When Manfred entered the room and approached the bed of the wounded man he cried out in terror that he saw a specter that was no other than Alfonso. Hippolita sought to pacify him and declared it was only Theodore, who bore a striking resemblance to that effigy. Manfred then recovered himself and turned his wrath upon Jerome for assisting in the youth's release. Theodore pleaded so fervently for his father that Manfred bade him rise and tell his story.

At the age of five Theodore, with his mother, had been sold as captives in Algiers, and on her death she had bound upon his arm the statement that he was the son of the Count of Falconara. When he had effected his escape he sought his family home, only to find it in ruins and to learn that his father was in a religious house near Naples. Thus in now finding his father his joy was complete, and it was his misfortune to have incurred his Highness's displeasure. Manfred was appeased, but retired without fully forgiving the lad, who had now made himself most fascinating to both Matilda and Isabella. Each girl suspected the other of a secret attachment, but their long friendship would not suffer jealousy to prevail. During their exchange of confidences Hippolita entered and declared that as she saw Heaven purposed the sword of Otranto should pass to Frederick, she had proposed to Manfred that they give their daughter to the Marquis and thus effect the union of the two houses. She herself would devote her life to prayer and good works to secure peace and happiness for all.

Meanwhile Manfred had proposed to Frederick the double marriage, and had secured the knight's consent, provided Hippolita would consent to the divorce. He then sought his wife, who was conferring with the friar in the church. The friar besought her never to consent to the divorce.

"Audacious rebel!" said Manfred. "I have consulted with Frederick. He accepts Matilda's hand and is content to waive his claim, unless I have no male issue."

As he spoke these words, three drops of blood fell from the nose of Alfonso's statue.

"Behold!" said the friar. "Mark this miraculous indication that the blood of Alfonso never will mix with that of Manfred." Bidding an attendant watch the church, Manfred departed with

Hippolita. Every act of the friar led him to believe that he was privy to an amour between Isabella and Theodore.

On his return to the castle, he called the maid Bianca and by artful wiles led her to talk of Theodore; sending her to Isabella to learn exactly how she was disposed toward him, he went in to the Marquis. They had hardly begun to talk when Bianca came rushing back, crying that on the baluster she had seen the mailed hand of the giant that had frightened the attendants in the gallery. Manfred ordered her to cease her trifling and begone, but Frederick had gathered enough from Bianca's discourse to persuade him that Heaven declared itself against Manfred.

However, feeling an increase of passion for Matilda, Frederick sought out Hippolita to learn from her lips how she stood in regard to the divorce. Going to her oratory, he beheld a person engaged in prayer, and as he was about to return, the figure rose. Excusing his interruption, Frederick said he was seeking the Lady Hippolita.

"Hippolita," replied a hollow voice; "comest thou to this castle to seek Hippolita?" and then the figure, turning round, revealed to Frederick the fleshless jaws and empty sockets of a skeleton, wrapped in a hermit's cowl.

"Dost thou not remember the wood of Joppa?" said the apparition. "Hast thou forgotten the buried saber?"

"I have not," said Frederick; "but say, blest spirit, what is thy errand to me?"

"To make thee forget Matilda," said the apparition, and vanished.

Frederick, overcome by this interview, sought his own apartments and spurned Manfred's invitation to spend the night in revelry. That haughty Prince, enraged by his refusal, withdrew in a frame of mind capable of any excess. At that moment the spy he had left at the convent came to say that Theodore and some lady from the castle were in conference at the tomb of Alfonso in St. Nicholas's Church.

Manfred, thinking only of Isabella, repaired at once to the church, and, stealing down the aisle, the first words he heard were:

"Does it, alas! depend on me? Manfred will never permit our union."

"No, this shall prevent it!" cried the tyrant, plunging his dagger into the bosom of the person that spoke.

"Ah me! I am slain," cried Matilda, sinking.

Theodore, rushing on the monster, would have killed him had not Matilda cried out:

"Stay thy impious hands! It is my father."

Manfred, finding his error, was beside himself, and had not the monks called thither by the cries restrained him, he would have killed himself. As Matilda lay dying, Theodore begged his father even then to unite them in marriage, that if not in life yet in death she might be his. Frederick challenged him for his pretensions to the hand of a Princess, but Theodore in hot-headed passion declared himself alone the rightful heir of Alfonso and Prince of Otranto. Isabella, perceiving that Matilda was failing, bade them all be quiet as they listened to her last words. Giving them all her blessing, she struggled on to say: "Isabella—Theodore—for my sake— Oh!" and then expired.

Isabella bore away the afflicted Hippolita, and in the middle of the court they met Manfred, who by the light of the moon read in their countenances the news he dreaded. A clap of thunder at that instant shook the castle, the earth rocked, and the clanking of more than mortal armor resounded. Theodore with the others rushed into the court. The walls of the castle were thrown down, and the form of Alfonso appeared.

"Behold in Theodore the true heir of Alfonso," said the vision, and accompanied by a clap of thunder it ascended toward heaven, where it was received by the form of St. Nicholas.

Overcome by this evidence of Divine will, Manfred now made confession of his usurpation, and Jerome took up the story to tell of Alfonso's marriage in Sicily on his way to the Holy Land. His daughter was given in marriage to Jerome, then Prince of Falconara, and Theodore's narrative had told the rest.

The disconsolate company retired to what remained of the castle. In the morning Manfred, supported by his affectionate wife, signed his abdication, and they betook themselves to neighboring convents. Frederick offered his daughter to the new Prince, but Theodore could not brook a new love until, after long discourses with Isabella, he saw that they might share their melancholy in the sorrow they both felt in Matilda's death.

LEWIS WALLACE

(United States, 1827–1905)

BEN HUR: A TALE OF THE CHRIST (1880)

The popular success of *Ben Hur* far surpassed that of any book of its period. Its author was already well known as "Lew" Wallace, soldier, statesman, and novelist, but his former fame had nothing to do with the immense vogue enjoyed by this novel. Unlike many other successes, its popularity continued year after year until, twenty years after its first appearance, it was so strong that a firm of theatrical managers decided to make it the basis of a play which was produced with extraordinary attention to detail, and at a preliminary expenditure probably never before equaled in American dramatic history. Mr. William Young was the author of the dramatic version, for which incidental music based on Eastern scales and developed to the highest degree of artistic skill was composed by Mr. Edgar Stillman Kelley. The success of the play equaled that of the novel, and both are still alive in the sense that the book has a steady sale and the play is still popular. Book and play bid fair to rival *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in eternal interest. The story, while concerned almost entirely with the fortunes of its hero, gives a vivid picture of life and customs, and a comprehensive view of religious and philosophic thought, in Judea at the beginning of the Christian era and introduces Jesus Christ as one of the essential personages.

ITHAMAR of the House of Hur, a Prince of Jerusalem and the richest merchant of his time, had a son, Judah, who was born about three years before the birth of Jesus. The child's most intimate playmate was Messala, two years his senior, son of a high Roman official stationed at Jerusalem. When Judah Ben Hur was eleven years old Messala went to Rome to finish his education. He was absent five years, but Ben Hur's affection for him persisted during the interval, and as soon as he heard of his friend's return he went to see him. He found Messala no longer an ingenuous boy. Instead, he beheld a Roman patrician, arrogant, haughty, contemptuous of the Jew because of his inferior race. It was the last meeting in friendship between these two, for Messala's taunts and sneers touched the

pride of Ben Hur to the quick and aroused in him a hatred of the Roman conqueror that became the dominating influence of his life. He took counsel with his mother on the matter—for his father had been a few years dead—and when she understood his purpose she gave her permission that he should be a soldier. Her only restriction, which harmonized with his heart's burning desire, was that he should serve the Lord—that is, Israel and not Rome.

The next day Ben Hur and his little sister, Tirzah, stood on the housetop to watch the Roman soldiers escort Gratus, the new Procurator, through the city. The boy leaned over the parapet, the better to see, and a loose tile gave way beneath his weight. Snatching at it to prevent it from falling and hurting somebody in the crowded street, he failed to grasp it and on the contrary sent it flying further from the line of the house wall. The heavy tile struck Gratus and sent him tumbling from his horse to the ground, where he lay apparently dead. The soldiers immediately covered him with their shields, and measures were taken to quell the disturbance that ensued, for the Jews thereabout supposed, as did the Romans, that there had been a deliberate attempt to assassinate the representative of Rome's tyranny. The house of Hur was invaded by soldiery and all its occupants were driven forth. Even Ben Hur's mother and little Tirzah were arrested. It was Messala that gave the order; it was he that denounced Ben Hur as an assassin.

Gratus suffered little from his misadventure, but without even the formality of a trial he condemned Ben Hur to the galleys. The Hur palace was sealed, and a placard was posted on its door proclaiming it the property of the Emperor. What became of his sister and his mother Ben Hur knew not. He was hurried under heavy guard to the seacoast, and but one incident of that toilsome journey impressed itself indelibly on his memory. At Nazareth the legionaries halted to drink from a well. Ben Hur fell in the dust, exhausted, for he had to make the march afoot. His hands were tied behind his back, and the thong was looped over the neck of a horse. A crowd of curious villagers surrounded the party, and all pitied the youth, but none ventured to give him refreshment, for pity yielded to fear of the hated soldiers. Presently an elderly man and his son, each

bearing carpenter's tools, came to the well. The man inquired about the circumstances, as others had asked, and his brow darkened with resentment. His son laid down his ax, went to the well, and took up a pitcher. His manner was so unconcerned and simple that, before the guards could interfere, he was giving the captive a drink of water. They did not interfere with him even then, and it was noticeable that thereafter the soldiers treated Ben Hur with a semblance of consideration. It was his first meeting with the Son of Mary, and memory of that youthful face glowing with compassion lingered with him during all the after years.

The average life of a man at the galleys was one year, but Ben Hur was stronger than the average. Moreover, he was shrewd, and contrived to get himself shifted from one side of the vessel to the other so that the wear and tear of the work might be distributed evenly over his body. Thus he became the best oarsman in his ship, and developed long arms, huge hands, and a giant's muscles. He attracted the attention of Arrius, who had been sent to destroy a fleet of pirates, and for the first time in three years Ben Hur was spoken to in a kindly manner. In a battle with the pirates Arrius's vessel was destroyed, although the victory was with the Romans. Ben Hur came to the surface, after going down with the vessel, and grasped a large plank beside which Arrius himself came up. The commander was stunned and helpless. The galley-slave kept him alive until both were rescued by a Roman boat after the battle. For this service, and because Arrius had known Ben Hur's father, he adopted the Jew and made him his heir.

Ben Hur passed five years in Rome, learning everything that could be of use to a soldier. Then, wealthy by reason of his inheritance from Arrius, who had died, he set out for the East to join an expedition against the Parthians. This he did, as he had studied in Rome, that he might become perfected in warfare with the never-forgotten ambition to fight, and perhaps become a leader, in Judea's struggle for liberation.

The expedition was to assemble at Antioch, and, as his vessel entered the port of that prosperous city, Ben Hur's attention was attracted by ships coming in with heavy cargoes from distant countries. A fellow passenger told him that they were

part of the great fleet of vessels belonging to Simonides, the richest merchant in the world. He was a Jew, in spite of his Greek name, and noted for his marvelous luck; for storms never wrecked his ships, marauders of the desert never attacked his caravans, no venture ever failed to return him a profit. Ben Hur listened to this gossip with interest that he found it difficult to mask, for Simonides had been his father's steward, his slave, and all he possessed, even his own body, was according to Jewish law the property of the son of Hur.

The expedition would not be ready to start for weeks, and until then Ben Hur could have had quarters in the citadel becoming to the son of a Roman patrician. Thither he set out from the wharf, but when he had gone part way he ordered his porters to turn about and take him to an inn near that part of the city where he had learned Simonides lived. Next day early he went to see Simonides. He found him an aged man, physically incapacitated, and attended by a daughter, Esther, whose face and demeanor charmed the visitor at once. The body of Simonides was a wreck because he had been subjected to the severest torture at the command of Gratus in the effort to wrest from him the money left by Ben Hur's father. According to Jewish custom, that money was distributed about the world in the form of bills of exchange, and Gratus never had been able to touch a denarius of it. It was gossiped that Simonides had used his late master's money as the capital on which he had reared his immense fortune. At all events, he had purchased liberty to trade from the Emperor himself and was now safe, as he thought, from further persecution by Gratus.

Ben Hur made himself known. The aged merchant looked at him calmly and acknowledged that he had known and had had business dealings with the Prince of Hur; but his attitude was that of an entire stranger to the son, to whom he owed no obligation. Nevertheless he listened to Ben Hur's story. The young man told it from the beginning, and declared that the one purpose of his visit was to learn what had been the fate of his mother and sister. Simonides professed ignorance on this matter and plainly intimated his doubt of Ben Hur's story. He asked for proofs of his identity, either documentary or by the word of witnesses, and the visitor could not satisfy him. It was

evident that Esther believed him; but nothing could avail against the iron will of her father, and Ben Hur departed, disheartened, for the love of his mother and sister dwelt in his heart side by side with his martial ambition.

As soon as his visitor had gone Simonides summoned Malluch, a trusted servant, and instructed him to fall in with Ben Hur, lead him into conversation, study him in every particular, and make quick reports. So it happened that as Ben Hur was idling about the city, trying to take an interest in its sights, he became acquainted with a good-natured stranger who rambled with him from one place to another. They visited the race-course, and saw several chariots, with four horses yoked to each, at practise for the games that were to be given a week hence. Among them were four Arabian bays, the owner of which, Sheik Ilderim, was frantic because the Roman driver could not manage them effectively. Another four were driven by a haughty young Roman, in whom Ben Hur recognized his former playfellow, and enemy, Messala.

From the race-course Malluch led the stranger in Antioch to see a well which was reputed to have magic power. While there a camel bearing an aged Egyptian and his daughter, the most entrancingly beautiful woman Ben Hur ever had seen, paused for refreshment. The ungainly beast knelt, but before the passengers could alight from the howdah or send to the well for water Messala drove his chariot full tilt through the crowd, scattering the people right and left, arrogantly unconcerned as to their peril. Such was the impetus of the four horses that there would have been a collision with the camel, and probably death for its riders, had not Ben Hur leaped to the horses' bridles and with his giant strength swerved them aside. The chariot was nearly upset, but Messala seemed to take the incident carelessly, and drove away, after apologizing to the Egyptian and uttering many fulsome compliments upon the beauty of his daughter.

Then Ben Hur conceived the desire to humiliate Messala and wreck him financially. Guided by Malluch, he sought Sheik Ilderim and offered himself as driver for the Arabian bays. The Sheik accepted him after he had seen Ben Hur exercise the horses for an hour. It was evident that here was one who understood horses, and the desert chieftain began to

look forward with confidence to the outcome of the contest. As he needed all time possible for practise, Ben Hur took up his quarters temporarily with the Sheik, to whom presently came the Egyptian whose life had been endangered by Messala's reckless driving. This was Balthasar, one of the three wise men who had journeyed from afar on the occasion of the birth of Jesus. From his lips Ben Hur heard the mystic, impressive old story of the Voice that had called three men from different quarters of the world, bidding them meet in the desert; of the star that had guided their journey and brought them to the manger in which lay, newly born, He who was to be King of the Jews. Ben Hur thrilled at the narrative, for it pointed unerringly to the realization of the age-long dream of the Jews, the coming of a Messiah. His interpretation was that of most men who had heard the tale (and there were many in Judea): that the Messiah would be a temporal ruler, under whose leadership the country would not only be wrested from Roman tyranny but come to have dominion over all the world. He counted the years since Balthasar's wonderful experience; the babe of that period would now be in the prime of manhood; his term of study and preparation must be well-nigh concluded; the time for action must be at hand! Ah, what joy to devote the knowledge and skill learned of hated Rome to such a leader! Ben Hur hungered for opportunity to serve Him.

With Balthasar came his beautiful daughter, Iras, who sought out the young man that had rescued her and coquetted with him until the vision of sweet Esther faded from his mind, and even his dreams of conquest and national liberation almost took second place.

Malluch made his reports to Simonides, on the strength of which Ben Hur and Sheik Ilderim were summoned to the merchant's house. There, in the presence of the Sheik and of Esther, Simonides acknowledged himself and his daughter as slaves of Ben Hur and proffered an accounting of the business that had been done on the capital left by the Prince of Hur, which showed that the son, Ben Hur, was the richest man in the world. Ben Hur immediately relinquished all the property except the one hundred and twenty talents that represented his father's capital, which had served Simonides in the building of

his own fortune; and he also declared Simonides and his daughter free. Then it appeared that it was not in his power to free them, for they were in the kind of bondage that Jewish law made eternal. A compromise, so to call it, was effected, by which Simonides was to act as Ben Hur's steward. He was to conduct the business as theretofore, and nothing was to be said about his real relation to the owner.

There was a special reason for this beyond Ben Hur's magnanimity, for it had been discovered that Messala had recognized Ben Hur and was plotting to put him out of the way. Sheik Ilderim's desert riders had intercepted a letter from Messala to Gratus which showed two things of the utmost importance: first, that Messala and Gratus had sent Ben Hur to the galleys, believing that he would die at the labor and that thus they would be unimpeded in possessing themselves of his property; and second, that Ben Hur's mother and sister had been dealt with in a way that justified hope that they might still be alive. "Thou wilt remember what thou didst with the mother and the sister," wrote Messala, and then proceeded to ask whether they were still alive. It was apparent that Messala would not commit any overt act against Ben Hur until he should have had a reply from Gratus; and as he had sent a duplicate letter by sea it was reckoned that he could not get an answer within seven days. Before then the races would be run, and it was decided that after that Ben Hur should hide himself in the desert for a time in order to circumvent Messala's designs against him.

There was yet another reason for this course. At the house of Simonides there was again talk of Balthasar's story of the Messiah. Simonides believed the tale; he, too, looked for a temporal ruler, and was eager to devote his immense fortune to equipping an army to fight under the new king. Pending the time when the promised ruler should announce himself, it was agreed that Ben Hur should devote his energy to discovering what had become of his mother and sister.

As the day of the games approached, and wagers were laid on the several contests, none ventured to bet against Messala in the chariot-race, although he and his followers offered odds of four, five, and sometimes six to one. Ben Hur could not be content merely to humiliate his enemy. The Prince's property

in Jerusalem had been confiscated, nominally to the Emperor, but actually—as the intercepted letter proved—to the private uses of Gratus and Messala. It was Ben Hur's ambition to get that property back, not for the sake of the money itself, for he had more than plenty, but in order to ruin the despoiler. Accordingly he and Simonides supplied a loyal Jew, Sanballat, with abundant funds and laid a trap for Messala. On the very eve of the contest Sanballat sought Messala and his boon companions and offered to wager that the Arabian four would win. The Romans jumped at the chance to fill their pockets, and Sanballat shrewdly teased them into laying odds at six to one. Messala consented, whereupon Sanballat calmly made his stake twenty talents, which called on his adversary to lay one hundred and twenty, a sum far in excess of Messala's whole fortune. Thus was a double stroke accomplished, for Messala was humiliated by being compelled to confess that he could not meet such a wager, and he was also compelled to risk all he had, thirty talents, against Sanballat's six.

The concourse of people assembled to see the games was greater than any similar crowd that could be gathered in the world except Rome. The chariot-race came last. There were six contestants, of whom Ben Hur was the favorite on account of the wide-spread hatred of the Romans. But Messala was not only confident, he was determined to win, and at the very beginning hesitated not to stoop to foul play. When came the signal to start he drove so recklessly to the inner barrier, which gave him the advantage at the curves, that he overturned one of the rival chariots, and its driver was borne dying from the arena. All Ben Hur's skill was required to guide his steeds so that his own chariot should not be engaged in the collision, and as it was he saved disaster at the expense of losing distance. But his Arabians were so far superior to the other fours, except possibly Messala's, that he soon passed into second place, and then the race was between the Roman and the Jew.

The course was seven times round the arena. At first Ben Hur contented himself with hugging his rival close, but at a turn during the first time round Messala again resorted to foul play, this time unmistakable and flagrant. Standing suddenly sidewise in his chariot, he whirled his long whip and brought it

down with furious force across the backs of the Arabians. These steeds had been reared and trained in gentleness. Never before had a lash touched them. They were startled, terrified by the pain, and the race would have been lost to the Jew then and there but for the effect of his three years in the galleys. His great hands of iron, his arms and back of steel, his mighty legs inured to more violent motion than the swaying of a chariot, all stood him in good stead; and, while the multitude ceased to breathe with excitement, for the terrible emergency was clear to every spectator, he firmly curbed the frantic beasts, brought them again into harmonious order, and resumed his place just behind the Roman. There he stayed until the seventh round was half run. Then, at the final turn, he urged his four to their utmost, and even though he lost distance in trying to pass at a curve his horses came abreast of the Roman chariot, little by little they drew past, and then, just as the chariots were abreast, Ben Hur deftly veered his steeds a bit, his wheel struck the hub of Messala's outer wheel, the hub broke, and the Roman's chariot was an instant wreck. Messala was thrown under the heels of his prancing horses and received such injuries that he was crippled for life worse than Simonides had been by the tortures of Gratus. A feeble protest was made by the losers of wagers on the Roman, but the judges waved them aside, pointing to the obvious fact that Messala had been guilty of foul play early in the race.

Ben Hur steadfastly refused the extravagant rewards that Sheik Ilderim pressed upon him, but in accordance with his plan, disappeared with him in the desert until he could safely go to Jerusalem and search for his mother and Tirzah.

Meantime Gratus was superseded by Pontius Pilate. In the course of inspections incidental to his coming to the governorship, a secret cell was discovered in the subterranean dungeons of the city where Ben Hur's mother and her daughter had been cast at the time of the seizure of their property. Gratus had used the utmost precaution to prevent knowledge of this cell from being known to anybody, even to the dungeon-keepers. The women had been fed by a prisoner whose tongue had been torn out, and who occupied a known cell adjoining theirs. According to official record, three men were confined in his cell, and

food for three was passed in daily. Two portions he passed through a crevice to the unfortunate women. For years they had lived in darkness and had contracted leprosy. When their plight was discovered by the successors of the Gratus régime, the women were cast adrift, their only refuge then being the caves and tombs of a hillside outside the city, where lepers were sent to die.

On their mournful way through the city they saw Ben Hur sleeping at the gate of their former home, but they did not waken him. One sadly joyful look, and they went on, believing that it would be less sorrow to him if he thought them dead than to know that they were lepers. They were discovered by an old servant who took them food daily, but who was enjoined by the most sacred oaths from ever revealing their identity. So, when Ben Hur presently came to know of the discharge of his dear ones from the dungeon, and that they were lepers, he was nevertheless utterly unable to ascertain what had become of them. He had to conclude that they were dead, and thenceforth he gave his whole attention to recruiting an army for the future King of the Jews.

His recruits were mainly Galileans. He chose those who had capacity for leadership and taught them the Roman drill. Each of his captains chose companies, who drilled in the lava-beds far from human habitation. Simonides furnished arms and accouterments, and in the course of time fully three legions were armed and disciplined, waiting only for the Messiah to proclaim himself to rush to battle under Ben Hur's generalship.

At this time the Nazarene was teaching and preaching throughout Judea, and the fame of his words and deeds had spread far. Already there were those who believed him to be the promised Messiah. Of these was Balthasar, whom Ben Hur encountered in the desert on his way to see in manhood Him whom he had worshiped as a babe. Ben Hur went with him and was present at that memorable scene when John the Baptist pointed to Jesus, saying, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world!"

The eager warrior was disappointed, mystified, and yet fascinated. He recognized the Nazarene as the one who had given him drink when he was a captive; he was stirred by his

preaching; but he failed to perceive the signs of dominating force which promised a great ruler. The manifestations of Divine power were so convincing, however, that Ben Hur felt he must wait until such good time as the Master should proclaim Himself. Meantime he followed Jesus from place to place, studying Him, observing the miracles, becoming more and more eager to fight for this man, though still unpersuaded by the good Balthasar that the kingdom of Jesus was not of this world. He was one of the multitude that at last went up to Jerusalem with Jesus, and as they passed the abode of the lepers, he saw two women, almost dead of the repulsive disease, throw themselves in the Master's way and beseech His mercy. Ben Hur saw the simple rite by which the Master pronounced them clean, and, studious ever of results, he lingered to observe the effect. Before his astonished and exultant eyes he beheld these pitiable wretches transformed to his sister and his mother!

The law required that persons cured of leprosy should wait without the walls nine days for inspection before permission could be granted to enter and go to their homes. So it came to pass that, devoted to the comfort of his mother and his sister during these days, Ben Hur was not a witness to those scenes in which Jesus alienated the expectant and uncomprehending multitude by refusing to assert temporal power. Ben Hur did not realize that the multitude had turned to a hostile rabble until Jesus was brought forth for execution. Then he tried vainly to rally his Galileans and force a rescue. All but a pair of the recruits had joined the rabble.

Simonides and Balthasar were, with Ben Hur, witnesses of the crucifixion, and at the end Simonides himself was converted from his belief that the Messiah would be a temporal ruler. Balthasar was so overcome that his spirit fled before the earthquake came to terrify the executioners.

Some years after the majestic tragedy at Golgotha, Ben Hur was happy with Esther and their children; Simonides still clung to life and devoted his vast wealth to the Christian cause, for Nero was then beginning to persecute the Christians in Rome, and Ben Hur went thither, with his own money and that of Simonides, to make safe places for Christian worship under the streets and buildings of the Eternal City, thus beginning the catacombs.

MARY AUGUSTA WARD

(MRS. HUMPHRY WARD)

(Tasmania, 1851)

LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER (1903)

The character of the heroine of this novel, Julie Le Breton, is confessedly founded upon that of a historic personage, Julie Jeanne Eléonore de Lespinasse (1732–1776). Mademoiselle de Lespinasse was the illegitimate daughter of the Countess of Albon. She was the companion of the blind Madame du Deffand, famous for her caustic wit, and with her presided over a celebrated literary salon. After ten years of this companionship Mademoiselle Lespinasse seceded and established a rival salon. Soon after this she began writing a series of ardent letters, the earlier ones to a Spaniard, the Marquis de More, and the later to a Frenchman, Count de Guibert. The widow of De Guibert published them a quarter of a century after the writer's death in order that their fine feeling and literary art might not be lost to the world. The career of Julie de Lespinasse is the subject of a work by Camilla Jebb, entitled *A Star of the Salons*.

HE Lady Rose was Lord Lackington's favorite daughter. Her mother was dead, and her father, from a mistaken sense of duty, arranged for her at an early age a marriage which was certain to result in disaster. She was a woman of strong intellect and sensitive emotive nature, and her mind and soul were in continual revolt against the hypocrisies and tyrannies of the world of society. Her husband was an army officer, a slave to convention, and a bitter opponent of radicalism of every sort.

The misery of her married life at last became intolerable, and Lady Rose ran away with a man whom her husband had not unjustly characterized as an "atheist" and an "agitator." The husband vindictively refused to sue for a divorce, in order to force Marriott Dalrymple and Rose Chantry to continue in an illicit relation, and to render illegitimate any children they might

have. Rose's father pleaded with her to give up her companion, but this she refused to do, and thereupon he renounced her.

Dalrymple and his mistress went to live in a small country-house near Bruges, in Belgium. He was an author of radical books which people talked about rather than purchased. His income, though small, sufficed for their material needs. They were happy together in their intellectual and artistic life, and in the society of the country folk about them. Lady Rose suffered at first from the breach with her father, and separation from a younger sister whom she greatly loved. Then a daughter was born who occupied so much of her mind and heart that little space therein was left for idle yearning.

Little Julie grew to womanhood in this atmosphere of intellectual and moral freedom. On the fact and the cause of her illegitimacy being explained to her she gloried in her parents' heroism, especially her mother's. When Julie was fourteen years of age Dalrymple died, and thereafter Lady Rose was very unhappy. The ignominy of their position, especially the daughter's, began to prey upon her mind. She thought longingly of her father, now an old man, living alone in his great house in London, for the little sister, growing to womanhood, had married a soldier, a man of the same stamp as her own husband, and had gone to India, and was now the mother of a girl ten years younger than Julie.

Knowing that any show of repentance on her part would bring her father's forgiveness for herself and her daughter, Lady Rose proposed to Julie that they go to London and seek reconciliation with him, but this the proud girl refused to consider. At her birth Lord Lackington had settled an annuity of a hundred pounds upon Julie, in sign, as it were, that he had thereby satisfied all obligations. Upon this income Julie declared that they would live rather than that her mother be subjected to humiliation, and her dear father's honor be impugned.

The desire to renew old home ties, together with concern about her daughter's future, caused Lady Rose to fall into a decline, from which she shortly died. Before the end her childish faith returned (Julie ascribed this to a failing mind) and she placed her daughter in a convent school, charging her to remain there as a docile pupil for at least four years. Out of love for

her mother Julie faithfully fulfilled the injunction, and thereby learned the first great lesson of that life which her mother had fled —hypocritical conformity. She even permitted herself to be baptized into the Catholic faith, and made her *première communion* in that church.

At the expiration of the period to which she had pledged herself, Julie went out into the world with the blessing of the convent sisters, to make her way as a governess or a companion. With a secret purpose she changed the name of Dalrymple, by which she was known, to that of her old nurse, Le Breton, and sought for employment that would take her to England. This she easily procured, for at the convent she had become adept in managing both people and situations. In England she advanced from one place to another until, at the age of twenty-eight, she had become the companion of Lady Henry Seathwaite, the widow of her mother's uncle.

Lady Henry was one of the most brilliant women in England. She had formed a salon where the leading statesmen of the country and distinguished foreigners were wont to gather. But as age stole upon her she began gradually to lose her sight. Embittered by this misfortune, her wit took on the biting edge of cynicism and even sarcasm, and her visitors, made uncomfortable thereby, began to fall away.

It was Julie Le Breton, the companion she had chosen to read to her and act as her social secretary, who brought them all back, and made "Lady Henry's days" the most distinguished social functions in London. Julie equaled Lady Henry in intelligence and far surpassed her in tact. The observing even though purblind old woman once remarked to her old friend Sir Wilfred Bury: "Julie has the most extraordinary gift of conversation; she knows how to keep up the ball. You make a brilliant stroke; she applauds, and in a moment she has arranged you another—yet she never says a thing that you want to remember."

It was the gall of bitterness to the old woman to realize that her beautiful, sympathetic young companion and not herself formed the attraction of her gatherings, and in time she became jealous of Julie. She feared that Mademoiselle Le Breton was accumulating a social potentiality with which she might open at

any moment a salon of her own; indeed, she suspected her of conducting some political intrigue in her present position.

Lady Henry was in a dilemma. To retain Julie meant the virtual conversion of "Lady Henry's days" to "Mademoiselle Le Breton's." Yet to dismiss her would be to deprive herself of the services of a companion who anticipated her every wish, and who selected as well as read the books and articles that pleased her with an intelligence that is rarely found among hirelings. So Lady Henry waited with as much patience as she could command the deciding event which she foresaw was impending.

Julie's political intrigue, Lady Henry conjectured, was connected in some way with Captain Warkworth, a handsome young officer who had lately distinguished himself in Afghanistan by a heroic defense of his post. Warkworth had made his report to the government, and there was nothing official to detain him longer in England. Yet he remained. He was a constant attendant at Lady Henry's receptions, where he was introduced by Lady Henry's fascinating companion to the most influential members of the British and foreign diplomatic corps. The watchful old woman blocked the "little game" so far as she was able by summoning Julie to her side at receptions, and by occupying her hours when she was not reading with purchasing commissions.

But Mademoiselle Le Breton had already attached to herself influential friends, among whom was Evelyn, the Duchess of Crowborough, a sprightly young woman of her own age, who was Lord Lackington's grandniece, and therefore related in blood to Julie. Evelyn connived with her to defeat Lady Henry's intentions by ordering a maid to fill the onerous commissions, and so giving Julie time for her own devices.

Jacob Delafield, between whom and the dukedom of Chudleigh stood only the life of an invalid boy, consumed far more of this precious time than Julie felt she could well spare. As if by connivance of the Duchess, he was always at Evelyn's when Julie ran away thither from Lady Henry, and it required great tact to prevent him accompanying her on the ostensible "errands" which occupied her afternoons.

Lady Henry finally discovered the deceit that was practised

upon her. Unable to read, she occupied much of her time with knitting. One day Julie returned with several purchases, including knitting wool. Lady Henry's acute sense of touch noticed something wrong with the wool. "This is not what I ordered," she said. "You know I gave you particular instructions about it. Why did Winton's give you this?"

"I suppose it was all they had," faltered Julie.

Something in the tone aroused Lady Henry's suspicion. "Did you ever go to Winton's at all?" she said quickly.

Julie admitted the truth: that the Duchess's maid had executed the commission. This entailed further confessions.

"So you spend the time I pay you for with other people who connive at your deceit," said Lady Henry harshly. "And whom do you meet at the Duchess's?" she asked, thinking of Captain Warkworth.

"Well, Mr. Delafield is often there," replied Julie hesitatingly.

"Hm!" ruminated the old woman, thinking she had roused far more important game than the Captain; "allow me to assure you, Mademoiselle, that, whatever ambitions you may cherish, Jacob Delafield is not altogether the simpleton you and possibly silly Evelyn Crowborough imagine. He will take some time before he makes up his mind to marry a woman of your—disposition."

"Mr. Delafield," said Julie quietly, "has already asked me to marry him."

"What!" cried Lady Henry, rising in her chair.

"Yes, twice—last year, and to-day; and I refused him. It's horrid of me to tell, but you forced me."

Lady Henry fell back in her chair. "Why did you refuse?" she gasped. "You are aware that he may inherit the dukedom of Chudleigh?"

"Yes, I have heard you say so," answered Julie. "I do not feel called on to explain my reasons, but if I had loved him I should not have consulted your scruples."

"That's frank," said Lady Henry, holding out her hand. "I dare say you feel too insulted to take my hand, Mademoiselle; but—you have been playing tricks with me. Now we're quits.

I admire you. Shall we bury the hatchet and go on as before?"

Julie took the proffered hand.

Julie Le Breton had fallen in love at first sight with Captain Warkworth, and determined to further his fortunes by using to this end the power which she had over men, and the opportunity she possessed as Lady Henry's companion for meeting influential officials. The Captain's ambition was to be appointed commander of an important military expedition to a warlike African tribe, the Mokembes, which was in contemplation.

The intrigue was progressing finely. Only one more interview with Montresor, the Foreign Secretary, she thought, and the appointment was as good as sealed. But this final meeting was now in jeopardy. On the morning of Lady Henry's last day of the season, when Julie expected to bring Montresor and Warkworth together, the old woman was attacked with rheumatism, and she gave orders to the butler that the callers were to be turned away.

Julie was desperate. She determined that the reception should be held at all hazards. The butler, as were all the servants, was loyally attached to her. So she went to him and arranged that he should show a few particular friends in to her in the library, quietly, without disturbing Lady Henry.

When the callers came that evening, it seemed so invidious to Julie to make distinctions, that nearly all were admitted: Lord Montresor, Captain Warkworth, the Duchess of Crowborough, Jacob Delafield, Lord Lackington, even Sir Wilfred Bury, Lady Henry's best friend, and therefore a person to fascinate whom Julie let no occasion slip by. For a time the visitors talked in subdued tones, but Mademoiselle Le Breton made such a charming hostess that they all forgot themselves and gradually grew unrestrained in their merriment. Lord Montresor and Captain Warkworth, in particular, got upon such friendly terms that they burst into loud laughter.

Suddenly a triple knock was heard. Everybody turned, and saw Lady Henry standing in the doorway leaning upon her stick, with which she had just rapped on the floor.

The Duchess ran toward her, and of course fell upon the

one thing she should not have said. "Oh, Aunt Flora! we thought you were too ill to come down!"

"So I perceive," said Lady Henry dryly; "and so you and this lady"—she pointed a shaking finger at Julie—"have held my reception for me. Gentlemen"—she turned to the rest of the company—"I fear I cannot ask you to remain any longer. The hour is late, and I am—as you see—indisposed. But I trust, on some future occasion, I may have the honor—"

She looked around, challenging and defying them all.

Delafield stepped forward. "Dear Lady Henry, let me explain—" he began.

"Go!" she said. He turned toward Julie. "No, this way," said Lady Henry. "You will have an opportunity to see Mademoiselle Le Breton to-morrow, to make with her whatever engagement you desire. As far as I am concerned, Miss Le Breton will have no engagements."

With a glance of sympathy at Julie the young man left the room, followed by the rest of the company. As Lord Lackington was passing out Julie sprang forward impulsively: "*You* must help me; it is my right!" she exclaimed.

The old man was puzzled. "Of course I shall help you, my dear girl," he said in a quieting tone, which he wrongly supposed was too low for Lady Henry's ears; "I will intercede with Lady Henry for you."

"No, please," said Julie, who had now recovered herself. "I beg your pardon; I should not have spoken."

All of the others expressed their sympathy with her in glances, except Captain Warkworth, who walked out with Montresor, and from his deprecatory gestures seemed to be assuring his lordship that he was clear of any responsibility for the unfortunate affair.

Lady Henry and Mademoiselle Le Breton were left together. The older woman refused to hear any explanations. "We part now," she said. "Good night, Mademoiselle Le Breton."

Lady Henry moved heavily on her stick. It slipped on the polished floor. Julie, with a cry, ran forward, but the old woman fiercely motioned her aside. "Don't touch me!" she cried, and began to pull herself up the stairs. "Oh, *do* let me help you!" cried Julie, in an agony. "You will kill yourself!"

"If I were to die mounting these stairs, I would not let you aid me. You should have thought of the consequences before embarking on your intrigues."

Julie stood with bowed head at the foot of the stairs, as Lady Henry laboriously ascended them. At last the old woman disappeared in the room above. Then someone came up softly behind Julie. She turned, startled, and saw Jacob Delafield, who had contrived to remain in hiding in the house.

"Courage!" he whispered. "Remember you promised to let me give you help if ever you needed it."

"Oh, perhaps I have killed her! And I could have loved her!" she cried, forgetting her own plight in her remorse.

"You have not killed her, and some day you will be good friends and on a proper footing," Delafield prophesied assuringly. "Go to the Duchess as soon as you can get away tomorrow. If you have done wrong, we are your accomplices and will see you through. Now good night. Try to sleep, so as to be up bright and early."

The Duchess persuaded her husband to give her one of his many city properties—a quaint little house which he had inherited from a very religious aunt, and which remained as she had left it, even to the Bible texts on the walls. This house the Duchess let Julie have to live in rent free.

Jacob Delafield went to the editor of a leading review, who had met Mademoiselle Le Breton at Lady Henry's and was carried away by her comprehension of foreign politics, and dropped a hint that her services were available as a contributor. The editor immediately ordered from her an article upon the subject which they had discussed at the reception, and promised to keep her busy at similar work in the future. So Julie felt secure in sending to Bruges for her foster-sister, Léonie Le Breton, and Léonie's daughter Thérèse, a crippled maid of fourteen, to act as her servants.

Independent in her own establishment, engaged in congenial work, Mademoiselle Le Breton wondered why she still remained dissatisfied. Surely this was the life that her parents by precept and example had taught her was ideal. But ah! her girlish ideals had changed for the worse in her dissembling career in the convent. She came to London determined to marry as soon

and as well as she could—preferably into the same social circle in which her mother had moved—and thus to throw off the slur on her life and to regularize her name and place in the world. And this ambition she would have realized as the wife of the possible heir of Chudleigh—had not Henry Warkworth crossed her path. Oh, if she could only tear out of her heart this love that upset all her calculations!

But she shivered at the thought of marrying Jacob Delafield—a mystic, an ascetic, and a man of iron veracity before whom one must always be posing at one's best. No! that were too onerous and too dangerous a life task for such a woman as she now knew herself to be. There was nothing left her but to prosecute her intrigue with the Captain.

She wilfully shut her eyes to Warkworth's moral cowardice as exhibited upon the night of her dismissal from Lady Henry's, and accepted the lame excuse which he wrote her upon the following day. A hitch had arisen in his affairs which required more of her social diplomacy to overcome. Accordingly she set out to establish a salon of her own. But in this she met with humiliating failure. Lady Henry, by the help of Sir Wilfred Bury, to whom Julie in an unwise moment had confided her plans for Warkworth's promotion, succeeded in having her view of Mademoiselle's character accepted by all but Julie's immediate friends. Among these, however, was now numbered Lord Lackington, who had attempted to intercede in her behalf with Lady Henry, and, being treated with pitying contempt by that implacable old woman, was stirred into active partizanship for Julie. His influence with the government, when he chose to use it, was very great, and he now vigorously exerted it at Julie's instigation in behalf of Warkworth, with the result that the *Times* one morning contained the official announcement of the Captain's appointment to the command of the military mission to Mokembe to set out within a month.

The prominence given to the young soldier's name revived a number of scandals about him. It was said that his extravagance had ruined his father, who died prematurely of grief, leaving his widow to live in obscure poverty. The Captain's reputation in India had been that of a fortune-hunter; he had won, it was whispered, the heart of a fragile young girl, Aileen Mof-

fatt, the granddaughter of Lord Lackington; and her mother, the Lady Blanche, did not dare to break the engagement for fear of its effect on Aileen's health and even her life.

These rumors came to Julie's ears, but their effect was only to increase her exertions for Warkworth. She procured for him tips upon government securities, with which he made money on the Exchange.

Her ideas about marriage were more foreign than British, and they were reënforced by her hard practical philosophy; so she justified the Captain's fortune-hunting. A military hero was worthy of all the wealth and social distinction that a matrimonial alliance could bring. What better husband than the gallant Captain could be expected for an insignificant girl such as Julie with unconscious jealousy conceived her cousin to be?

Although she refused to acknowledge it to herself, deep down in her heart Mademoiselle Le Breton cherished the hope that her own proved ability in winning money and preferment for the Captain might cause him at the last moment to discard her childish cousin for herself. This hope, however, was killed by the Captain himself.

He called upon her in the flush of his triumph to acknowledge his utter obligation to her—a debt, he said, that he never could repay, save in lifelong gratitude for the most beautiful act of friendship ever done by a woman for a man.

They were alone in her house. "A dear little home," he called it; "you won't be lonely?"

"Oh, no!" But her smile was linked with a sigh.

He drew nearer to her. "You should never be lonely if I could help it," he said tenderly.

"When people are nameless and kinless," she replied sadly, "they must be lonely."

Captain Warkworth felt within him a sudden snapping of restraints. He burst forth into a confession of his love, yet of his unworthiness even to be her friend. He told her of his proposal to the little girl in India; of her acceptance; and how, after a row with her guardians, who insisted that he had behaved badly, he had promised to withdraw for two years in order to give her opportunity and time to forget him, if she could. She,

however, was happily counting on his fulfilment of the troth. "Don't think me a cad, my dear friend," he said passionately, "when I say that if I deserted her it would kill her. Oh, if you knew what a dear, delicate thing she is!"

"And what a large fortune she will bring her husband," added Julie bitterly. "Yes, I knew all this before. And in view of your determination, it is no less just to me than to my—that is, to the little girl in India, that we terminate our dangerous 'friendship.'"

"Julie," he cried in a voice that shook her, "don't, for God's sake, give me up! I shall soon be gone to the jungles of Africa, perhaps never to return either to Aileen or to you. Do not embitter my remembrance of these last months with you. They have been very happy months, haven't they, dear? There are just three weeks left. Give them to me. Don't let's play at cross-purposes any more. Let us throw aside convention and trust each other, so that when I go, each of us may say: 'Well, it was worth the pain. These have been days of gold—we shall get no better if we live to be a hundred.'"

She looked on him through tear-dimmed eyes. Never had his aspect been so winning. What he proposed was, in truth, a mean thing; all the same he proposed it nobly. It was impulsive Julie Dalrymple, Lady Rose's daughter, and not the calculating Mademoiselle Le Breton who held out both hands to her lover. The Captain seized them, and, kissing them passionately, he drew her to his embrace.

After Warkworth left her she sat a long while looking with the inner eye into the future. The vague, golden hope she had cherished through these past months of scheming was gone forever. Warkworth would marry Aileen Moffatt and use her money for an ambitious career. After these weeks now lying before them—weeks of dangerous intimacy, dangerous emotion—she and he would become as strangers to each other. She would be left alone to live her life.

A sudden terror of her own weakness overcame her. No, she could not be alone. To-night she was afraid of her inherited element of lawlessness. She must have a husband to protect her against herself. Besides, though love went out of her life, power, the joy of bending other wills to her purpose, was

left her, and to exercise this she must acquire a permanent social position.

There was Jacob Delafield.

She set herself deliberately to think out what it meant to marry him; then suddenly broke down and wept, sobbing out words of her old convent prayers, appeals half conscious to a God half believed.

In this spiritual crisis Julie turned to Lord Lackington, and revealed herself as his grandchild. But the old are not quick to adapt themselves to new situations, and Julie mistook her grandfather's numbness of surprise for coldness. Accordingly she resigned herself to Warkworth's plan. This was, to spend their last few days together in an obscure suburb of Paris. Here he went in advance; she left England a few days after, ostensibly to visit her old home in Bruges, but really to join her lover.

Lord Lackington fell ill from the shock of Julie's disclosure, and the afterthought of how coldly he must have seemed to her to receive it. Jacob Delafield, whom, having no sons of his own, he loved as his child, was the only person besides the servants at his bedside. Through the wanderings of the sick man's mind, Delafield pieced together his relationship to Julie, and divined his craving, as unto death, for her presence. He sent to her house, and learned that she had just left for Bruges. He telegraphed to her at that city, and then took the last train which would catch the boat on the route—to Paris, for Jacob, with a lover's keen eye, had noted in Warkworth's open farewell to Julie indications that it would be followed by secret meeting.

Delafield found Julie in time to turn her back with the news of her grandfather's mortal illness, and his desire to be reconciled with her. The old man breathed his last in the arms of Lady Rose's daughter, happy in her forgiveness of his harsh treatment of her mother and herself. He asked her to promise to marry Delafield. To soothe him she did so, at a nod from Jacob.

When it was all over Julie turned to Jacob. "Mr. Delafield, why did you hunt for me on the Paris boat?"

"Because I surmised you were going to join Warkworth," he answered bluntly.

"And what if I was?"

"I had to prevent it, for your own as well as your grandfather's sake."

"Who gave you authority over me?"

"One may save—even by violence. You were too precious to be allowed to destroy yourself. I know I have given you pain, but yet"—his voice trembled—"I thank God I had the courage to do it!"

Her own lip quivered and her face was white with emotion. "I know you think you were right, but henceforth we can only be enemies. You have tyrannized over me in the name of standards that you revere and I reject; henceforth you must let my life alone."

Secretly Julie was relieved that Delafield had rescued her from herself, and her opinion of him was heightened by contrast with her lover on receiving a letter from Warkworth which also "thanked God" that she had had the good sense to reconsider the matter and break the appointment. "I was mad to tempt you," he said; "it would have been the ruin of both our careers. Forget it all. Marry a man worthy of you."

In the honesty of her soul Julie sought out Jacob. "I have come to retract what I told you. I am glad you saved me from this man"; and she threw down the letter before him.

"Julie," he said, "do you recall your promise to your grandfather? I had not intended to remind you of it, but I have great need of you. Poor Mervyn is dead, and I am the Duke of Chudleigh. Your love alone will enable me to bear this unwelcome burden—and I have observed that with you love grows with opportunity for helpfulness."

"Then it will be my part to be a worldling—for your sake, whereas before it was for my own."

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

(United States, 1829–1900)

THE GOLDEN HOUSE (1894)

The title of this story was suggested by the Golden House of Nero, a palace erected by that monarch at Rome after the fire of 64 A.D. Gold and precious stones blazed on its walls, and it was considered one of the wonders of the Roman Empire. The story is a sequel to *A Little Journey in the World*, by the same author, both dealing with the same group of people in New York's social set.

A CROWD of gay society people, ever on the alert for something new, sought to satisfy this desire by witnessing an Oriental dance given by a famous dancer in one of New York's most seductive studios. Jack Delancy was among the number and, though married hardly a year, he was unattended by his wife. His explanation that her taste was not for that sort of thing roused some resentment in a young woman eagerly watching the dance. However, feeling that this only classed Mrs. Delancy as old-fashioned, she forgave him. Jack's marriage with Edith Fletcher had astonished his friends, who felt doubtful whether her high ideals and blue blood could fully atone to him for her lack of fortune.

The greeting that Edith gave her husband on the morning following the dance was bright and cheery. She rallied him on his entertainment of the night before and offered him the opportunity of seeing the same dancer at some charitable affair, which he promptly declined, inquiring whether the exercises, being under the patronage of a very devout woman, were likely to be opened with prayer. Edith found him very amusing, if not exactly tractable, and easily accepted his refusal as well as his excuses for being absent from luncheon on account of a busy day. The busy day was to consist in looking at some old prints,

trying a new horse at the riding-school, and finally dropping in at the club. As it proved, the horse took so much of Jack's time that he was obliged to postpone the prints till another day, while the company of friends at the club broke up barely in time for him to step in for a cup of tea at a pleasant rendezvous. There he secured a *tête-à-tête* with Miss Tavish, who also had been a guest at last evening's performance.

"Do you know," she said, "I have been trying that dance, and I feel sure we American girls can do it quite as well as that Spanish woman. I'm going to propose it as a means for raising money for our East-Side work."

"No doubt the East Side would like it," Jack replied. "I think they would be interested in you."

"Well, never mind," said Miss Tavish, "you'll pay dear for that. The tickets are to be fifty dollars."

With that Miss Tavish departed, inspiring a sympathetic sigh from the hostess as to why that girl didn't marry. Jack murmured something about no one being able to afford it, and took his leave also. His wife already at home had likewise been spending a busy day. She had been with her very old friend Ruth Leigh, a doctor and faithful minister to the poor, whose work inspired Edith with the keenest sympathy. Together they had gone from house to house and heard the pitiful tales of want and suffering, and with these scenes in her mind Edith prepared for the Henderson dinner.

The Hendersons were not exactly to Edith's liking, and this was the first time they had dined there. It was a concession to Jack because of a little speculation of his, where the great financier had come to his aid and helped him to a small profit. Old Major Fairfax had pointed out to Jack the cause of the friendly intervention to be Mrs. Henderson's social ambitions. From being something of an adventuress, she had become the wife of the wealthiest man in the Street, and gossip would have it that Carmen Eschelle had manifested much interest in him before the first Mrs. Henderson's death.

At the dinner Edith found Mr. Henderson an agreeable talker and led him on to speak of the zest in the financial game, which she liked better than Mrs. Henderson's affected interest in city missions. Jack and his companion, who chanced to be

Miss Tavish, found mutual enjoyment in talking over the new conventional club and its somewhat questionable entertainments. Thither it was proposed to adjourn after the dinner. Edith asked to be left at her own door, but readily consented to her husband's joining the others. While Carmen and Miss Tavish and Mr. Delancy were enjoying the diversion provided by the quick movement of practised feet, off in Rivington Street Ruth Leigh was giving what comfort she could to a dying girl. Father Damon, a member of an Anglican order bound to poverty and chastity, knelt at the girl's side and repeated the simple prayers. He had first seen her at his mission, and her pitiful confession had touched him deeply.

Though Father Damon and Ruth Leigh worked together for one great purpose, they stood far apart. Father Damon was an ascetic, whose serious views of life and extremely gentle manner made him dangerously near to being popular with the ladies in wealthy up-town homes, while Ruth Leigh, absorbed by the practical side of the work, neglected the spiritual and for herself gave no heed or care whatever.

With Carmen Henderson's social aspirations and Jack Delancy's financial hopes, there was sufficient reason for continuing the acquaintance between the two families. When Jack dropped in on Carmen one afternoon after hearing an unpleasant rumor concerning Henderson's operations, it was easy for him to question that adroit little woman; and when she had satisfied him, it was as easy for her to let him know of her social trials. No one could bring Mrs. Schuyler Blunt around so easily as he, and he left determined to accomplish this, especially after Carmen's last words:

"Mr. Delancy, don't you worry about that rumor on the Street. You may trust me. It will be all right."

That evening Carmen followed her husband about with more than her usual wifely attention, and that observing gentleman was not slow in remarking:

"Well, what do you want now?"

Then followed a recital of her encounter with Mrs. Schuyler Blunt on some charity board, with an outline of the way to smooth the differences. Mr. Henderson sincerely believed his wife had her right to her game as well as he, and when he found

that it involved his giving a hand to Jack Delancy, he made a weak protest about lame ducks, but agreed.

The next day Henderson carried out his part of the deal, and that night Delancy, exuberant over his gains and grateful for the assistance, approached Edith on the subject of entertaining the Hendersons. It was not easy to invite a company of common friends, and Jack was firm on the subject of the Schuyler Blunts. Edith, with her keen sense of the fitness of things, protested mildly, but was finally won over, and the guests were settled upon. Mavick, Jack's Washington friend, was included, and also Miss Tavish. Father Damon gave a properly serious tone to the affair, and though the dinner itself was not different from other dinners, its consequences proved far-reaching. For Father Damon it proved another avenue for reaching the pockets of the rich. Carmen gained her point with Mrs. Blunt, and thus opened other doors for herself. Mr. Mavick, with his intimate knowledge of political situations and convenient air of mystery, was close enough to legislation at the capitol to be a valuable acquisition to Henderson in his financial schemes, while it was of equal importance to that gentleman to ally himself with a capitalist.

Shortly afterward Miss Tavish gave a dance. When Jack asked Edith whether she had answered the invitation, she expressed herself as ready to decline.

"But it's for charity," protested Jack.

"Yes," replied Edith, "and my charity extends to Miss Tavish. Therefore I shall not see her dance."

Notwithstanding his wife's refusal, Jack attended, and enjoyed himself. He was enjoying almost everything about that time, for prosperity appeared to be coming his way. His speculations were successful, and his entertainments were in accord. He was even contemplating a yacht. The Major gave him frequent warnings about trusting too much to Henderson, and a few timely hints as to Carmen.

"You know you cannot serve two masters and find yourself very safe," he remarked one day at the club.

"Who, for instance?" asked Jack, somewhat irritated.

"Oh, nothing personal," replied the old man; "for the sake of names we'll say Carmen and Henderson."

Jack went home ruffled by the Major's frankness. His mood was not lost on Edith, to whose ears also gossip had come, and the next day she took Mrs. Henderson for a drive in the park and asked her to luncheon. Jack was pleased with Edith's graceful management, but remained in New York when she went down to a rented cottage on the Long Island shore. Though this was nothing but an old farmhouse, the golden brown that it took at sunset led Edith to call it The Golden House. She accepted Jack's reasons for staying in town, and he did not seem to mind the separation. His friends were remaining late, and little suppers and frequent excursions passed the time while he was waiting for his yacht.

The people remaining in town on the other side of the city did not find life so pleasant. Dr. Leigh continued her rounds, and Father Damon, except for ten days spent with Edith, tended his flock with true devotion. Ruth Leigh occasionally dropped into his chapel for rest if not for spiritual comfort, and noted the failing strength of the good man. On one of these occasions, overcome by his work and fasting, he fainted on leaving the chancel. Dr. Leigh came forward, applied restoratives, and had him borne to his poor little apartment; but he would not rest long, and soon he was at his post again.

Meanwhile Jack's yacht was ready, and with his party of friends he set out on his cruise. He entertained royally, and when they reached Bar Harbor, where they were cordially welcomed by Miss Tavish and Carmen, the trip was pronounced the best ever made. Carmen was charming in her interest in Jack.

"You see I am here to take care of you," she said, explaining her presence, "for there is no telling into what Miss Tavish might lead you."

Mavick would doubtless have been surprised to know that after making herself most charming to him, Carmen had written to her husband: "If I were in your place, I should keep a sharp lookout for Mr. Mavick. He is a very clever man."

One afternoon as they were cruising about among the islands, Miss Tavish persuaded the skipper to let her take the wheel. She handled the boat well and finally proposed going out to meet the steamer. They met the boat and had an exciting race back, in which the yacht was an easy winner. Then Jack called:

"Why not go around her? Easy, isn't it, skipper?"

"She can do it, sir," replied the skipper, and immediately they turned about.

Though they were at a safe distance, the turning brought them nearer. Then something broke, and the yacht could not respond to her helm. The big steamer reversed, but it was too late and she ran ahead, tearing a big hole in the bow of the yacht, just above the water line. Assistance was promptly given, and all were safely landed. Jack hastened at once to telegraph Edith before she should see the exaggerated accounts of the newspapers; but a letter found at the hotel caused him to follow his telegram, leaving his friends to beguile the time as best they could.

For the time being Edith's happiness at his coming seemed to Jack sufficient reward, and it was pleasant to hear her say:

"Yes, Jack, I was a little lonely; but I was happy to know you were enjoying yourself, and to be here just waiting would be so tiresome for you."

At the end of the summer Jack felt himself faithful to his new responsibilities, when he took his wife and son back to the city, and his resolutions would have been a credit to any father. However, his old aimless life soon took possession of him, and his club saw more of him than did his wife and child.

Father Damon called on Edith soon after her return, and told how much suffering he had been able to lighten by a gift of ten thousand dollars from Mr. Henderson. He had given no reason except that it was his fancy and he wished it called the Margaret Fund.

"That was his first wife's name," said Edith.

"I knew that," said Father Damon, "and as he left I heard him saying to himself, 'I think she would like that.'"

The use of this fund brought Father Damon into closer contact with Dr. Leigh, and, struggle as he would, there was something about the woman that he could not resist. When he came upon her in her office, the impulse was too strong. He bent toward her. It was but for a moment and he was himself again, but he knew and she knew that he loved her. The good priest, full of contrition, sought his retreat and made confession; but

his penance was to return to the same task with the same temptation; and Ruth was happier because, though she knew the hopelessness, she knew she was loved.

Poor Edith was not as happy in these days. Business took Jack to Washington, as it also took his friends the Hendersons, and she and her boy were more alone together than before, but on Jack's return, she was as lovely and amiable as ever. Bending over their boy's crib, she told her husband of her desire to use a part of her small fortune to buy The Golden House for their son. Jack agreed to her plan with all his old boyish enthusiasm, and the next day took steps to accomplish her plan.

Meanwhile another Golden House was under contemplation. Carmen had convinced her husband of their duty to bring in a new era of domestic architecture by building such a house as should represent the best work of artists and architects.

"Certainly," he replied. "Let's build a house of gold, as Nero did. This is the Roman age, you know."

Soon she was full of her plans, and Henderson's generous use of money placed no restrictions on her ambitions. But one day when an architect brought forth a suggestion involving considerable increase in cost, Carmen thought it wise to consult her husband. Stepping into his office, she saw him sitting with his head resting on his arms.

"So this is the way you toil!" she called out laughingly, but there was no response, and as she gently touched him he did not stir. She screamed, and the clerks rushed in and placed him on a lounge. The doctor was summoned and applied all possible restoratives, but it was useless; Henderson was dead. The news soon reached the Street, and a panic ensued. While his own holdings were secure, such stocks as had been borne up by his name fell to nothing, and small investors were crushed. Jack Delancy was among the latter. He went to the club and talked it over with the Major. There was nothing to be done. He was ruined, but even then his thoughts turned to Carmen.

"I wonder what she will do?" he said; "she is a good-hearted little woman."

"Why, Jack, she hasn't any heart," replied the Major, "and I believe Henderson knew it, and what's more the will will show it."

Just then a telegram was handed to Jack. It was from Edith, who was at their Golden House; it ran:

"Don't worry. Baby and I are well. Come."

Yet to face Edith was the one thing he could not do. He never had confided in her about his speculations, and he surely could not go to her now with his losses.

Though Jack left his card of condolence for Carmen, he had no word from her; and though he heard Mavick was in town, he did not see him.

Mr. Henderson's business was of such a nature that it required instant attention. Before going to his office, Carmen went carefully through his desk at the house. Everything was in order. She found a few of her own letters before her marriage and a package marked "Margaret." She also found a will witnessed by Mavick and a butler once in their employ, who had recently died. The will left her only a small portion of his estate. The major part went to the founding of a great trade school and library on the East Side. The next day, in company with the lawyer, Carmen went through the papers in his office. Another will was found, made shortly after their marriage, giving her the bulk of his property. The lawyer knew of the other being drawn up and told its contents, but was not sure it had been executed. On her return to her home Carmen telegraphed Mavick. They had a very clear understanding of the situation, and after repeating the lawyer's conversation about the second will, she looked him squarely in the face.

"Mr. Mavick," she said, "do you think that will was ever executed?"

After some minutes of great intensity, looking as steadily at her, he replied:

"No, it was not."

That was all, for Carmen was soon alone in her room, and then there was no second will. The reporters were told much of her intention of carrying out her husband's unwritten wishes, and the papers were full of her generosity and the prospective enterprise.

Jack's situation was desperate. His home was sold with all its furnishings. He went into cheap lodgings, and spent his days seeking work. Edith wrote, but he would not go to her.

He pawned his clothing and lived as meanly as possible. No one knew of his residence except the Major, who forwarded the little mail that came. At last Edith could bear it no longer. She had kept her expenses within her own little income, and offers to share it had been steadily refused. When she came to town, she sought out Major Fairfax, learned her husband's address, and went to his furnished room, but he was not in. She then went to the warehouse of her cousin, Mr. Fletcher. He had always been ready to help her, and this time he did not fail her. She returned to her home without seeing her husband, but the next day he received a message from Fletcher and Company, asking him to call at the office. His pride at first refused, but thinking it might concern his wife's property, he went. Mr. Fletcher then offered him a place as confidential clerk, to begin with two thousand dollars a year. The work was far from congenial, and a life of routine was very dull for Jack Delancy, but he had no choice, and he accepted the opportunity.

The business was not easy to learn, but Jack worked faithfully and proved himself a man to be depended upon. Still he was not ready to present himself to Edith, till one day Mr. Fletcher suddenly proposed his going out on the four o'clock train to take a day off with his family. The suggestion was too much of a surprise to give him time to refuse. When Jack reached the little cottage, he found Edith singing an old melody at the piano. As he stole softly up, her head dropped in her hands and he buried his head in the folds of her dress, exclaiming:

"Oh, Edith! What a fool I have been."

Her joy was almost unspeakable; she could only say, "Thank God, you have come."

The little holiday brought them very close together. The old life was ended, and for Jack the struggle in his new life was not always easy. He passed his club with regret, but Carmen he did not regret. He heard of her going from one European capital to another, always with Mavick in her train, but their secret he did not know.

The next summer, while Major Fairfax was visiting at The Golden House, Jack read from the paper of Mavick's appoint-

ment on the mission to Rome and of his prospective marriage with Mrs. Henderson.

"But nothing is said of the training-school," remarked Edith; "isn't it too bad?"

"Poor man," said the Major. "If Henderson can see what all his work has come to, he must think his life was a burlesque."

SUSAN WARNER

(1819–1885)

THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD (1851)

This book, published under the pen-name "Elizabeth Wetherell," won wide popularity and maintained it throughout a half century. Its hold on its readers was a mystery to literary critics; for although written in good English, it is extremely simple and prolix. Undoubtedly its charm came partly from its faithful and minute portrayal of the rural life of the period, for when it appeared the agricultural class was far larger than all others combined, and preferred stories of scenes and things with which its people were familiar. Besides, the tone of the tale was strongly yet simply and practically religious; there was not a trace of romantic love in its pages, so it was a safe book to put into the hands of young people of either sex.

ELLEN MONTGOMERY was the only child of a well-born and conscientious mother who was so sensitive and unadaptive, probably because of continual illness, that she was almost without friends. Although extremely affectionate, she had been unable to win her husband to congeniality; but her daughter was so loving and responsive that Mrs. Montgomery made a constant companion of her, to Ellen's great gratification and also to her injury, for the child became precocious and so emotional that every appeal to her feelings met with a flood of tears. She had the misfortune to be born at a time when one of the conventional marks of gentle blood was entire ignorance of everything material and practical, yet she was a well-behaved, pretty, dainty creature, with some winsome ways that were not overlooked by people blessed with clear eyes and warm hearts.

While Ellen was still a child, her mother's health became so seriously impaired as to require the gentle air of Southern Europe. Fearing the worst, and having a husband whose business and inclination made him almost a stranger to his family, she dared

not take Ellen with her, so the child was sent to her father's half-sister, Miss Fortune Emerson, who, with Ellen's grandmother, resided on an old estate in the country. Mrs. Montgomery never had seen the place or her husband's sister and mother, so she could not prepare the child for her new life except by telling her to trust unceasingly in Heaven's care.

Ellen was accustomed to city manners only and the comforts and surroundings that are possible to city people with slender purses, so her heart sank within her when she found her aunt Fortune a hard-featured, shabbily dressed, cold-mannered woman in a clean but bare and repellent farmhouse of which she was owner and also maid-of-all-work. Her table was abundantly supplied, but with only the simplest and coarsest foods, and her kitchen was also her dining-room. Ellen had to wash her face and hands outdoors at the spout of a tube through which water came from a hillside spring; her bedchamber contained no closet, no mirror; and her aunt's face, which had not shown any expression of welcome, discouraged the child from asking for much that she had been taught to need. Poor Ellen longed frantically for her mother every day, and cried herself to sleep at night.

As the days passed on, her heart lost some of its heaviness. Uncertain, as yet, whether the child was to be a boarder or a mere dependent—for Captain Montgomery was slow and careless in his dealings with his relatives—Miss Fortune allowed Ellen to do whatever she liked. She delighted in the flowers, became interested in the farm animals, and found a firm friend of the undemonstrative kind in Mr. Van Brunt, the farmer in charge of all Miss Fortune's outdoor affairs. The aunt made no demands whatever on the child, and the grandmother had learned to become a mere nonentity in an easy chair, as was quite the fashion with grandmothers fifty years ago, so Ellen felt the lack of womanly care and sympathy.

But one day, while wandering far from home, she chanced to meet Alice Humphreys, daughter of an old clergyman, and from that day she was never without intelligent sympathy and help. Miss Alice's character was both sweet and strong; she was cultivated as well as educated. Ellen had a warm sentimental affection for her Bible and its precious promises; Alice taught her that the book contained also many injunctions that

must be obeyed. Alice's brother John, who was studying for the ministry, was a young man of high character, rigid principles, and capacious heart. When after long acquaintance Alice insisted on adopting Ellen as a sister, John demanded that he be adopted as a brother, and thereafter he was a cheerful and trusty friend to the lonely child. And there were other good people to love Ellen—Mr. Van Brunt's mother, who had a home of her own, and Mrs. Vawse, a middle-aged Swiss woman, who lived like a poverty-stricken hermit, but talked like an angel and was always sweet-tempered.

Miss Fortune did not approve of her niece's new friends; their interests and tastes were unlike hers, and she distrusted whatever she did not understand. Besides, Captain Montgomery had remained silent so long about money matters that Miss Fortune wearied of being practically the servant of a child who never offered a helping hand or thought of the extra work she was making for hands already very full.

One day Ellen asked when and where she was to go to school; she wished to learn many things; she was doing nothing. Then her aunt Fortune's temper burst forth. "Doing nothing!" Well, she would give her something to do, and enough of it; in proof of which she set Alice to cleaning dishes for the wash-pan, and when the child shrank from the work because it was indelicate she was threatened with a whipping. This was but the beginning of long schooling in the necessary drudgery of a farmhouse, and also of a conflict of natures; for if Miss Fortune was hard and positive, Ellen was quite as full of pride and passion as any child that had been reared indulgently. She would have believed herself a martyr under torture, had not her friend Alice reminded her that one's first duties are those nearest at hand. She was not cruelly treated; there was nothing vindictive in her aunt's nature; besides, Mr. Van Brunt, who was often in the house and seemed to have some mysterious influence over his employer, usually sided with Ellen, and in such cases Miss Fortune yielded without a word of remonstrance.

Yet Ellen's outlook was dismal at best. She was uncertain about the condition of her idolized mother, whose letters Miss Fortune was intercepting and secreting, perhaps because she feared the contents would make the child wretched; no word or

attention came from her father, who apparently had forgotten that she existed; the possibility of being a farm drudge all her life, in a part of the country where farmers' families were few and were also uncompanionable to city-bred people; little time to enjoy the companionship always awaiting her at the Humphreys' home—all this would have cast a permanent shadow over a stronger mind than Ellen's.

While she wondered and thought and hoped and feared and at times almost despaired, the unexpected was impending, and when it was disclosed the incidents were so many and followed one another so rapidly as to be startling. Mr. Van Brunt's mother died, and not long afterward Van Brunt married Miss Fortune. The attachment had existed for years, but the man would not marry while his mother lived. Ellen's father suddenly appeared at the farm; he was a self-indulgent creature who hated scenes of every kind, so his presence gave but little cheer to his daughter, and it was not until some days after his departure that Ellen learned that her mother had died. Death seemed determined to prepare a new life for the child, for her aunt, Mrs. Van Brunt, was called to another life. Then Alice Humphreys, her brother John, and her father took Ellen to their own home and made her in every respect a member of their family, and by precept, example, and much affection they changed her from an emotional and moody girl to the beginnings of an admirable young woman.

This congenial life continued until marred by the death of Miss Alice. Even after that great shock Ellen found duty and happiness in being a daughter to Alice's father, to whom she became indispensable. She had been taught to regard herself as Mr. Humphreys's daughter in everything but blood and name, and she asked for no other future than to be a member of his family. But three years after her aunt's death she was startled and shocked by the contents of some papers that a meddlesome and inquisitive neighbor had found while rummaging in some trunks in the old Fortune house. One of these was the last letter her mother ever wrote; it was addressed to her, and told of a meeting and reconciliation with Ellen's Scotch grandmother, from whom Mrs. Montgomery had long been estranged. The old lady, who was quite wealthy, desired to

take her daughter's child as her own, and Mrs. Montgomery expressed an earnest wish that Ellen would avail herself of the offer. There was also a letter from Ellen's father, commanding her to go to her grandmother in Edinburgh, as soon as proper escort could be found; her aunt, he said, would supply the necessary means, in accordance with an arrangement he had made with her.

And these papers were three years old! Evidently Miss Fortune had been withholding them until her brother should fulfil his promise of money. But he had failed to do so; he had been lost at sea, and she had died without disclosing anything regarding the matter. Ellen's quandary may best be inferred from her soliloquy:

"I have promised Alice; I have promised Mr. Humphreys; I can't be adopted twice. And this Mrs. Lindsay, my grandmother, she cannot be nice, or she would not have treated my mother so. She must be hard; I never wish to see her. But then, my mother loved her, and was very glad to have me go to her. Oh, oh! How could she? How could they do so, when they didn't know how it might be with me and what dear friends they might make me leave? Oh, it was cruel; but then, they did *not* know; that is the very thing; they thought I would have nobody but Aunt Fortune, and so it's no wonder. But what shall I do? What ought I to do? These people in Scotland must have given me up by this time, for it is about three years, a little less, since these letters were written. I am older now, and circumstances are changed. I have a home and a father and a brother; may I not judge for myself? But my mother and my father have ordered me; what shall I do? If my brother John were here—but perhaps he might make me go; he might think it right. And to leave him, and maybe never see him again! And Mr. Humphreys—how lonely he would be without me! I cannot! I will not! Oh, what *shall* I do?"

She went to Mrs. Vawse, apparently the poorest, humblest, most self-effacing of her friends, for counsel, and the good woman not only advised her to obey her dead mother's wishes but supplied her with money for the journey. Mr. Humphreys, too, reminded her, against his own inclinations, that duty should not give way to feeling.

So Ellen went to Edinburgh and found not only a grandmother but an uncle—her mother's brother—and an aunt, the latter being addressed as Lady Keith. All were full of warm-blooded Scotch loyalty to their own flesh and blood; very affectionate, too, and highly intelligent in many things; but their ideas of America and its people were so peculiar that they were astonished to find their new ward a graceful, pretty girl, with—thanks to the good family that had adopted her and educated her—faultless manners and more general knowledge and cultivation than were general with Scottish girls of good families. She was not lacking in animation and love of pleasure, but whenever Lady Keith gave a great party Ellen was less likely to dance than to chat with men who knew something of literature, art, and history.

Soon she became the family pet; quite as soon she learned that the theory and practise of family discipline in Scotland was far more comprehensive and rigid than any she had suffered under her aunt Fortune. Caresses were showered upon her; every wish she uttered was gratified, but she was commanded, and sternly, too, to drop communication with her American friends, to forget them and forget also that she was an American.

All this was cruel as well as impossible, but a more affrighting order was laid upon her. Alice Humphreys had trained her to begin every day with an hour of Bible reading, religious thought, and prayer. This she was ordered to discontinue; first, because the family desired her presence at that particular hour, and afterward, because it was her duty to obey her grandmother.

What might have resulted need not be imagined, for Ellen's adopted brother, John Humphreys, who had been traveling in Europe, made his way to Edinburgh to see his only remaining sister. His first call was inopportune, for a great entertainment was in progress and the family declined to receive a man from the wilds of America—probably a rude backwoodsman. But the servants found John's manner irresistible. It was Ellen's fortune to meet him before her relatives were aware of his presence, and she poured out her heart to him. Then she presented him to her uncle, who was again astonished, for John's dress, speech, and manners did not suffer by comparison with those of any guest in the drawing-room. Ellen's uncle was high-bred,

but so was John, and when gentleman meets gentleman and both are honest and control their tempers, it is impossible for one, even if he be a self-willed Scot, to show the other the door.

Ellen knew both men so well that she studied their faces keenly. They talked apart from her, so she could not hear their voices, but she saw her uncle progress through formal civility to courtesy, then to interest, and finally to genuine Scotch heartiness, which is as good as any in the world. She could not hear John explain that his sister Alice and he had developed Ellen's character, and that in the course of this work and his larger acquaintance with her while she was his father's ward and adopted daughter he had become so fond of her that, although he never had spoken to her of any love that was not brotherly, he intended to marry her when she came of age. His financial and social position, he proved to the satisfaction of Ellen's uncle and other relatives, was such as would make him as acceptable a husband as could be found anywhere in Scotland for Ellen. And good Scotch families do like their girls to marry well.

SAMUEL WARREN

(England, 1807–1877)

TEN THOUSAND A YEAR (1841)

This English classic, but little read perhaps by the modern public, is recommended even now by law school professors to their classes as an adjunct in collateral reading, because of its luminous exposition of legal procedure under the old English common-law practise. The ordinary reader, however, will not dwell on this professional brevet, in view of its brilliant survey of life and its multiplicity of satirical strokes and portraits. Its author, an eminent barrister, established his title to fame in this work, which ran for nearly two years in *Blackwood's Magazine* before book publication, and sustained its fascination in spite of its immense length. Its subject is typical of a sort of complication that has involved English life in many a romantic episode, and has inevitably risen under the conditions and laws of realty land-tenure and inheritance in Great Britain. The Tichbourne affair and the more recent Druce case are vivid illustrations within the ken of this generation.

ITTLEBAT TITMOUSE was a shopman in the mercery establishment of Tagrag & Co., Oxford Street, London, a manikin of little more than five feet, with a physiognomy ape-like in its impudence and imbecility, though not strictly ill-looking, and he earned thirty-five pounds a year. The vanity of the wretched little cockney, however, fed him with the conviction that he was worthy of the best that fate could bestow on her favorite sons, a mood that was greatly excited when he saw in the *Sunday Flash* a "Next of Kin" advertisement asking the nearest living relative of Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse, formerly a cordwainer of Whitehouse, to communicate with Quirk, Gammon and Snap, Solicitors, Saffron Hill. Mr. Titmouse was informed by this legal firm—whose business had hitherto been mostly in Old Bailey practise, which made them the defenders of murderers, thieves, and other criminals—that there was a probability of his being the rightful heir of a very valuable estate at Yatton in

Yorkshire, with a rental of ten thousand pounds a year. The incumbent for ten years had been Charles Aubrey, Esq., Member of Parliament, and next but one to a peerage, a man of the highest character for ability, learning, and public spirit. Quirk, Gammon and Snap, a firm of solicitors of very doubtful repute among their legal brethren, had come to the knowledge of an apparent flaw in the title of Charles Aubrey in a singular fashion. The latter gentleman at the time of his marriage to Miss Agnes St. Clair, the portionless daughter of a gallant colonel killed in the Peninsular War, had of course requested his family lawyer, Mr. Parkinson of Grilston, to draw the settlements. The detail work of this had been entrusted to one Steggars, a shrewd but unscrupulous clerk, who had thus had access to all the family deeds. This sharp fellow had promptly surmised a missing link in an otherwise perfect title, which was of a nature so obscure that it had escaped serious attention on the part of Mr. Parkinson. The latter, as the inheritance had descended unchanged for three generations, had regarded the matter in question as a cloud almost imperceptible, and had only casually mentioned it to Mr. Aubrey, who also dismissed it from his mind as negligible, even in a matter of such great importance. Steggers had taken copies and elaborate notes of this and other professional secrets in the hands of Mr. Parkinson, with a view to making them some time a blackmailing asset.

When he absconded with a considerable sum of money and was arrested in London, Mr. Quirk, the trusted familiar of criminals, had been employed by him and so came into possession of his nefariously gotten memoranda as satisfaction for a fee, before his transportation to Botany Bay. Oily Gammon, the thinker of the firm, though equally unscrupulous with Quirk and Snap, had at first discouraged the use of the clue; but he finally succumbed to the chances of great gains. It was through his efforts that Tittlebat Titmouse had been unearthed from his obscurity and the desired links of evidence made clear. The antecedent facts of the succession, as the "tree" lay before Quirk, Gammon and Snap, were as follows: The descent was from a common ancestor, Dreddlington, of close kin to the Earl of that ilk, who was also Baron Drelincourt, one of the oldest titles in the kingdom. This ancestor had two sons, Harry and

Charles, of whom the elder died childless, and Charles, succeeding, had two sons, Stephen and Geoffrey. The first had lived a wandering and dissipated life and was supposed to have died without issue also. The daughter and heiress of Geoffrey, who had thus become in seizin of the property, married the father of Charles Aubrey. The weak point in the Aubrey title lay in the possibility of some unknown legitimate descendant of Stephen Dreddlington coming to light.

The Saffron Hill beagles had pursued this scent with great assiduity. They had found that Stephen left a daughter by an obscure marriage, and that she had married Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse, that marriage having been duly registered. The further discovery of a child of that union had been the final *coup* of Quirk, Gammon and Snap, to realize on which they had been willing to risk all the penalties of those tactics under the old English common law—champerty and maintenance—applying to unscrupulous lawyers who study to initiate litigation and work on contingent fees. The weak point in the case, as Gammon shrewdly pointed out, lay in the following contingency: Harry Dreddlington, eldest son of the original common ancestor, had conveyed his property rights in fee to one Aaron Moses, to secure a heavy loan. If Harry's death occurred before his father's, that conveyance would have been null. It was more than suspected, too, that Geoffrey Dreddlington, the younger son of Charles and nephew of Harry, had paid off the mortgage, and that there had been a reconveyance by Moses to him, a fact that would tend to make the claim of the younger line dominant. The strength of the Titmouse claim then lay, aside from his legitimate descent from Stephen, in the proof of the original Dreddlington's survival of his eldest son, which would render the first conveyance and the subsequent reconveyance invalid.

Proceedings began at Yatton with one of the fictitious writs known as "John Doe *vs.* Richard Roe," affecting only a very small portion of the Aubrey estate. Mr. Aubrey paid little attention to it, but sent it to his local lawyer, Mr. Parkinson. While these secret machinations were brewing, the Aubrey family had been plunged into grief by the death of old Madame Aubrey, who had been for many years the Lady Bountiful of the neighborhood. During the very funeral services, indeed,

Mr. Gammon had been prowling in the churchyard, and there, on an old tombstone buried in the grass, he discovered the date of Harry's death as preceding that of his father, which appeared to clench the last nail in the case. Mr. Parkinson had perceived in the "Doe *vs.* Roe" proceeding something beneath the surface, and had sent it to Mr. Rumington, the great London solicitor, who on his part had submitted it to eminent counsel. These all agreed on the interior purport, and that some very important secret knowledge as to the inheritance affecting its legal tenure had come to light.

The serious character of the struggle was made known to Aubrey, and he at once began to prepare for it. Failing to secure Mr. Subtile, the leader of the Northern Circuit, who had already been retained by the other side, he placed his case in the hands of the Attorney-General, with Messrs. Sterling and Crystal, two eminent barristers, to assist him; while Mr. Subtile was assisted by Mr. Quicksilver and Mr. Lynx, also highly distinguished in the profession. The case came on in the York Assizes before Lord Widdrington, one of the foremost English judges, and the proof appeared to be in favor of the proponent till a turn came which seemed to destroy his claim.

This was the discovery by Mr. Parkinson in the documents of another estate, where it had inadvertently lain for many years through an old blunder, of a paper by the original Dreddlington confirming his son's conveyance, and thus validating the reconveyance to his grandson Geoffrey on the satisfaction of the mortgage. On very close inspection, however, an ancient erasure and substitution of a few words were discovered, and on this basis Lord Widdrington felt himself reluctantly compelled to exclude the document. That determined the fate of the estate, as Mr. Aubrey, a fanatic in his sense of honor, refused to carry it any further.

So the ancient hall was transformed from the home of an exquisite refinement and cultivation into a den and pigsty of reprobates, with which Tittlebat Titmouse proceeded to fill its time-honored chambers. The mere loss of the estate, however, was not the worst of the inflictions of fate. Charles Aubrey was liable to his successor for sixty thousand pounds, the mesne profits of six years' incumbency, under the statute of limitation.

This was the final crushing load that almost drove him insane. He had taken his family to London—wife, sister, and two beautiful children; and there he purposed to settle down to the study of law, a profession for which he was eminently fitted by his eminent talents and scholarly training. In spite of a multitude of woes and anxieties, this finely tempered spirit addressed its energies to a complex study with the utmost patience and concentration, yet found time to augment straitened means by contributions to the reviews and magazines. His courage found added strength in the fortitude of an amiable wife and sister. The latter, a young woman of surpassing beauty and charm of character, had been the object of suit by Geoffrey Delamere, the son and heir of Lord De La Zouch, one of the richest peers of England.

Oily Gammon, whose astute strategy had been the mainspring of the Titmouse triumph, spared no cunning to get his worthless *protégé* completely under his thumb. To strengthen his influence, he caused him to become the Whig candidate for Parliament in his borough district, and himself conducted the canvass, using unlimited fraud and bribery. Geoffrey Delamere entered the field as the Tory competitor, but was defeated at the hustings through the unscrupulous methods of Gammon, who had a double antagonism toward Delamere, as he had seen and become enamored of the extraordinary beauty of Kate Aubrey, to win whom his audacity would venture any length. In securing the election of Titmouse, however, Gammon also laid the foundation of election-suits against his agents—as he had cunningly kept his own participation in the background—which Lord De La Zouch prosecuted with all the resources of his wealth.

The Parliamentary career of Tittlebat Titmouse, whose personality and pretensions made him an object of ridicule and disgust, was a travesty on the values of legislation. Yet by the force of his impudence—as, for example, his "Cock-a-doodle-do" at some crisis, convulsing the House with laughter, when the opposition was carrying all before it—the little ape commended himself to his party managers. Thus he became an object of curiosity and interest to London society, always on the gape for amusing vagaries. The metamorphosis of Tit-

mouse achieved its final triumph in the recognition of the Earl of Dreddlington, the head of one of the oldest noble families in the peerage of Great Britain.

This nobleman, endowed by nature with small brain and heart, both engorged with overweening family pride, had had his whole life wrapped up in the stupid formalities and prerogatives of station, yet he was a bigoted Whig in politics. Charles Aubrey, as next of kin after the Earl's daughter, Lady Cecilia, in the succession of the ancient barony of Drelincourt—the earldom expired with himself—had been the object of his animosity for many years. This enmity was due not only to political reasons, but because the former squire of Yatton had refused to unite the family branches by paying his suit to Lady Cecilia. When another ousted Aubrey from the Yatton estate, he also established by that suppression his relation to the Drelincourt peerage. These facts, the bachelordom of the new man, and his Whig politics invested him with a halo in the eyes of Lord Dreddlington, who left his card at the rooms of Titmouse, with an invitation to a family dinner.

The fantastic vision that met the eyes of the Earl and Lady Cecilia was a disillusionment more shocking than the wildest fancy could have anticipated. Yet it did not prevent the nobleman, besotted with the fixed idea of family aggrandizement, from conjuring up results of great moment, which glorified even an image so novel to his aristocratic experience. Ten thousand a year, double the income attached to the Dreddlington coronet, was a magic-working thought; and its queer little owner would be all the more plastic in the hands of such a master of social and political diplomacy as the Earl considered himself to be. This ambition the father engrafted on Lady Cecilia's somewhat inane mind, though her very flesh crawled with aversion at the approach of the homunculus, even when more familiar acquaintance would have tended to blunt the impression. When Parliament adjourned the Dreddlingtons went down to Yorkshire and shed the splendor of their presence on Yatton as guests of Tittlebat Titmouse. Gammon was present and contrived to make a rapid conquest of all the Earl's prejudices by a businesslike betterment of some of the nobleman's tangled finances. Such pressure was brought to bear on the unfortunate

Lady Cecilia that before the party returned to town she had become the *fiancée* of the erstwhile cockney shopman.

The stock company mania was then beginning to spread its delirium. In this the shrewd Gammon recognized great potency of money-making, and he easily persuaded the foolish Earl to lend his title to various projects tending to dazzle credulous investors. Lord Dreddlington made so much money, and made it so easily during the heyday of these enterprises, that he fancied himself a great financier, who might yet become Chancellor of the Exchequer. Gammon, spider fashion, was busy spinning more than one web out of his cunning brain. One of these subserved his passion for Kate Aubrey, who had made such an indelible impression. The settlement of that colossal debt of the mesne profits had been the one frightful nightmare, which among all Aubrey's troubles could not be charmed away. Gammon, who held all the strings of intrigue, had kept his partner Quirk from pressing the issue to its finale, so that it had been held *in terrorem* only, and he determined to use it as a gateway to acquaintance with the Aubrey family. Thereupon he wrote to Charles Aubrey, after he had induced Tittlebat Titmouse to accede to the desired arrangement, in spite of the remonstrances of Quirk. The proposition was to release forty thousand pounds of the debt, the other twenty thousand to be payable in two notes of one and two years, with some sufficient surety, Lord De La Zouch becoming his indorser. Mr. Aubrey was also permitted to escape the immediate collection of the entire bill of costs, which was enormous, by settling about half in cash, and he was given to understand that both these invaluable concessions were due to the magnanimity of Mr. Gammon. The intriguer thus secured the privilege of visiting the Aubrey family, though with a secret reluctance on the part of its head, who could not refrain from distrust. In further acquaintance with Kate Aubrey his enamored spirit was emboldened to such a pitch of passion that, one day finding her alone, he avowed his love, to the lady's great alarm and repulsion. In pleading his cause his last reckless argument was his power to restore her brother to his lost estate.

Kate, in narrating the unpleasant adventure, forgot to mention this in her agitation; but her brother, who requested Gam-

mon to discontinue his visits, was soon made to feel the consequences of a new attitude on the part of the astute spirit who had animated the whole litigation. Mr. Aubrey was informed by a letter from Quirk, Gammon and Snap that they should insist on the payment of the full bill of legal costs without delay, and the result was incarceration in debtors' prison, from which he was extricated by Mr. Rumington. A further exploit of Gammon's malice related to the probating of the will of Lady Stratton, containing a bequest of a life insurance of fifteen thousand pounds to Kate Aubrey. The devisor, of the Dreddlington blood, had made but had not signed the will, when she died, and Gammon entered application in the Ecclesiastical Court, which had cognizance of probate questions, in behalf of Tittlebat Titmouse as proven nearest of kin, for letters of administration on the Stratton estate. The first outcome of this proved to be of vital consequence to Titmouse, who had now become the husband of the wretched Lady Cecilia, and had plunged into more extravagant and dissipated courses than ever. So great were the excesses of this spendthrift, which far outran his large income, that he negotiated, through the aid of Gammon, a loan of sixty thousand pounds on the Yatton property. For this the cunning solicitor went to the Jews, and in further strengthening the security, he had persuaded Tagrag, whose business had greatly expanded from its reputation as the nursery of the Titmouse comet-like career, to indorse the bonds. So wild were the plunges of the wastrel as time went on that Oily Gammon, who had hoped to fatten more lavishly on the spoils of Yatton, felt that he must make good his claims on the puppet he had conjured into life. He demanded of Titmouse the assignment of a rent charge of two thousand pounds a year on the Yatton property, the same to be permanent for life to the grantee. His angry *protégé* refused, and then received in his very teeth the terrible word "bastard" and the threat that Gammon could unmake him as easily as he had created his greatness. Titmouse, promptly cowed, agreed to sign the document as soon as it could be prepared.

The disastrous failure of the most important of Lord Dreddlington's joint-stock adventures—the chairman vanishing with all the funds on the very night he had given the old nobleman a

splendid banquet—sent him in dire alarm to see Gammon, through whom he had become involved. The lawyer, who had left his apartments for a few moments, returned to find Lord Dreddlington standing over a parchment spread on the table, where the fatal words were blazoned "rent charge of two thousand pounds to Oily Gammon, Esquire." The old peer's rigid face and angry eyes were only the prelude to a terrible scene, and he questioned the crafty rogue as to the meaning of that ominous document. Gammon, swept from his bearings in the hot altercation, fired back the damning fact at his inquisitor, and Lord Dreddlington fell with a stroke of apoplexy, as all that it meant shook the very center of his being. The lawyer could have cursed himself vehemently, for his *savoir faire* had twice—once with Kate Aubrey, now with Lord Dreddlington—under the impact of fierce passion broken over a terrible secret. The old nobleman was conveyed to his house, under medical attendance; and when he recovered a little his wild babble, at first incoherent, shaped itself so intelligently as to convey a notion of the blasting truth to Lady Cecilia, who was then in a delicate condition. Gammon hastened to Dreddlington House and insisted to the family friends that no heed should be given to ravings bred of wandering wits. But it was too late to save the poor lady, who, passing from one convulsion to another, gave birth to a still-born babe and died after a short illness. Her father, a ghastly wreck of a once inordinate pride and pomp, lingered on miserably, while his ruin was completed and his property shattered by the successive piercings of his joint-stock bubbles.

The coils were tightening about Titmouse, Quirk, Gammon, and the crew of scoundrels through whom they had operated. The mills of the gods were grinding. Though a parliamentary committee appointed by a corrupt Speaker had sustained the claims of Titmouse against the indictment of wholesale bribery in the election, the suits brought by Lord De La Zouch at the York Assizes had elicited the truth and mulcted the tools of Gammon with heavy fines and imprisonment, promising almost certainly to entangle him also in their meshes. The convict Steggers had returned on a ticket-of-leave, and was primed to reveal how the original suit began, which would involve the

Saffron Hill solicitors, who could expect but little sympathy from their legal confrères, in a clearly punishable professional offense.

But worst of all was the affair of the Stratton will, which became a two-edged sword, at a hint springing from Kate Aubrey. She had forgotten that the importunity of Gammon at a certain momentous interview had ended with his indiscreet plea that it lay in his power to restore Charles Aubrey to the ownership of Yatton. This she finally mentioned to her brother one day in the presence of Mr. Rumington. The quick-witted solicitor at once divined some criminal mystery, though he did not express the conviction then to Aubrey, and consulted with the Attorney-General, Sir Charles Wolstenholme, who had conducted the Aubrey trial. That luminary urged the immediate pursuit of the clue, and found in the Stratton will case the surest avenue. Mr. Rumington filed a caveat against the issue of letters of administration applied for by Gammon in behalf of Tittlebat Titmouse as next of legal kin in the Dreddlington stock. The case was thus thrown into the Ecclesiastical Court, one of whose functions covered probate litigation, and whose proctors were invested with the duty of making the most minute research into questions of pedigree.

It can be easily seen how *nisi prius* proceedings never could bore deeply into the subterranean truth of facts in a way to match the mole-like patience of these trained officials. As Sir Charles put it to Mr. Rumington: "This case will be, as it were, laid out on the rack when the process of the Ecclesiastical Court is applied to it. You have an examiner on the spot, all secret and mysterious, proctors ferreting out all sorts of old registers and musty documents that we common lawyers never should think of. 'Tis quite in the way of their business—births, deaths, and marriages, and everything connected with them. By Jove! if there be a flaw you'll discover it in that way." Rumington wrote to Lord De La Zouch, then in France, and received from him full authorization. When Gammon learned from his proctor, Quod, that Pounce, one of the most famous sleuthhounds of the court, was on the other side, and that the famous Dr. Flare, whose passion for truth was a consuming flame, would be the examiner, he felt a shiver of despair.

"Curse Lady Stratton—her will—her policy—everything connected with the old creature," he gnashed, as he strode up and down his room, when he was alone. "Nothing but vexation, disappointment, and danger attends every move I make in her cursed affairs. Who could have dreamed of this? Move in what direction I may, I am encountered by almost insuperable difficulties. Why take this particular move?" He drew a long breath, and every particle of color fled from his cheek. "Alas! I now see it all. Miss Aubrey has betrayed me. She has told to her brother, to Rumington, what in my madness I mentioned to her. That explains it all. Yes, you beautiful fiend! It is your hand that has begun the work of destruction, as you suppose."

Gammon felt himself the most miserable of mankind. All other anxieties were, however, at present absorbed in one—the inquiry in the Ecclesiastical Court then pending. If that investigation should be adverse, there was nothing for it but instant flight from universal scorn and execration. Of what avail would then have been his prodigious anxieties, his complicated plans and purposes? He would irretrievably have damned himself, and for what? To allow the stupid wretch, Titmouse, to revel for a season in unbounded luxury and profligacy. What single personal advantage had he obtained, taxed to the utmost as had been his powerful energies for the past three years? So he pursued his bitter rumination, and could do nothing but await in fearful suspense the outcome of the mysterious burrowing process, moving with silent, deathlike certainty.

Aubrey, on the other hand, was transported with joy when he was informed of this new action in progress, its origin, and the splendid backing of his friend De La Zouch. Titmouse, who had been apprised by Gammon of the attenuation of his prospects, begged with cowardly wailing for a little money that he might fly to the Continent; for, in spite of the immense sums that had passed through his hands, he was loaded with debt and penniless. He who had been the Mephistopheles of the base company, was waiting in his rooms at Thaines Inn one October night, in unspeakable torture of mind, the arrival of the messenger who had been sent to obtain a copy of the report, which he knew was about due. The man came, and a single glance told

Gammon his doom. It had been officially certified that the mother of Tittlebat Titmouse, in marrying his father, became a bigamist, making her subsequent offspring illegitimate; and Gammon knew that he never could defend himself from the damning indictment that he was acquainted with this before the beginning of the trial. One week afterward the man of powerful intellect, who, if his conscience and heart had been equal to his mental vigor, could have risen to almost any height of distinction, swallowed prussic acid in his own room.

The whole nefarious web was unraveled much more swiftly than it had been spun. Yatton was soon put in possession of its rightful owner and cleansed from the relics of the Comus-reveling that had befouled it. Nor was it long before the death of Lord Dreddlington made Charles Aubrey Baron Drelincourt, and the espousal of Kate Aubrey to Geoffrey Delamere satisfied the ambition of two great families and their own mutual affection. The stupid scamp, Quirk, was struck from the list of attorneys on motion before the King's Bench. Tittlebat Titmouse, laden with immensity of debt, the obligation for which wiped out the fortune of Tagrag, was compelled to spend the rest of his days in debtors' prison, where he lived, however, in comparative comfort on a small weekly allowance from Lord Drelincourt, till debauchery ended a worthless career. Within four years he had been created out of the London mud, endowed with a great income, become a wonder of the world's metropolis, transformed into the heir of a great title, sullied the blood and the home of the proudest family in the Kingdom, and then suddenly been trampled back into the slime, whence he had emerged at the beck of a magic almost Satanic.

MR. STANLEY WEYMAN

April 12 — 1928

HISTORICAL NOVELS.

We regret to announce that Mr. Stanley Weyman died at his home, Llanrhydd Hall, near Ruthin, on Tuesday, after a few weeks' illness, at the age of 72. As a modern writer of historical novels, his popularity was for long unsurpassed; and if his name was less heard of during the last few years he still had his many followers.

Stanley John Weyman, the second son of Thomas Weyman, a solicitor, was born at Ludlow on August 7, 1855. He was educated at Shrewsbury and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated with a second-class in Modern History. In 1881 he was called to the Bar by the Inner Temple, and he practised as a barrister for some eight years until he gave up the law for the writing of historical romances.

In this branch of fiction he soon won success, and he deserved it, for he had many qualifications as a careful and yet ardent story-teller. His first book, "The House of the Wolf," came out in 1890, and three years later he fairly established his reputation with "A Gentleman of France," a work which greatly appealed to Andrew Lang, who [illegible]

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A dram… Ford and was presented wi… d by Mr. Kyrle Bellew. Th… r author's productions.

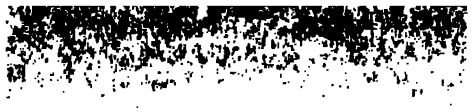
… 588 I found … d without a … to the King … ent to wait … of some of … explained to … my part in … s regret and … s master.

Passi… was the butt of laught… passed near a beautif… my arrival. With a sc… w away her skirts.

"Mad… sult, "such as I am I … y learn that there are v… them—than a poor gen…

I repe… a shout of coarse lau… follow me even to my…

Howeve… ay and the King of Navarre came secretly to my lodging to offer me a commission, which involved, not public employment, but an adven-



ture, dangerous and thankless, because, as the King must not appear in it, I could not be publicly rewarded if successful, while I must look only to myself if I failed. I was to carry off from the château of Chizé, where she was confined, the ward of the powerful Turenne, Mademoiselle de la Vire, who possessed certain state secrets, convey her to Blois, and place her under the protection of Baron de Rosny. Though the task was little to my liking, I accepted it and received money, instructions, and a golden token, by means of which Mademoiselle should know me for an accredited messenger. As they were leaving, the King lifted my sword:

"Use it, Monsieur de Marsac. Use it to the last; for if you be captured by Turenne, God help you! I cannot."

"If I am taken, Sire," I answered, "my fate be on my own head."

I hired five knaves for my troop, who on the way to Chizé robbed me, by a trick, of ten crowns and the golden token. I passed it over at the time, but at Chizé I rid myself of the leader, Fresnoy, an unscrupulous villain, and had no more difficulty with the others, though he, escaping with the token, afterward made me much. Despite my loss, I determined to go on and make a frank explanation of the lack of the token when the time came.

At Chizé I communicated with Mademoiselle and arranged to take her away at three that night. I found her ready to go at the time appointed; but before she would set out she demanded to see the token, and when I confessed to its loss, she reproached me with a vehemence and bitterness that I could not understand, till, in her rage, she removed her mask and I recognized the maid of honor whom I had unfortunately exposed to ridicule in the King's anteroom. She was loath to give up her flight, and was debating whether to believe my story about the token, when a noise outside her room settled the question, and she and her woman Fanchette followed me.

Mademoiselle never let me forget that in her eyes I was a needy adventurer paid to escort her to a place of safety, but without any claim to the smallest privilege of intimacy or equality. On the third day we reached Blois and found that Monsieur de Rosny, on account of the excitement consequent on

the murder of the Duke de Guise, had retired to Rosny. As all the inns were full, I could do no better than take Mademoiselle to my mother's lodging, and there she submitted to remain for the night.

My mother was very ill and was attended only by a young clerk, Simon Fleix; and to his charge next day I left Mademoiselle while I went to make arrangements for going to Rosny. But when I returned I learned that Mademoiselle and Fanchette had gone away with a young gallant who had brought the lost token. I remained beside my mother till next morning, when Simon brought me a knot of velvet that Mademoiselle had worn, on which were stitched the letters "*A moi! C. d. l. V.*"

I went to the house in front of which he had found it, entered, and ascended the stairs to the room from the window of which I supposed the knot had been thrown. There I came face to face with a beautiful woman, who sprang up with a low cry. I explained my intrusion; and on seeing the knot of velvet she said she had picked it up in the street and had dropped it from her window, hoping her husband might find it and bring it to her. After learning where she found it, I obeyed her impatient command to go. On the stairs I met a handsome man whom I conjectured to be the husband, Monsieur de Bruhl.

I went immediately to the corner where the knot had been found by Madame de Bruhl; and I saw, fastened to a bar of a grated window that overlooked the garden, a small white knot made after the fashion of the one in my pouch.

I returned to my mother, procured a nurse for her, and then took three horses to the end of a lane near the house I had discovered, where I left them in charge of Simon with directions to wait till a certain hour for me. As I watched the front of the house, the door opened and M. de Bruhl, who was, I learned afterward, a follower of Turenne, came out; two men who accompanied him on retiring left the door ajar. I stole in and reached the room where Mademoiselle was; and her joyful sob when I spoke to her assured me of my welcome.

I had succeeded only in breaking one panel of the door when the noise brought the guards. There were four, led by Fresnoy; but I had a position of vantage at the head of the stairs. Only two of them could attack at once; and while the steel rang and

clashed the women worked busily to enlarge the opening in the door. A sudden cry behind me made me withdraw from my vantage to see whether the women were safe, and I found Fresnoy upon me, with the superiority of position his. However, he tripped on a stool, and I turned—to find the room empty!

I went through it, and down through the servants' quarters, and at last found myself in the garden. When I reached the street there was no trace of Simon and the horses, nor of the women. Supposing they had been decoyed to another part of the house, I tried to reënter, but the door was bolted. For four hours I rushed frantically from place to place, searching every street in Blois again and again, then, worn out in body and mind, I returned to my mother's lodgings.

At sunset on the second day after my mother died, and after her funeral, having learned nothing to enlighten me as to Mademoiselle's fate, I set out immediately for Rosny to carry news of my ill-success. What I knew of De Rosny gave me small hope that he would listen with indulgence to such a tale as mine; and when I met him I felt that popular delusion had not belied him —that here was a great man. I plunged desperately into my story, to which he listened with frank impatience and derisive incredulity.

"Come!" he said harshly. "You maintain that you were at the King of Navarre's court lately; you will, then, have no objection to being identified by some I have here, who recently came from that court."

Though sure that these strangers would deny me, I consented, and was led to the next room, where Madame de Rosny greeted me; then M. de Rosny, speaking in a changed voice, bade me look around; and I saw before me Mademoiselle de la Vire!

"Here?" I stammered.

"Here, sir—thanks to the valor of a brave man."

She was so radiantly dressed, she looked more like a fairy than a woman, being of small and delicate proportions; and her softened expression made her seem a different person.

I learned that the uproar of the fight had brought a serving-woman whom they forced to conduct them out; at the lane they came upon Simon, and after waiting some minutes for me they rode off; evidently they had given an exaggerated account of my

merits and services to rouse in M. de Rosny such a wealth of kindness as he then displayed toward me.

It may be conceived how delightful it was to me to be received as an equal by so famous a man; to find myself once more a gentleman with an acknowledged place in the world. Only Mademoiselle's attitude rendered my ease and comfort imperfect. Knowing that I must appear to her old, poor, and ill-dressed, I was careful not to trespass on her sense of obligation, and was hurt to find that her gratitude, so evidently expressed on my arrival, was fading. After the second day she resumed her old air of disdain. One day, having found her alone, I was about to withdraw when she stopped me.

"I do not bite. I have no patience with you, Monsieur de Marsac!" And she stamped her foot on the floor.

"But, Mademoiselle, what have I done?" I said humbly.

"Done?" she repeated angrily. "It is what you are. Why are you so dull, sir? Why are you so dowdy? Why do you look always solemn and polite? Why? Why, I say?"

She looked so beautiful in her fury and fierceness that I could only stare at her in astonishment.

"You say nothing, and men think nothing of you. You go with your hat in your hand, and they tread on you. They speak, and you are silent. But go, leave me!"

At last M. de Rosny and I set out for La Gauache to meet the King of Navarre, leaving Mademoiselle de la Vire with Madame de Rosny. At the inn in Blois a stranger had a long consultation with my companion; and on M. de Rosny's vouching to this gentleman for my discretion and fidelity, we went to the Castle of Blois, where, in a mere garret reached by a secret stair, we were received by the King of France. Our guide was Monsieur de Rambouillet, who desired his master to accept needed aid from the King of Navarre rather than from the Vicomte de Turenne, and to that end had brought about the meeting with De Rosny. She told the King that Turenne had republican ideas, and the King agreed to hesitate no longer if the proofs that Turenne had such ideas and designs were laid before him, as De Rosny promised they should be in one week.

Before we left I was presented to his Majesty, who declared that he would grant me a commission to raise twenty men for

his service, and that M. de Rambouillet should present me next morning that he might publicly carry out his intention. I was indignant at being so disposed of, but M. de Rosny assured me that I should be serving the King of Navarre in accepting such service. Next day he proceeded to La Gauache; his man Maignan, with several attendants, set out for Rosny to conduct Mademoiselle de la Vire to Blois, where I was to remain and receive her, secure her a secret interview with the King, and guard her during her stay. She had, it seemed, overheard certain plans of Turenne's and communicated with the King of Navarre; but before an interview could be arranged Turenne learned of the matter and swept her off to Chizé. Her evidence was the proof of Turenne's designs that was to be offered to the King.

It chanced that I had unfortunately been the cause of Madame de Bruhl's learning that her husband was infatuated with Mademoiselle; yet she sent me a request to meet her in a quiet square in order to warn me of her husband's intended treachery. While we talked I saw, standing near us, Simon and a masked woman whom I recognized as Mademoiselle. They stood an instant, then disappeared. I hastened to my lodgings, receiving a message on the way from Rambouillet saying that the interview must take place at once or not at all, as the other party was very active. I found, however, that Maignan had left Mademoiselle in Simon's care at my lodging while he attended to the horses, and Simon had taken her away.

I found her at the inn where I had stopped with De Rosny. She greeted me briefly, and then maintained an embarrassing silence. When I wished to take her where she would be well guarded, she declared with determination that she would remain where she was. When I mentioned her interview with the King she declared she would not see him.

"No, I will not," she maintained, in a whirl of anger, scorn, and impetuosity. "I have been made a toy and a tool long enough; and I will serve others' ends no more!"

I looked at her in dismay, then tried arguments and entreaties, with no result. However, her woman, Fanchette, persuaded her to remove to my lodgings, where I bestowed her in the rooms below mine.

As for the interview, I dared not wait for a more favorable mood. I went to consult Rambouillet and found that he had pursued two followers of the King who had deserted and gone to Paris to join the League, in order to persuade them, if possible, to return.

Realizing that under such conditions the King must be ready to grasp any means of support for his tottering throne, my paramount duty seemed to be to gain his ear, that the King of Navarre might profit by the first impulse of self-preservation.

With difficulty I obtained a private audience, and explained that it was a woman who possessed the evidence against Turenne, and that she refused to come or speak. So he consented to go to my lodging; and at midnight I brought him safely to the house and led him to Mademoiselle's apartment, which consisted of an outer and an inner room. In the outer one sat Madame de Bruhl, and Mademoiselle had shut herself in the inner one, to which with seeming reluctance she admitted the King.

Madame, having warned me of a plot of her husband's to kill me next day, was about to go when there was a knocking without. M. de Bruhl, with his lackeys, was there, accompanied by the Provost-Marshal and his men, who were come to arrest me on a warrant that had been canceled at the King's command. Fortune had served Bruhl so well that he had us all trapped. I placed the King and the women in the inner room, put Simon on guard in the outer with orders to bolt the door after me and open only to Maignan and his men, whom he should send with the King to the castle; then, having warned the Provost-Marshal that his warrant had been canceled, I surrendered on condition that he should not allow his men to break into my lodgings. I called to Maignan, who had been above and so cut off from us, to guard the door till M. de Bruhl should leave, then take orders from those within.

In my prison that night I had engrossing food for thought in the capricious behavior of Mademoiselle, to which it seemed to me I now held the clue, suspecting with as much surprise as pleasure that only one construction could be placed upon her attitude toward Madame and her evident concern for me during the scene in her rooms. In the morning M. de Rambouillet

came with his nephew, Monsieur d'Agen, bringing my release and the news that the King had reached the castle in safety, but that Bruhl, with Fresnoy and his ruffians, had broken in and carried away Madame de Bruhl and Mademoiselle.

With Maignan, Simon, and seven men, M. d'Agen and I set out in pursuit of Bruhl, who had five hours' start, and who, we found, was making for the Limousin, where he might rest secure under Turenne's protection. The first night we learned that the plague was ravaging the country through which we must pass; and I saw terror of it spread through the troop. The second evening we learned from a peasant that the party we were pursuing had passed an hour before sunset and had gone to spend the night in a ruined castle two leagues beyond.

We found the castle so well placed and defended as to make an attack hopeless. Bruhl's party was still there, and by a trick we succeeded in entering the court, where we settled down to besiege those who held the second tower.

Fear of the plague in my troop threatened to upset my plans; therefore I was greatly relieved when Fresnoy, who was in a state of panic exceeding that of my men, surrendered on condition of life and liberty for him and his men, if the ladies were given up in safety. Mademoiselle was locked in an upper room to which Bruhl had the key, and he, stricken with the plague, was tended by his wife. Forgetting all risk, I obtained the key and had Mademoiselle released and taken away by M. d'Agen into the woods, while I remained with Madame until her husband died the second day, after which we removed to a separate camp, where we spent four days; then, thinking we had escaped contagion, we joined our friends and began our return journey.

We had not gone far when I was attacked by the plague and tried in vain to remove myself from my companions. I am told that for more than a month I lay between life and death; and that, but for Mademoiselle's tendance, which never failed nor faltered, I must have died. As I mended, Mademoiselle was much in my company; a circumstance which would have ripened into passion the affection I before entertained for her, had not gratitude and a nearer observance of her merits already elevated the feeling into the most ardent worship that even the youngest lover ever felt for his mistress.

When I was stronger, though Mademoiselle's presence grew more and more necessary to my happiness, she began to absent herself on long walks. One day I went to meet her at the stream, and when she had crossed on the stepping-stones, I managed to retain her hand in mine; nor did she resist, though her cheek turned crimson and her eyes fell.

"Mademoiselle," said I "that stream with its stepping-stones reminds me of the stream that flows between us."

"What stream?" she murmured.

"Are you not young and gay and beautiful, rich and well thought of at court, while I am old and dull and grave, an unsuccessful soldier of fortune? That, Mademoiselle, is the stream, and I know of but one stepping-stone that can bridge it, and that is Love. Many weeks ago, when I had little cause to like you, I loved you; I loved you whether I would or not, and without thought or hope of return. Now that I owe you my life, is it presumption in me to think that the stream may be bridged?"

"There should be two stepping-stones," she murmured. "Your love, sir, and mine. And because I love you I am willing to cross the stream and live beyond it all my life, if I may live my life with you."

After that our days were passed in a long round of delight, till I grew strong and news came of great events; then we determined to go to the camp before Paris and throw ourselves on the justice of the King of Navarre, Mademoiselle placing herself under Madame Catherine's protection. When we reached Meudon, Mademoiselle, with Madame, Simon, and Maignan, went to the lodgings of the Princess of Navarre; and I went to the King of Navarre, who declared that complaint had been made that I had abducted the ward of Turenne from Chizé, and in answer to the importunities of some of Turenne's followers who accompanied him, gave me one hour in which to remove myself from his neighborhood.

I turned away, realizing with bitter disappointment that our plan had failed; and then with Simon, who had seen Mademoiselle safely bestowed, I went to St. Cloud, where the King of France held court. M. d'Agen shared his lodging with me; but M. de Rambouillet, regarding my situation as desperate,

in view of the importance of Turenne's friendship to both Kings, advised immediate flight.

But the next day I took my place in the presence-chamber and, by good chance following a party of three, made my way into the King's presence. One of the party was a Jacobin monk, who presented a petition, and, when the King had read it, leaning forward as if to take it, so swiftly and suddenly that none stirred until all was over, struck the King in the body with a knife. In the indescribable confusion that followed, Simon dragged me out and hissed in my ear the command to mount and ride to the King of Navarre, to tell him the news and bid him look to himself.

"Be the first," he said, "and Turenne may do his worst."

"I thank you, sir," said the King, when I gave him my news, "for your care for me—not for your tidings."

I felt that I had gained a footing, scanty and perilous, at court, and I did not blame the King of Navarre for his denial of me, nor doubt his readiness to reward me should occasion, which I had now furnished, arise.

I was conducted to Monsieur la Varenne's lodging, but after one day was forbidden guests and assigned to a small, gloomy apartment, where M. Turenne came and offered me the post of Lieutenant-Governor of the Armagnac with a salary of twelve thousand livres a year, on condition of my giving up all claim and suit to the hand of Mademoiselle.

"Well," he said, "you consent, sir?"

"Never!"

"Have you thought how many obstacles lie between you and this little fool? What it will be to have me against you in this? Now, what do you say?"

"The same as before," I answered doggedly.

"So much the worse for you! I took you for a rogue! It seems you are a fool!"

I was buried in the darkened gloom of my prospects, when M. la Varenne came to conduct me to the King, whom I found to be the King of Navarre, the King having died of his wound.

"Ha, Monsieur de Marsac!" said he, "you are the gentleman who rode so fast to warn me. I have spoken to Monsieur

de Turenne, and he is willing to overlook the complaint he had. Go to my closet; Rosny knows my will respecting you."

Then Rosny gave me the patent that Turenne had offered, telling me that it was intended for me, but he had wagered five hundred crowns with Turenne that he could not bribe me. He sent me to a room where I found Mademoiselle de la Vire. As I stood before her in her court dress, a sense of unworthiness in presence of her grace and beauty came full upon me and I stood tongue-tied before her.

"Is anything the matter, sir?" she muttered at last, her face, grown rosy at my entrance, now pale.

"No, Mademoiselle," I said. "But I do not see the lady to whom I came to address myself, and whom I have seen in far other garb than yours, wet, weary, and disheveled, in danger and in flight. Her I have served and loved. But I do not see her."

"Indeed!" she said with a sudden brightness and quickness. "It is a pity your love should be given elsewhere, since it is the King's will that you marry me."

"Ah, Mademoiselle," I said. "But you?"

"It is my will too, sir," she answered, smiling through her tears.

EDITH WHARTON

(United States, 1862)

THE HOUSE OF MIRTH (1905)

"The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning; but the heart of fools is in the house of mirth."—*Ecclesiastes* vii, 4. In this novel Mrs. Wharton depicts the emptiness and foolishness of the life of the idle rich, the so-called "Four Hundred" of New York society, showing in particular its demoralizing effect upon a beautiful and brilliant girl, who, however, is saved from its effects, though at the cost of position, beauty, health, and life itself, by the influence of a love that in her folly she had rejected. The novel was dramatized in 1907, with only a moderate degree of success.

HE *bête noire* of Lily Bart's existence was dinginess. Until the age of nineteen, when her father died, ruined by Mrs. Bart's extravagance, she had dwelt in an atmosphere of refinement and even of splendor. Mrs. Bart was famous among her friends for the unlimited effect she produced on limited means, and she had brought up her daughter in the faith that, whatever it cost, one must have a good cook and be "decently dressed." If Mr. Bart objected to the expense involved, his wife asked him whether he expected them to "live like pigs."

Lily knew some persons, her cousins, who "lived like pigs." They inhabited dingy houses in a quarter of the city no longer aristocratic, and had slatternly parlor-maids who said "I'll go and see" to visitors calling at an hour when all right-minded persons are conventionally if not actually "out." And these cousins were rich, so that Lily imbibed the idea that those who lived like pigs did so from choice.

Mrs. Bart's resentment at her husband for dying and leaving them only a pittance to contend with this ever-encroaching "dinginess," was communicated to Lily in an impersonal form. The girl believed she had a right to the elegancies of life, and

that it was a cruel injustice to her that she had been deprived of them. To regain them became the aim of her existence.

Mrs. Bart had impressed upon her daughter that in her beauty lay the sole means of restoring the family fortunes. Lily regarded this treasure as something apart from herself, for the most effective use of which she was sacredly responsible. Accordingly, she faithfully abetted her mother's efforts to find an eligible husband for her. To this end they traveled abroad. But after two years of unsuccessful hunting, Mrs. Bart returned home in a deep disgust, from which she soon died. Her last adjuration to her daughter was to escape from dinginess.

"Don't let it creep on you and drag you down, as it has done to me. Fight your way out of it somehow—you're young and can do it."

Lily contrived to get a place as companion with the richest and least dingy of her relatives, her aunt, Mrs. Peniston, a childless widow. This gave Lily the standing-room she desired, opening to her the gates of society and securing a permanent establishment within them. Mrs. Peniston gave her no active aid in this effort. Indeed, she kept her niece in a state of anxious dependence by giving her unexpected presents instead of a regular allowance, thereby securing bursts of gratitude from the girl instead of undemonstrative affection. Accordingly, Lily was forced to spend all her slender income upon dress. Gradually she became involved in debt to her dressmakers and milliners, satisfying them by small payments on account.

Under these circumstances Lily discovered after years of effort that she was using all her resources, her brains and her beauty, in maintaining her foothold in the social world, and had as yet made no progress toward securing a permanent establishment. Younger and plainer girls had been married off by dozens, and she was nine-and-twenty, and still Miss Bart.

Lily was on her way to Bellomont, the country place on the Hudson of the Trenors. She knew she had been invited to take Gus Trenor off his wife's hands. Poor Gus, after grubbing all day in Wall Street, demanded feminine sympathy, and that preferably from his wife, whose interest in men ceased with her conquest of them.

Lily, coming from Tuxedo, missed connection for Bellomont

at the Grand Central Station in New York, and there was an hour of waiting for the next train. Lawrence Selden just arriving from the country saw her standing irresolute, and resolved to give her the opportunity of recognizing him. By virtue of his family connection he could enter, whenever he chose, the charmed circle of society. Yet because he possessed only a modest competence he realized that he was regarded as ineligible by Lily Bart. He knew now that if she did not wish to meet him she would contrive to elude him; and it amused him to put her skill to the test. Besides, he had always been attracted by the bright, beautiful girl. They had in common an esthetic rather than epicurean desire for the elegancies of life: he had remained a bachelor to gratify it; she was seeking a husband for the same purpose. He knew that if he were rich he would propose to her; and she feared that, being only of independent means, he might be foolish enough to do so, and that her head would compel her to reject him, to the regret ever afterward of her foolish heart.

Her soul was disgusted with the price she was about to pay for holding her place in society. Fate offered her a short respite, and her heart wilfully decided on a holiday. Selden, the slender intellectual lawyer, was a refreshing contrast to Trenor, the stout, red-faced, sensual broker. So she came eagerly forward as she noted him approaching through the crowd.

"How nice of us to come to our mutual rescue! Sit down and talk to me."

He was amused at the sudden intimacy. "Sitting out a train in a crowded station is like sitting out a cotillon in a ballroom," he said. "Come, let's go to the conservatory—say Sherry's."

"Everybody going through town will be there. Let's hunt up a quieter place," said Lily.

They went out to the Avenue and walked down it. At the corner of a street in the thirties she paused. "Isn't there a place down one of these side streets where one could get a cup of tea?" she asked.

"Yes, down this one, at my rooms in the Benedict," answered Selden, naming a well-known bachelor apartment-house. He paused.

"Well?" she said, inviting him to complete the invitation. Her heart was surely taking a holiday.

"Won't you run up and take a cup? It's a brand I'm particularly proud of—and you won't meet any bores."

"Why not? It's too tempting. I'll take the risk."

"Oh, I'm not dangerous," he said. In truth, he never had liked her so well as at that moment. He knew that she had accepted his offer without afterthought: he never could be a factor in her calculation. He saw the real Lily Bart in the spontaneity of her consent—a natural, genuine woman.

While he brewed the tea she sank with a sigh into one of his shabby, comfortable leather armchairs.

"How delicious to have a place like this all to one's self! What a miserable thing it is to be a woman!"

"I know a girl who lives in a flat," said Selden; "my cousin, Gerty Farrish."

"But she deliberately keeps out of society."

"She is poor," said Selden.

"So am I, but we are different in nature. Poverty makes her free, and enslaves me. I envy her. She can arrange her furniture to please herself. If I could only do over aunt's drawing-room, I know I should be a better woman."

"Is it so very bad?" he inquired.

She smiled at him across her tea-cup. "That shows how seldom you come there. Why don't you come oftener?"

"When I do come it's not to look at Mrs. Peniston's furniture. And if I don't come oftener it is because you have men enough about you already."

"Plenty of prigs and bounders, but few men. I need a friend, one who isn't on guard with me for fear I wish to marry him, and against whom I do not have to be on guard."

"And have you no good friends among women?"

"No; they are all getting tired of me; they are beginning to say I ought to marry."

"And why don't you? Isn't marriage your vocation?—what all the girls in your set are brought up for?"

"Ah, I see you *are* a friend, one brave enough to tell me disagreeable truths. Yes, I must marry, and marry a very rich man. With my expensive tastes I could not support myself in

freedom, as Gerty Farrish does." In evidence of her luxurious habits, she opened a box of cigarettes on the table.

"May I?" she inquired, and, upon his nod, she lighted one. She walked about the room looking at the books, with critical puffs of her cigarette.

"You collect, don't you—you know about first editions?" she inquired.

"A little too much for my slender purse."

"You know about Americana? Please give me some 'points' as if I were qualifying for an expert."

"Like Percy Gryce, for instance?"

She blushed slightly. "Yes, my keen-sighted and plain-spoken friend. It will help me to make an impression upon him."

Selden looked at her face and gown critically: "My dear Miss Bart, you have an attractive title-page, and are bound in admirable style, but if Mr. Gryce is like most collectors he will not care for the contents. Wouldn't it be better to impress a man who does care for these?"

"Such men stay away from Mrs. Trenor's house-parties. Although in truth Mrs. Dorset intimated that you would come to this one. Shall you?"

"Well, I had not intended to, but I may—I sometimes tantalize myself by visiting an auction, even when not able to bid."

They laughed for pure pleasure over their understanding.

She refused to let him accompany her to the station. "No; good-by here, please. And don't forget to return my call."

Her prudence returned to her, as it always did after an escapade, and to avoid the chance of meeting an acquaintance she walked down the stairs instead of taking the elevator. Upon the first flight she encountered a scrubwoman at work. Gathering up her skirt, Lily brushed passed her, and the woman looked at her significantly. Lily was annoyed. Did women visit Selden? With an impulse of loyalty she defended him in her mind. Well, it was not by his encouragement, anyway. Look at Mrs. Dorset, who showed her infatuation for him to all except her blindly devoted husband. How coldly Selden always treated her!

As Lily came out upon the sidewalk she ran against a small,

glossy-looking man, of the blond Jewish type, who raised his hat with a surprised exclamation.

"Miss Bart? Well—of all people! This *is* luck."

"Oh, Mr. Rosedale—how are you?" she said, with an involuntary look of annoyance, followed by a smile.

In revenge for the look he took the broadest advantage possible of the smile.

"Up to town for a little shopping, I suppose?" he said, in a tone that had the familiarity of a touch.

Miss Bart shrank from it, and in confusion was led by the query into a foolish and unnecessary falsehood. Instead of acknowledging the fact that she had been having a cup of tea with Selden in a careless tone, which would have disarmed Rosedale, unfamiliar with social usages, she said:

"Yes, I came up to see my dressmaker. I am on my way to catch the train to the Trenors."

"Ah, I didn't know there was a dressmaker in the Benedict. You see, I own the building. But come, let me take you to the station."

"Oh, no, I won't trouble you. Here comes a hansom." And, heedless of his protestations, she hailed the cabman, entered the vehicle, and called out a breathless order.

Mr. Rosedale was a social "climber" who had ingratiated himself with the men of Lily's set by putting them in the way of making money. As yet the women only tolerated him, and Lily had even snubbed him. Now she realized that she had put herself in his power. Accordingly, she resolved to lose no time in firmly establishing her social position by marriage. Looking through the parlor car, she saw Percy Gryce, the collector of Americana, pretending to read a paper. She guessed that he had spied her, and was too shy to come up to her. It therefore rested with her to make the approach. So she went forward, and, as she passed him, seized the occasion of an opportune lurch to grip the back of his chair to steady herself. He rose, blushing; another lurch seemed to throw her almost into his arms.

"Oh, Mr. Gryce, is it you? I was trying to find the porter and get some tea."

He pressed her to take his chair, and went on the errand. Re-

turning with the tea, he stood by her side while she sipped it. At the next station the occupant of a neighboring chair left the car, and Lily and Mr. Gryce traveled together to Bellomont.

She put him at ease by inquiring about his Americana. "Points" that she had elicited from Selden now were of great advantage, and long before they arrived at Bellomont he had firmly resolved to ignore the stories about her fortune-hunting, set afloat, he was convinced, by shallow women jealous of her profound intellectual attainments, and to ask her to join with him as his wife in the fascinating pursuit of his hobby.

Mrs. Trenor observed to Lily the next morning that Gwen Van Osburgh, a stupid, doll-faced girl of enormous wealth, was making a "dead set" at Percy Gryce. Lily thanked Mrs. Trenor, but hinted that she had Percy safely hooked.

"Oh, Lily," cried Mrs. Trenor, "do go slowly! It is too fine a chance to be lost. Above all things, don't smoke. His mother has brought him up to abhor such things in women."

After dinner Lily went out on the terrace and stood looking across the darkling Hudson. A man approached her from behind. "It is Gryce," she thought, turned to reward him with a smile, and saw Lawrence Selden.

"You see I did come to the auction," he said; but before she had time to answer, Mrs. Dorset, who had followed him in turn, stepped between them with a little gesture of appropriation.

The next day was Sunday. Lily, knowing that Mr. Gryce was a strict churchman, had let it fall in her conversation with him that she was a regular attendant at religious services. Accordingly, she rose early, tore herself from the lingering enjoyment of her breakfast tray, and had her maid lay out her gray gown and borrow a prayer-book of Mrs. Trenor.

Then a fit of rebellion seized her. She longed above everything for a long walk through the woods with Lawrence Selden, and began to plan to capture him for the day. She knew that this would mortally offend Mrs. Dorset, whose favor it was essential for her to retain. Why, Mr. Dorset, whom dyspepsia had made a cynic, had declared that she was a "brick," the "only good fellow in their crowd," and that if his wife persisted in her intention to drag him to Europe they would have to take Lily along for his company.

While she lay in bed, distracted between discretion and inclination, the omnibus provided for church-going guests drove off with Percy Gryce as its solitary occupant. Lily looked through the blinds and saw his countenance rendered even more solemn than its wont by the gloom of disappointment.

Then her practical sense came to the fore. She rose, hastily dressed, and set off with the intention of walking rapidly through the woods to church. As she left the house she passed between Mrs. Dorset and Selden holding a lively conversation. Entering the woods, she began ruminating upon the possibility that Mrs. Dorset, and not herself, was the attraction that had drawn the popular but wary bachelor to Bellomont. She slackened her pace, and soon saw Selden, walking rapidly to overtake her. In her joy she forgot every mercenary consideration.

Lily sat down upon a ledge of rock commanding an extensive view, and Selden reclined at her feet. For a long time neither spoke. He had no wish to make her talk; her quick-breathing silence seemed a part of the quiet harmony of things. But Lily was throbbing inwardly with conflicting emotions. Love had come to her for the first time in all her varied "romantic" experiences and relations with men. At last she ended the silence:

"I have broken an engagement for you; have you done as much for me?"

"My only engagement at Bellomont was with you."

"But your engagements in New York—your business? You should not have endangered that success which everybody prophesies for you because of a request from such a bankrupt in life as I."

"My idea of success is personal freedom—freedom from the deprivations of poverty and the no less galling obligations of wealth. To keep a republic of the spirit—that's what I call success."

"Oh, I wish you could lead me into that blessed country!"

"Oh, no! you will marry a millionaire, and it is as hard for the rich to get into the republic as into the kingdom of heaven."

"What an outcast you think I am doomed to be! Why do you make the lot I have chosen seem hateful to me, if you have nothing to give me instead?"

"No, I have nothing to give you instead; if I had, it should be yours, you know."

She dropped her face on her hands. Selden saw that she wept. Even her weeping was an art, he thought, and he continued bitterly:

"Isn't it natural that I should try to belittle all the things I can't offer you?"

She lifted her face and returned gently: "But you belittle *me* in being sure they are the only things I care for."

"But they are the essential things, are they not?"

"Ah, for all your preaching, you are as great a coward as I am; for you would not have made your declaration if you hadn't been sure of my refusing it. Be honest. Do you wish me to marry you?"

"Yes, but only if that is also your honest wish."

She replied simply: "I shall look hideous in dowdy clothes, Lawrence; but I can trim my own hats."

They sat for a while in silence, infolded in each other's arms. Then down upon the road beneath them Lily saw the omnibus creeping home from church, and she tore herself away from Selden. "We must go home!" she exclaimed.

He flushed, and then drew a silver case from his pocket, and slowly lighted a cigarette. It seemed to him necessary to proclaim by some habitual act that he also had recovered his hold on the actual.

He held out the cigarette-case to her, but she refused it. "No, Gryce objects to women smoking," she said.

Lily satisfactorily explained to Gryce her absence from church and successfully concealed from him the fact that she smoked cigarettes in his absence; but she could not hide from his mother the knowledge that she played bridge for high stakes, for the women from whom she borrowed money to pay her losses could not forbear airing their generosity in the old woman's presence. So the collector of Americana proposed to Gwen Van Osburgh instead, and, being promptly accepted, left Mr. Rosedale as Lily's sole matrimonial opportunity.

Gus Trenor had for some time been urging her to cultivate the socially ambitious Jew.

"I wish you would persuade Judy to invite him to dine," he

said to Lily; "then I could get almost anything out of him. The man is mad to know the people who don't wish to know him, and there's nothing he won't do for the first woman that takes him up."

"But Jack Stepney did try to take him about, and the women voted him impossible," Lily had objected.

"Oh, hang it!—because he's fat and shiny, and has a shoppy manner! Well, a few years from now he'll be in it whether we want him or not, and then he won't be giving away a half-a-million tip for a dinner. It's a clever woman that will be civil to him now."

This conversation first suggested to Lily, who was in dire financial straits, a way of getting money, not through Mr. Rosedale—to seek a tip from whom she could not demean herself—but through Trenor himself. In her ignorance of the ways of Wall Street, she supposed that a broker like Gus Trenor could make money for another as a friendly transaction without loss or risk to himself. She knew that Gus was fond of her in a way that was close to the danger-line. His wife was her best friend, and Lily looked upon infidelity to her in the slightest degree as shocking and degrading. Yet she closed her mind to all these possible results, and, placing a pitiful sum of money, an evening's winnings at bridge, in Trenor's hands, she asked him to "invest" it for her in stocks. In the course of a year Trenor returned her nine thousand dollars, ostensibly as "profits." He became more offensive in his actions toward her, so that she began to avoid him. Finally he lured her to his house in the city by sending her an invitation in his wife's name to call one evening. His wife was away. Lily attempted to leave, but he stood between her and the door.

"What do you want?" she demanded, with firm voice.

"I want to know just where you and I stand," said Trenor. "Hang it! the man who pays for the dinner is usually allowed to have a seat at the table."

"I don't know what you mean—but I can't stay here alone with you at this hour."

"Gad, that's rich, from a girl who goes to bachelors' rooms fast enough in broad daylight!"

Rosedale had spoken, then; men talked thus of her.

"Yes," he continued, "you must have known I would expect to be paid some day."

"Do you mean that I owe you money?" she faltered. "Why, you only invested mine for me."

"Oh, hang the money! You're welcome to it all, and ten times more. I am only asking for a kind word from you. Don't you see I'm mad about you!"

Over and over her the sea of humiliation broke. At last she understood. She said haughtily: "I shall pay you back every dollar."

"Ah, you'll borrow from Selden or Rosedale—and take your chances of fooling them as you've fooled me!"

He stepped back and opened the door. "You have nothing to fear from me. Vile as you think me, and as I may be, I live up to a standard of honor that is far above yours. Go!"

Desperately determined to repay Trenor the money, long since spent in satisfying her creditors, Lily turned to her aunt. But Mrs. Peniston, who had been informed of Lily's bridge debts, was appalled, and she refused to aid her. Then Lily turned to Selden. But Selden had been taken into confidence by Trenor, in the broker's maudlin desire for sympathy in the affair, and, sick at heart, had gone on a trip abroad. She determined to write for a loan to Rosedale, who had made her an open offer of his purse, either with or without his hand, but, as she sat with suspended pen, unable to put the humiliating appeal on paper, a letter came to her from Mrs. Dorset, inviting her to go with her and her husband yachting in the Mediterranean. She eagerly accepted the invitation, and the party left New York within a week.

Mrs. Dorset, in place of the unimpressionable Selden, had taken up Ned Silverton, a beautiful young "poet of passion," as her *cicisbeo*; and, when the yacht reached the romantic land of Italy, she became so reckless in her endearments that Lily was hard put to it to conceal them from Mr. Dorset, who, indeed, with cynical indifference, was ready to wink at merely sentimental infidelity on the part of his wife, although he was not prepared to tolerate any action of hers that invited public scandal. At last Mrs. Dorset crossed the line into this forbidden territory. She and her poet went ashore for an after-

noon's excursion through the groves of the Riviera, and failed to return until next morning, leaving Mr. Dorset and Miss Bart together waiting for them. A prying society reporter discovered the situation of the innocent couple, and spread the news about by word of mouth among the Dorsets' acquaintances, and Mrs. Dorset, with defiant impudence, made the scandal public by declaring before a dinner-party on shore next day, that "Miss Bart would not return to the yacht."

Lawrence Selden was a guest at the dinner, having drifted in his restless, circling flight about Europe toward the presence of Lily Bart. At the public humiliation of the woman in whose inherent purity he still believed, in spite of all the apparently strong evidence against her, he arose and escorted her from the room.

Lily returned at once to New York. While she was on the ocean her aunt died, leaving her fortune to another niece, with the exception of a legacy of ten thousand dollars to Lily, with instructions that she was to save the family honor by using it to pay her debts.

The inevitable delay in settling the estate was intolerable to Lily. In order to repay Gus Trenor she even subjected herself to the humiliation of the malignant heiress's refusal to advance her the amount of the legacy. Then she thought again of Rosedale, who was continuing his attentions, although he had not repeated his offer of marriage. She sought him out and humbly told him that she would now accept his proposal. But he plainly informed her that he could not now afford to marry her, unless she made her peace with Mrs. Dorset and was reëstablished in the social world, where now, after his long struggle, he had gained a foothold.

At this juncture a means for such reëstablishment presented itself. The scrubwoman of the Benedict met Lily in the street, and showed her several passionate love-letters to Selden from "Bertha," evidently supposing that Lily, whom she recognized as the visitor to his apartments, was their author. These letters she had pieced together from fragments found in Selden's waste-basket. Lily recognized them as from Mrs. Dorset, and, thinking only of Selden, she bought the letters at a price she could ill afford. It was not until she reached her room

that the temptation assailed her to use them in forcing Mrs. Dorset to grant her the public apology that would wipe out her undeserved disgrace and, by establishing her in her old position further secure wealth and power for her as the wife of Rosedale, the multimillionaire.

Then she met Dorset, the poltroon who had failed to defend her in the hour of her crucifixion. At the price of her dismissing Silverton (who speedily went to the bad, to the financial ruin and anguish of soul of his only relative, a doting maiden aunt), he had made peace with his wife. Now, on her return to New York, she had taken up her old course, and he had determined upon a divorce to end his agony. He appealed to Miss Bart to free him and exonerate himself by testifying in court as to the true situation on the yacht. But the letters gave her opportunity for this revenge and rehabilitation without publicity.

What would Selden do in her situation? In a moment she made her decision. "Good-by—I'm sorry; but you must do without my help."

Fearing that she would not abide by her resolution, she burned the letters. In order to live, she then cut off all hopes of reëntering her own set by taking a place as "social secretary" with a dashing rich widow of a bohemian circle. Selden heard of this, and, knowing of her legacy, but not that it was forestalled, expostulated with her for taking such occupation. She defended herself with bitterness, but resigned the place. Then she secured employment as a workwoman in a fashionable milliner-shop. Here she very quickly discovered her inefficiency, and saved herself from the humiliation of dismissal by resignation. Without employment (she subsisted upon the sale of her clothing), her mind had opportunity to prey upon itself, and she went into a physical decline. She wandered in the parks by day, and lay awake at night, thinking, thinking. To relieve her insomnia she began taking chloral. Rosedale met her on the street one day, and, alarmed at her appearance, indirectly gave her to understand his purse was at her service. But she refused the offer with gratitude.

In her mental distress a great longing seized her to see Selden, and she visited him at his apartment. As he looked up in surprise, she said simply: "I have come to tell you I am sorry for

what I said to you that day at Mrs. Hatch's. You were right. I have left the place."

"Lily! Lily!" he cried contritely, in alarm at her appearance—for poverty was evident in her dress, as well as illness in her face—"forgive me; I advised you for what I thought was the best. I should have trusted you to find your own way out. Don't overwhelm me with a sense of my officiousness!" And he took her gently by the arm to lead her to a chair; but she refused to sit.

"I must go. I do not think you were officious. Believe me, I am not ungrateful. It has always been you who have kept me from mistakes—from really becoming what people have thought me. Now I have come to say thank you, and good-by."

"But this real Lily Bart—the one I know you to be, and not the one people have thought you—do you know, she has been an influence in my life that I cannot spare. Oh, do not take her from me!"

"Then I shall leave her with you. Good-by, Lawrence Selden; good-by, Lily Bart!" she said, and was gone.

When she reached her little hall bedroom she found a letter under the door. It contained the long-delayed check for the amount of her inheritance. She sat down and addressed two envelopes—one to the bank where she still retained a meager balance, and one to Charles Augustus Trenor, 150 Wall Street. She enclosed the check for ten thousand dollars in the former, and, writing a check for nine thousand dollars, placed it in the latter. Taking a bottle of chloral from her bureau drawer, she poured out a dose, drank it, and afterward took a deep draught from the bottle. Then she lay down upon her bed.

Selden, alarmed at Lily's wild and portentous words of farewell, sent his cousin, Gerty Farrish, to see her, and take her home to Gerty's apartment. Miss Farrish came too late. Leaving the dying girl in charge of a doctor, she returned to Selden and told him the tragic news.

He hurried to Lily's room. Before he dared to look fully upon her dead face, his eye caught sight of the envelopes upon the dressing-table. He took them up, and with a pang of his old suspicion, poisoned by latent jealousy, he saw that one was

addressed to Trenor. The flap was still ungummed. Temptation leaped upon him, and he staggered under it; then, drawing himself up, laid the letter down unopened. Then he saw the check-book on the table, and, taking it, he read from the last stub the truth of the tragedy.

Then he had courage to turn to the bed. Kneeling, he bent over her; and in the silence the word that made all clear passed between them.

OSCAR FINGALL O'FLAHERTIE WILLS WILDE

(Ireland, 1856–1900)

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY (1890)

This novel appeared first in *Lippincott's Magazine* for July, 1890. In 1884 Mr. Wilde was frequently in Basil Ward's studio, where one of the artist's sitters was a young man of such eminent beauty that he was nicknamed "The Radiant Youth." When the painting was completed, and the original had left the studio, Wilde said: "What a pity that such a glorious creature should ever grow old!" "Yes," answered Mr. Ward; "how delightful it would be if he could remain exactly as he is, while the portrait aged and withered in his stead." The novel was highly praised by the American press for the profound moral lesson it conveyed, and savagely attacked by the British reviewers for its insidious immorality. In reply to one of these adverse critics, Wilde wrote a defense of the work, in which he said: "The moral is this: all excess, as well as all renunciation, brings its own punishment. The painter, Basil Hallward, worshiping physical beauty far too much, as most painters do, dies by the hand of one in whom he has created a monstrous and absurd vanity. Dorian Gray, having led a life of mere sensation and pleasure, tries to kill Conscience, and at that moment kills himself."

OT exhibit it, Basil? Why, this would be criminal! It is just the thing for the Grosvenor."

"No, for the Rogues' Gallery."

"I thought Dorian Gray was a prince of perfection in your eyes."

"So he is, but it is his own character that an artist exhibits in his pictures; I have put too much of myself in this one—an aspect of my nature that appalls me. When I looked upon his perfect face, I knew that my free, peaceful life was ended, and that Fate had in store for me exquisite joys and exquisite sorrows."

"Absurd! there is your art to attract your devotion."

"He is all my art to me now. What the face of Antinoüs was to late Greek sculpture, the face of Dorian Gray has become to me. His personality has suggested an entirely new manner

in art. It seems to me that I have bartered my own soul for this divination of beauty."

"I should like to see—no, the portrait is sufficient for that—I should like to know this wonderful boy."

"For my sake, for his sake, do not attempt it, Harry. He has a simple and a beautiful nature, that is as plastic as it is pure. Your influence over him would be absolute, and it would be evil."

"What nonsense you talk," said Lord Henry Wotton.

At this moment Dorian Gray entered the studio. When he saw Lord Henry a faint blush colored his cheek. "I beg your pardon, Basil; I didn't know you had anyone with you."

Yes, the boy is wonderfully handsome, thought Lord Henry, noting Dorian's finely curved scarlet lips, his frank blue eyes, his crisp gold hair. And all the candor of youth and youth's passionate purity were there, as well as youth's beauty.

"This is Lord Henry Wotton, Dorian, an old Oxford friend of mine," said the painter. "He is just going, as I have told him I must finish your picture to-day."

"Why mayn't he stay, if it pleases him?"

Hallward bit his lip. "If Dorian wishes it, of course you must stay."

Lord Henry seated himself, and Dorian mounted the dais.

"Don't move about too much," said the painter to Dorian, "and pay no attention to what Lord Henry says. He has a very bad influence over all his friends but me."

"Have you really as bad an influence as Basil says?" Dorian inquired.

"There is no such thing as a good influence, Mr. Gray. All influence is immoral. The aim of life is self-development. But people are afraid of themselves nowadays. The terror of society, which is the basis of morals; the terror of God, which is the basis of religion—these are the two things that govern us. And yet I believe if one man would dare to live his own life, giving form to every feeling, expression to every thought, reality to every dream, the world would gain such a fresh impulse of joy that we should forget the maladies of medievalism and return to the Hellenic ideal. The only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it. You, Mr. Gray, with your rose-white youth, which you should

cherish before it fades into the repulsiveness of age and rots into the hideousness of death, have had passions that have made you afraid—day-dreams and sleeping-dreams that stained your cheek with shame—"

"Stop!" murmured Dorian; "you bewilder me. There is some answer to you, but I cannot find it."

There was silence in the studio. Hallward stopped painting; looked scrutinizingly at his sitter, and then, saying: "It is finished," traced his name on the left-hand corner of the canvas.

Dorian looked at his portrait, and the sense of his own beauty came to him like a revelation. Conjoined with it was the warning of Lord Henry that it would pass into decay and dissolution. A sharp pang of pain struck through him like a knife, followed by a chilling numbness of the heart, as if a hand of ice had gripped it.

"How awful!" he groaned. "I shall grow old, and horrid, and dreadful, but this picture will remain always young. If it were only the other way! For this I would sell my very soul."

The next day Dorian received a book from Lord Henry. It was a novel without a plot and with only one character, a young Parisian who spent his life trying to realize in the end of the nineteenth century all the passions that belonged to the preceding ages, and to sum up in himself the various moods through which the world-spirit had passed; loving those renunciations that men have unwisely called virtue as much as those natural rebellions that wise men call sin. The literary style of the book was consonant with the strange motive. There were in it metaphors as monstrous as orchids, and as evil in color. The cadences of the sentences were monotonous, yet subtly musical. They produced in the mind of the lad a malady of dreaming, that made him unconscious of the creeping shadows of twilight. Lord Henry called and found him in this reverie.

"I thought you would like the book," he said.

"Like it!" replied Dorian. "I do not like it; it fascinates me. There is a great difference."

"Ah, if you have discovered that, you have discovered a great deal."

The first teaching of the book to Dorian was a lesson in love. The woman of the present, with her foibles and her fashions,

her affectations and insincerities, had no fascination for him. He desired the pure beauty of the ages past, not in one woman, but in many women. This he found summed up in an actress, Sibyl Vane. She was a young girl of independent fortune, living with her mother. She had joined a company of obscure actors, most of whom, like herself, played without pay and furnished their own costumes for the sake of an introduction to the stage. They were giving Shakespearian plays at a third-rate theater. Dorian Gray strolled in one evening. The play was *Romeo and Juliet*, and Sibyl Vane was the heroine. Her girlish beauty and the sweet simplicity of her acting filled Dorian with a sense of charm that he never had known before. The manager, a Jew, came to him at the close of the performance, and offered to introduce him to Juliet; but Dorian refused the invitation, saying: "Juliet has been dead for centuries, and her body is lying in a marble tomb in Verona."

Night after night Dorian frequented the theater. To Sir Henry Wotton, who had become his close friend, he described his impressions of Sibyl Vane: "One evening she is Miranda, and the next she is Imogen. I have seen her die in the gloom of an Italian tomb, sucking the poison from her lover's lips. I have watched her wandering through the forest of Arden, disguised as a pretty boy in hose and doublet and dainty cap. She has been mad, and has come into the presence of a guilty king, and given him rue to wear, and bitter herbs to taste of. She has been innocent, and the black hands of jealousy have crushed her reed-like throat. I have seen her in every age and in every costume, and to the end of my life, when I shall be old and hideous, she will remain to me the body and soul of dear, immortal youth."

"Have you talked with her?"

"Yes, the Jew was persistent, and at the third performance I consented to go behind the scenes. It is curious, my not wanting to know her, isn't it?"

"No; I don't think so. You should not have gone. I lost my early delight in the drama by meeting actresses in real life. But what about the girl?"

"Oh, she was shy and gentle, and so sweetly unconscious of her power. The old Jew insisted on calling me "My lord,"

and I had to assure Sibyl I was nothing of the kind. She said simply, "You look more like a prince."

"On my word, Dorian, your unsophisticated actress knows how to pay compliments."

"You don't understand her, Harry. She regarded me merely as a person in a play. She knows nothing of life. Oh, it was a happy day when I met her! I love her, love her, and always shall; and last night she told me that she loved me in the same immortal way! I want you to see her. I intend to break her contract with the Jew, and take her to a West End theater, and bring her out properly."

That evening Sir Henry went with Dorian to see Sibyl play Juliet. Through the rout of ungainly, shabbily dressed actors she moved like a creature from a finer world. But when she spoke it was with a strange listlessness. The voice was exquisite, but its tone was absolutely false.

Dorian grew pale as he watched her. Sir Henry did not dare to say anything to him. She seemed utterly incompetent. But he waited hopefully for the balcony scene. Here her staginess was so execrable that Sir Henry could not forbear an exclamation of disappointment. Dorian groaned in anguish. Even the audience of commonplace people showed their restlessness by talking and even whistling. Some tittered, and others began to leave the theater. The Jew manager, who stood back of the dress-circle, was glowering and swearing with rage. Romeo plainly showed his disgust. The only person unmoved was the girl herself.

At the close of the second act there was a storm of hisses, and Lord Henry got up and put on his coat.

"She is quite beautiful, Dorian," he said, "but she can't act. Let us go."

"I am going to see the play through," answered the lad. "I am sorry I made you waste an evening, Harry."

"Don't take it so hard, Dorian," said Lord Henry, departing. "I don't suppose you will want your wife to remain upon the stage. She is very lovely, and if she knows as little about life as she knows about acting, she will be a delightful experience."

As soon as the play was over, Dorian rushed behind the scenes. He found Sibyl standing alone. Her eyes were radi-

ant, and her parted lips were smiling over some secret of their own. She looked at Gray, and an expression of infinite joy came over her. "How badly I acted to-night, Dorian!"

"Horribly. What is the matter?"

"Don't you understand? I shall always be bad. I never shall act again."

"No, I don't understand. You made yourself and me ridiculous. My friend was bored. I was bored."

"Dorian, before I knew you, acting was the one reality of my life. I knew nothing but shadows, and thought them substantial things. Then you came—oh, my beautiful love!—and taught me what reality really is. To-night, for the first time in my life, I saw through the sham, the silliness, of the empty pageant in which I had been living. Suddenly it dawned on my soul what it all meant: I heard the hissing, and smiled. What should they know of love? Oh, Dorian, even if I were able to play at being in love, I could not bring myself to do it—that would be profanation."

"You have killed my love," he muttered.

She laughed, and came to him. She touched his hair caressingly, and, taking his hands, kissed them.

He tore them away. "I loved you because you had genius and intellect. You made real to me the dreams of great poets. You have thrown it all away. You are shallow and stupid. My God! how mad I was to love you! I never will see you again. You have spoiled the romance of my life. I would have made you famous, magnificent. What are you without your art? A third-rate actress with a pretty face!"

The girl grew white. "You are acting, Dorian," she said, and clung about his neck, kissing him.

He flung her away, and she dropped upon the floor at his feet. "Forgive me," she implored. "I will work so hard, and try to improve. Oh, don't leave me, don't leave me!"

"I am going," he said in a clear, calm voice. "I don't wish to be unkind, but I can't see you again."

Entering his apartments, he went at once to his portrait. But it smiled ironically at him. About the mouth curved a line of cruelty he never before had observed. He picked up an ivory hand-mirror, framed with lascivious figures, which Lord Henry

had given him. No line like that in the portrait warped his red lips. What did it mean?

Suddenly he remembered the wish he had made in Hallward's studio, that he might remain fresh and young, and the portrait take on the hard lines of age and experience. Calling his valet, he ordered him to cover the picture from sight.

In the morning he determined to go to Sybil and ask forgiveness. Among other good resolutions, he determined to break with Lord Henry. There came a knock at the door.

"It is Harry, Harry Wotton," said the visitor. Dorian did not reply. "Let me in; I wish to tell you how sorry I am—about Sibyl Vane."

Dorian let him in.

"It is dreadful," said Lord Henry. "Tell me, did you see her after the play?"

"Yes."

"Did you make a scene?"

"I was perfectly brutal. But it's all right. I'm not sorry. It has taught me to know myself better."

"Ah, I am so relieved! That is the way to take it."

"Yes, I know what conscience is. It is not what you told me. It is our divinest possession."

"A charming esthetic basis for ethics. How are you going to begin?"

"By marrying Sibyl Vane."

"Marrying—Sibyl—Vane!" cried Lord Henry. "Did you not get my telegram? Have you not seen the morning papers?"

"No," said Dorian in alarm.

"Dorian, Sibyl Vane is dead—and by her own hand."

The grief of Dorian Gray, while demonstrative, had a vein of insincerity, of selfishness in it; this Sir Henry detected, and he made artful use of it in comforting his friend. He said to Dorian, very gently:

"You once remarked that Sibyl Vane was immortal in her artistic life—that if she died as Desdemona one night, she came to life as Imogen the next. So to you she will always be a dream. She was a creature of fantasy. The moment she touched actual life, she marred it, and it marred her. Mourn for Ophelia if you like; cry out against Heaven because the

daughter of Brabantio died, but waste no tears over Sibyl Vane. She was less real than they."

That evening, while Sibyl's mother sat alone with the dead body of the girl, Dorian sat with Sir Henry in a box at the opera, attracting more notice than the tenor on the stage.

Rumors began to spread about the evil influence that Sir Henry was exerting over Dorian Gray. Indulgence in strange and even monstrous vices was ascribed to the two. Although Dorian had shunned Basil Hallward of late, the painter felt it his duty to keep in touch with the young man. Accordingly he visited Dorian at his apartments.

"Why have you covered up my masterpiece?" he asked.

"The light was too strong," said Dorian, somewhat confused.

"Impossible; I selected the position myself," said the painter, walking toward the picture.

Dorian uttered a cry of terror. "If you touch that screen, all is over between us!"

A light seemed to dawn on Hallward's face. "Then you have observed it, too?" he inquired.

"Observed what?"

"That I have endowed the painting with a sort of personality, which reveals the secrets of character."

"My God, yes! What black art have you employed?"

"An art that I learned wholly from your beautiful self, Dorian. The artistic self is an entity apart from the natural, moral, real self, and there should be no shame if anyone discovers in it evil characteristics. So I have come to beg you to allow me to exhibit the portrait."

"Exhibit it!" screamed Dorian. "Curse you and your impudence! I never wish to see you again."

Thinking that Dorian had found in the picture evil traits of the painter, Hallward turned humbly away. As soon as he was gone, Dorian sent the picture to an attic room, locked the door, and hid the key in his breast.

Dorian was less and less often invited to country houses. He was blackballed at a West End club. Certain gentlemen always walked out of a public dining-room when he entered it. Women who had wildly adored him, and for his sake had braved social censure, grew pallid with shame when Dorian Gray en-

tered the room. The stories about his vicious habits increased. It was said that he had been seen with foreign sailors in a low den in Whitechapel; that he consorted with thieves and coiners —indeed, that he was engaged in counterfeiting money in a room in the top of his own house, the door of which was always kept bolted when he was within, and found locked in his absence.

Again Basil Hallward sought Dorian Gray, to turn him if possible from his evil course.

"Dorian," he said, "you don't know what is said about you. I won't tell you that I don't wish to preach about you. I remember Harry saying once that every man who turns himself into an amateur curate for the moment always says this, and then proceeds to break his word. I do wish to preach to you. You have a wonderful influence. Let it be for good and not for evil. A friend had shown me a letter that his wife wrote to him when she was dying at Mentone. Your name was implicated in the most terrible confession I ever read. I told him that it was absurd; that you were incapable of anything of the kind, for I knew you thoroughly. This was a lie; I do not know you. To do so, I should have to see your soul. And only God can do that."

A bitter laugh broke from the lips of the younger man. "You shall see it yourself to-night!" he said. "You have chattered enough about corruption. Now you shall look on it face to face. It is your own handiwork."

Dorian Gray took Basil Hallward to the room in the attic, unlocked the door, and bade him enter. As Dorian was lighting a half-burned candle that stood on the mantelpiece, Basil saw that the whole place was covered with dust. A mouse ran scuffling behind the wainscoting. There was a damp odor of mildew.

A picture stood on an easel in the middle of the room, bound about with a curtain. Dorian produced a long, sharp knife, and cut the heavy cord. He took hold of the covering.

"So you think that it is only God who sees the soul, Basil? Well, you shall see mine," he sneered, and drew the curtain.

An exclamation of horror broke from Hallward, as a hideous visage leered at him from the canvas. Good heavens! It was

Dorian Gray's own face! The horror, whatever it was, had not yet entirely marred that marvelous beauty. There was still some gold in the thinning, graying hair, and some scarlet on the sensual lips. The sodden eyes had a touch of amethyst; the noble curves still remained in the chiseled nostrils and the plastic throat. Yes, it was Dorian himself. But who had done it? Hallward seized the candle and looked for the artist's signature. In the left-hand corner was his own name, traced in long letters of bright vermilion.

"Well, it is your work," said Dorian, at last. "When I was an innocent boy you met me, devoted yourself to me, flattered me, taught me to prize my beauty. You remember that mad wish I made? It has come true."

"I tell you the thing is impossible. The mildew has got into the canvas." Hallward examined the picture again. The surface was as he had left it. It was from within, apparently, that the foulness and horror had come. Through some strange quickening of inner life the leprosies of sin were slowly eating the thing away. The rotting of a corpse in a watery grave was not so fearful.

As the artist stood spellbound by the horror of it, Dorian Gray also looked at the picture. Suddenly an uncontrollable hatred for Basil Hallward seized him. His eyes fell upon the knife with which he had cut the cord. He took it, rushed upon the artist, and stabbed him in the neck and back again and again.

Dorian Gray passed out, locked the door, and went down the stairs. He hid Hallward's coat and hat in a secret press in the wainscoting. Then he sat down and considered how he should remove the body. No, removal would not do. Not so much through fear of detection as through hatred of the painter, which was growing every moment, he determined that the corpse should be utterly destroyed, annihilated.

He thought of a man, a brilliant young chemist, with whom he had been on terms of closest friendship, which had suddenly come to an end. When they met in society now, it was only Dorian Gray who smiled; Alan Campbell never did.

Gray sent for Campbell, and calmly told him that he had murdered Basil Hallward.

"You, Alan, must change him, and everything that belongs to him, into a handful of ashes that I may scatter in the air."

"You are insane, Dorian!" cried Campbell, "and I should be insane to do this fearful thing you ask."

"You refuse?"

"Absolutely."

A look of pity came into Dorian's eyes of tender blue. He wrote a line on a slip of paper, and handed this to Campbell.

As the chemist read it, his face became ghastly pale, and he fell back in his chair.

"I will do it!" he gasped. "Is there fire in the room?"

"Yes, a gas-fire with asbestos."

Campbell went out, and in a half-hour returned with several bundles. Gray gave him the key, and Campbell went up-stairs with his materials.

In four hours he came down again, pale but absolutely calm. "It is done. Good-by forever, Dorian Gray."

Gray went up-stairs. There was a horrible smell of chemicals in the room. But the thing that had lain at the foot of the easel was gone.

Returning to his library, Dorian Gray observed the book that Sir Henry Wotton had given him. He took it next day to Sir Henry. "Harry," he said, "take back your poisonous gift. Never give it to another young man to be infected. Keep it yourself—you are Mithridates."

"Whence this sudden return to virtue, Dorian?"

"Vice begins to bore me. I will be good for a change. I am going to the country. It is very stupid in town."

"What, with everybody talking of my divorce case? Besides, the morning papers are full of the suicide of Alan Campbell, and the mysterious disappearance of Basil Hallward. I rather imagine it is that sweet country maiden, Hetty Merton, who is luring you away."

"No, Harry, exactly the opposite. I passed her this morning in the city. She was gazing into a florist's window and did not see me. I have determined never to see her again—to leave her as flower-like as when I found her amid the apple-blossoms last May."

"Ah, Dorian, what a being you are! You have robbed in-

dulgence of its natural penalties—for your face is as pure as a child's—and now you intend to make the rod of penance burst into blossoms of scented delights."

Dorian returned to his house in a happy, almost beatific mood over plans for the future. He could not be blamed for the past. It had been very wrong in Sibyl Vane to kill herself in such haste, when the morrow would have made things all right again. Basil Hallward deserved his death; he had painted the accursed portrait. Alan Campbell's suicide was his own act. In any case, Dorian's renunciation of Hetty Merton, a girl who had evidently, through love, followed him to the city, was a good deed to set off against these other acts.

He went to the attic room, and saw that the portrait had a new expression, a look of cunning in the eye, and in the mouth the curved wrinkle of the hypocrite. And what was that red stain on the hand? Blood! As he looked at it, it seemed to grow larger, to spread over the hand; there was another on the hand that had not held the knife. Yes, the stains were dripping, dripping, even to the feet!

Confess? Did it mean that he was to give himself up, and be put to death? No! He would destroy the accursed thing. He looked around, and saw the knife that had stabbed Basil Hallward. He seized it, and slashed the picture into ribbons.

A cry was heard, and a crash. When the servants forced an entrance into the room they found upon an easel a splendid portrait of their master as they had last seen him, in all the wonder of his exquisite youth and beauty. Lying on the floor was a dead man, in evening dress, with a knife in his heart. He was withered, wrinkled, and loathsome of visage. It was not until they examined his finger-rings that they recognized who it was.

MARY ELEANOR WILKINS

(MRS. CHARLES M. FREEMAN)

(United States, 1862)

JANE FIELD (1892)

This was the author's first novel. She had hitherto been known only as a writer of short stories, all depicting New England life and characters. Of this, her first venture in larger work, she says: "As it was my first novel, I kept it as short and as simple in plot as possible. It is really more like a long short-story than a novel." The characters are purely imaginary. Of the central figure in the book she says: "Of course Jane Field is a typical New England woman, with a typical New England conscience, who showed as stern a persistency in doing wrong as, later, she showed in doing right, and in righting the wrong." We present here Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman's own shortened version of her story.

MANDA PRATT sat in the parlor of her half of her cottage-house in Green River, the home of her parents and grandparents before her. The other half she rented to Mrs. Jane Field and her daughter Lois, who taught the village school.

Amanda had a caller, Mrs. Adoniram Babcock. They spoke of a rumor in the village that the health of Lois Field was much impaired, though neither she nor her mother would admit it. Her visit ended, Mrs. Babcock crossed the hall to call on Mrs. Field, and there she touched upon the same subject, alluding tactlessly to the fact that Mrs. Field's sister, Mrs. Esther Maxwell, had died of consumption.

"I dunno what folks mean, talkin' so," said Mrs. Field. "Lois ain't been lookin' very well, as I know of, lately; but it's the spring of the year, an' she's always apt to feel it."

They also spoke of a long-standing coolness between Esther Maxwell's husband, Edward, dead some years, and his father, Thomas Maxwell, a miserly old man still living, caused by the

son's once making an unwise investment against his father's advice.

On her way home Mrs. Babcock met Lois returning from school, several pupils with her. She inquired after Lois's health, and said that she ought to take a little vacation, which the girl resented, as later she resented her mother's attempts to wait on her and fuss over her. After supper Mrs. Field went to prayer-meeting. Ever since her daughter had been ill she had had a terrified impulse in her meeting-going. It seemed to her that if she stayed away Lois might be worse. Unconsciously her church-attendance became a species of spell, or propitiation to a terrifying deity, and the wild instinct of the African awoke in the New England woman.

The service over, she stopped at the village store, which was also the post-office. There the postmaster handed her a letter addressed to Mrs. Esther Maxwell, which she found to be from a lawyer, Daniel Tuxbury, of the town of Elliot, saying that old Thomas Maxwell was dead, and by his will the property was to go to his son's wife, Esther Maxwell, and in the event of her death to his brother's daughter, Flora Maxwell.

After reading the letter Mrs. Field walked home with a neighbor, Mrs. Green, who spoke warningly of Lois's condition. It transpired from their talk that the mother realized her daughter's ill-health, but was powerless to give her the rest she needed, as they were dependent on the girl's salary for support; also, that she had at one time lent to her brother-in-law, Edward Maxwell, fifteen hundred dollars, and he never had been able to repay it. After his death she had tried unsuccessfully to get it from his father, who was well-to-do. When Mrs. Field's sister Esther had begun to fail, they had once more applied to him for help, and he had refused, so they never troubled him again, and he was not notified of Esther Maxwell's death.

Jane Field did not follow her first impulse to tell Lois of the letter. After Lois had gone to school the next morning, as Mrs. Field was dusting a shell box full of photographs, she suddenly stopped and took out the pictures, looking them over carefully. Replacing all but one, she went across to Amanda's parlor with that in her hand. Amanda, being asked whose likeness it was, declared it to be Mrs. Field, but the latter told her it was a pic-

ture of Esther Maxwell, taken ten years previously, and that they had always been mistaken for each other when they were girls.

That noon, which was Friday, Lois did not come home to dinner. While her mother stood at the gate watching for her, a friend of hers, Ida Starr, passing, expressed the hope that Lois was pretty well.

"No," Mrs. Field cried out. "She ain't well; she's sick. She wa'n't fit to go to school. She couldn't hardly crawl out of the yard. She ain't got home, and I'm terrible worried. I dunno but she's fell down."

Ida offered to go past her own home to the school, and look for Lois, while Mrs. Field returned to the house. As she was telling Amanda Pratt of her anxiety they heard a buggy drive up, and Ida Starr's father, one of the school committee, lifted Lois out. She had lain down by the road to rest, where he had found her. Mrs. Field, after yielding to that abandon of grief which is the purest selfishness, decided what she would do. On Sunday night she told Amanda Pratt she was going to Elliot, and asked her to board Lois for a week or two. Amanda consented, and Mrs. Field set out the next morning, not having told Lois until then that she was going.

Jane Field arrived at Elliot in the late afternoon and inquired the way to Lawyer Tuxbury's office. He proved to be a small, sharp-eyed man, whose youthful agility had crystallized into a nervous pomposity. He was white-haired and somewhat deaf. As he advanced to meet her, suddenly he stopped short; he had passed a broad slant of dusty sunlight that had lain between him and his visitor, and he could see her face plainly. His own elongated for a second, his under jaw lopped, and his brows contracted.

"Why, Mrs. Maxwell!" said he; "how do you do?"

"I'm pretty well, thank you," replied Mrs. Field. She tried to bow, but her back would not bend.

"I'm delighted to see you," said the lawyer. "I recognize you perfectly now. I should have before, if the sun had not been in my eyes. I never forget a face."

In one of the pauses of their talk, Lawyer Tuxbury suddenly excused himself and stepped out into the yard, which held both

his house and his office. When he returned he had with him a small, straight-backed woman full of nervous vibrations, who recognized Mrs. Field after some hesitation.

"It's Mis' Maxwell, ain't it—Edward's wife? How do you do, Esther? I hadn't seen you for so long I wasn't quite sure, but I see who you are now."

They exchanged stiff greetings, and the old lady continued: "You ain't changed much, come to look at you; not so much as I have, I s'pose. I don't expect you'd know me, would you?"

"I—don't know as I would." Mrs. Field recoiled from a lie, even in the midst of falsehood.

When the old lady had gone, Lawyer Tuxbury turned to Mrs. Field. "Mrs. Henry Maxwell was not any too pleased to see you sitting here," he whispered, with a confidential smile.

Mrs. Field recognized the name as that of the mother of the young woman who was the real legatee to Thomas Maxwell's property. Refusing his offer of hospitality, as she had refused that of Mrs. Maxwell, she insisted on going at once to the old Maxwell house. The lawyer accompanied her there, let her in, and lighted a lamp for her. As soon as he had left, Jane Field dropped into a chair in the sitting-room and sat there all night, afraid to move.

In the morning she returned to the lawyer's and for two hours listened to a minute description of the Maxwell property. When this was completed Mr. Tuxbury leaned back, then suddenly straightened up and said: "Let me see, Mrs. Maxwell, you had a sister, did you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is she living?"

"No, sir." Mrs. Field said this with a gasping readiness to speak one truth.

"Let me see, what was her name?" asked the lawyer. "No, wait a moment; I'll tell you; I've heard it." He held up a hand as if warding off an answer, and his face became furrowed with reflective wrinkles. "Field!" he cried suddenly, with a jerk, and beamed at her. "Yes, your sister's name was Field. When did she die, Mrs. Maxwell?"

"Two years ago."

There was a strange little smothered exclamation from some-

one near the office door. Mrs. Field turned suddenly, and saw her daughter Lois standing there.

She got up. "Oh, it's you, Lois," she said calmly. "You thought you'd come too, didn't you?"

Then she turned to the lawyer. "I'll make you acquainted with Miss Lois Field," said she. "Lois, I'll make you acquainted with Mr. Tuxbury."

The lawyer at once inferred that the girl was her niece, and insisted on their remaining to dinner. After that ordeal was over, they soon left. When they reached the Maxwell place Mrs. Field stopped, and told her daughter what house it was. Lois remonstrated about entering, but finally followed her mother into the house.

Mrs. Field took off her bonnet and shawl, folded the shawl carefully in the creases, and laid it on the table. She pulled up a curtain. Then she turned, and confronted her daughter's eyes. The whole house was to her full of the clamor of their questioning. She tried to explain her position.

"I s'pose you heard what he was sayin' to me when you come in, Lois. I didn't tell him I was your Aunt Esther. The minute I come in he took me for her, an' Mis' Henry Maxwell come into his office, an' she did, an' so did Mr. Tuxbury's sister. I wa'n't goin' to tell him I wa'n't her. An' I'll tell you why. I'm goin' to have that fifteen hundred dollars of your poor father's earnin's that I lent your uncle, out of this property."

"Then—you'd got this—all planned?"

Her mother took her up sharply.

"No, I hadn't got it all planned," said she. "I don't deny it come into my head. I knew how much folks said I looked like Esther, but I didn't go so far as to plan it; there needn't anybody say I did."

Lois made evident her distress and sorrow over her mother's decision to remain in Elliot, and after they had retired for the night her mother heard her get up softly, close the door between their rooms, and bolt it. It was the first time she had ever shut herself away from her mother. The next morning Lois would not come to the breakfast-table until assured that the food had been bought with her money. After breakfast she got her hat and announced that she was going to the lawyer's office to tell

him. Mrs. Field reminded her that to do so would be to put her mother in state prison.

"Then I'll put you there," said she, in a cruel voice. "That's where you ought to go, mother."

She went out and sat huddled against one of the porch-pillars most of the day. In the afternoon Mrs. Henry Maxwell, whose name was Jane, called with her young nephew, Francis Arms. She invited Mrs. Field and Lois to take tea at her house the next afternoon. As the talk progressed, Mrs. Field became involved in difficulties, as she had been from the start. She could not remember the young man, whom Esther Maxwell was supposed to know well, and Mrs. Jane Maxwell commented on it.

"Seems to me it's dreadful queer; I guess your memory ain't as good as mine. I s'pose you're beginnin' to feel kind of wonted here, Esther. It's a pretty big house, but then it ain't as if you hadn't been here before. I s'pose it seems kind of familiar to you, if you ain't seen it for so long. I s'pose it all comes back to you, don't it?"

There was a pause.

"No, I'm afraid it don't," said Mrs. Field. Although fairly in the slough of deceit, she still held up her Puritan skirts.

At last Mrs. Jane Maxwell proposed that her nephew take Lois over to the cemetery to see a fine, large monument recently placed there. As they walked along, nobody would have dreamed how her heart, in spite of the terrible exigency in which she was placed, was panting insensibly with the sweet rhythm of youth. She had not been able to help a strange feeling when she first looked into this young man's face. It was as if she were suddenly thrust from her old familiar places, like a young bird from its nest into space, and had to use a strange new motion of her soul to keep herself from falling.

After seeing the monument, they sat down in a beautiful spot at the edge of the cemetery, and Francis asked whether Lois and her aunt were going to live in Elliot. To his surprise, she burst into tears. He tried to comfort her. After she had recovered herself, she asked whether he knew of any school she could get to teach. Ida Starr's father had given the school to his daughter, because he thought Lois wasn't able to keep on with it.

Francis, indignant at her supposed aunt's stinginess, tried to console her in his kindly, boyish way. She did not get a chance to teach, but found some sewing to do at home, which gave them a scanty living.

The next day Lois and her mother went to take tea with Mrs. Jane Maxwell. They arrived very early. When Mrs. Maxwell appeared, she said her daughter Flora would be down presently. She did not come, however; and after a while Lois saw a young woman carrying a valise leave the yard. Presently the other guests began to arrive, the women coming first, including the minister's wife. A stiff interchange of courtesies being over, this lady spoke of having been pleasantly delayed by a wedding.

"I told Flora that her mother must be a brave woman to invite company to tea the afternoon her daughter was married, and I thought we all ought to appreciate it," said the minister's wife.

The other women gasped. Mrs. Maxwell's face was yellow-white in its framework of curls, and there was a curious noise in her throat, like the premonitory click of a clock before striking.

"Well," said she, "Flora'd had this day set for the weddin' for six months. It seemed best for her to get married without any fuss at all about it. An' I thought if I had a little company to tea, it would do as well as a weddin'."

Neither then nor afterward did she give any sign of being surprised, and no one ever really found out whether she was or not. She got out a fruit-cake, trimmed it with flowers, and served it at supper as "weddin' cake"; and on the return of the runaway couple she met them ostentatiously at the station and took them home with her.

The arrival of Francis Arms lent an added interest to the tea-party for Lois, but both she and her mother were glad when the ordeal was over. Both took refuge then, as always while they stayed in Elliot, in silence—hers scared and bashful, Mrs. Field's grim and forbidding. This alone was what kept their friends from ever suspecting her of masquerading in the rôle of Esther Maxwell.

In August Amanda Pratt, Mrs. Babcock, and Mrs. Green planned a visit to Elliot as a surprise to Mrs. Field. A cheap

railroad excursion was announced, the tickets being good for a week. Their arrival at Elliot, unannounced, caused consternation to Lois and her mother, and would have complicated affairs considerably if Jane Field had not made herself so disliked there that, with one exception, no one called during their stay, and their hostess did not offer to take them about. They tried to tell her all the news of Green River, but she showed no interest. Once, when she had left the room, Mrs. Babcock said indignantly:

"She don't act to me as if she had any more interest in Green River than Jerusalem, nor the folks that live there. I keep thinkin' I won't tell her another thing about it. I never see anybody so changed as she is."

"Mebbe she ain't well," said Mrs. Green. "I think she looks awfully. She's as thin as a rail, an' she ain't a mite of color. Lois looks better."

"Mis' Field never did have any flesh on her bones," Mrs. Babcock rejoined. "An' as for Lois, nothin' ever did ail her but spring weather an' fussin'."

Mrs. Jane Maxwell called one evening, but apparently none of them noticed that she addressed Mrs. Field as "Esther." Strangely enough, however, when the danger of disclosure was nearly over, Jane Field suddenly decided to reveal her secret. One night she lay awake through the long hours, and in the morning her mind was made up. All that day there was a strange look on her face, and Lois noticed it.

In the afternoon the girl went out to carry home some sewing. As she stepped along lightly, she did not look like the same girl of three months ago. It was strange that in spite of all her terrible distress of mind and hard struggles since she had come to Elliot, it should have been so, but it was. Whether she had been afflicted with no real malady, only the languor of the spring, or whether it was the purer air of Elliot that had brought about the change, she certainly was better.

On her way home, as she was passing the cemetery, she met Francis Arms. He stopped and reminded her that their first walk was taken there, and suggested that they go in and sit down where they had sat that time. Lois at first refused, but finally consented. As they sat there Francis told Lois he loved

her, and asked her to marry him. Lois began to sob, and replied: "I can't, I can't anyway!"

Francis took her reply in a manly way. "Don't cry, dear," he said. "It was nothing you could help. I didn't much suppose you liked me. I'm an ordinary kind of fellow."

He walked off a little way, and Lois still sobbed. At last she called him:

"I didn't say—I didn't like you," she whispered as he drew near. Then she told him that some dreadful obstacle would prevent her marrying. But he waved her confession aside with boyish hopefulness.

"Oh, my dear," he said, "don't you know that obstacles go for nothing if you do like me after all?"

Then they sat happily together through the afternoon.

Meantime Mrs. Field was carrying out her fixed resolve of that long night's wakeful hours. She dressed herself in her best, all black, dress, bonnet, shawl, and gloves. Then she appeared before her guests.

"Why, what is the matter, Mis' Field?" said Mrs. Babcock. "Where be you goin'?"

"I'm goin' out a little ways," replied Mrs. Field. Then she raised her voice suddenly. "I've got something to say to all of you before I go. I've been deceivin' you and everybody here in Elliot. When I came down here, they all took me for my sister, Esther Maxwell, and I let them think so. They've all called me Esther Maxwell here. That's how I got the money. Old Mr. Maxwell left it to Flora Maxwell if my sister didn't outlive him. I shouldn't have had a cent. I stole it. I thought my daughter would die if we didn't have it and get away from Green River; but that wa'n't any excuse. Edward Maxwell had that fifteen hundred dollars of my husband's, an' I never had a cent of it; but that wa'n't any excuse. I thought I'd jest stay here an' carry it out till I got the money back; but that wa'n't any excuse. I ain't spent a cent of the money; it's all put away in a sugar-bowl in the china-closet; but that ain't any excuse. I took it on myself to do justice instead of the Lord, an' that ain't for any human bein' to do. I ain't Esther Maxwell. I'm brought up short. I ain't Esther Maxwell!" Her voice rose to a stern shriek.

Jane Field rushed out of the room, and the door closed heavily after her. Mrs. Babcock called weakly after her to come back, but she kept on. She went out of the yard and down the street. At the first house she stopped, went up to the door, and rang the bell. When a woman answered her ring, she looked at her and said: "I ain't Esther Maxwell!" Then she turned and went down the walk, and the woman stood staring after her for a minute, then ran in, and the windows were filled with wondering faces.

Jane Field stopped at the next house with the same message. She kept on down the street, and she stopped at every door and said: "I ain't Esther Maxwell." Now and then somebody tried to delay her to question her and obtain an explanation, but she broke away. There was about her a terrible mental impetus which intimidated. People stood instinctively out of her way, as before some rushing force that might overwhelm them. Daniel Tuxbury followed her out to the street; then he fell back. Mrs. Jane Maxwell caught hold of her dress, but she let go, and leaned trembling over her iron gate, looking after the relentless black figure speeding to the next door.

She went on and on, all the summer afternoon, and canvassed the little village with her remorse and confession of crime. Finally the four words that she said at the doors seemed almost involuntary. They became her one natural note, the expression of her whole life. It was as if she never had uttered any others.

At last she returned home. Some persons had followed her, and entered with her, Mr. Tuxbury, his sister and her daughter, the minister and his wife, Mrs. Jane Maxwell and Flora, the real legatee of old Thomas Maxwell. In the room also were her three Green River friends and Lois. Jane Field faced them all and said again: "I ain't Esther Maxwell."

Mr. Tuxbury declared that her mind was affected. Lois clung to her, moaning, "Mother! mother!"

Then for once her mother varied her set speech.

"Lois wa'n't to blame," she said. "I want you to know it, all of you. Lois wa'n't to blame. She didn't know until after I'd done it. She wanted to tell, but I told her they'd put me in prison. Lois wa'n't to blame. I ain't Esther Maxwell."

"Oh, mother, don't, don't!" Lois sobbed. But she kept re-

peating at intervals, in precisely the same tone, her terrible underchord to all the excitement about her: "I ain't Esther Maxwell."

The women led Jane Field into her little bedroom, took off her bonnet and shawl and dress as if she were dead, and made her lie down. They bathed her head with camphor, they plied her with soothing arguments, but she continued her one strain. She was singularly docile in all but that. Mrs. Green dropped on her knees beside the bed and prayed. When she said Amen, Jane Field called out her confession as if in the ear of God. They sent for the doctor, and he gave her a soothing draught and she slept. The women watched with her, as ever and anon she stirred and murmured in her sleep, "I ain't Esther Maxwell." And she said it when she first awoke in the morning.

"She's sayin' it now," whispered Mrs. Babcock to Mrs. Green, "and I believe she'll say it her whole life."

And Jane Field did. The stern will of the New England woman had warped her whole nature into one groove. Gradually she seemed more like herself, and her mind was in other respects apparently clear, but never did she meet a stranger unless she said for greeting, "I ain't Esther Maxwell."

And she said it to her own daughter on her wedding-day, when she came in her white dress from the minister's with Francis. The new joy in Lois's face affected her like the face of a stranger, and she turned on her and said: "I ain't Esther Maxwell."

ELLEN PRICE WOOD

(MRS. HENRY WOOD)

(England, 1814–1887)

EAST LYNNE (1861)

This was Mrs. Wood's second novel, and its immediate and great success determined her career. It was followed by more than thirty, some of which appeared after her death. This story was dramatized soon after its appearance and made a phenomenal success; it still holds the boards in England and the United States.

SIR William, Earl of Mount Severn, sat in the library of his town-house one afternoon, his sensations were anything but pleasant. His gout was troublesome, but even more conducive to his discomfort was the enormous pile of papers before him on the table. Debt! debt! debt! Sixty thousand per annum will keep a man's head above water for a time, but not forever. Therefore, when the well-known lawyer, Archibald Carlyle, unexpectedly made him an offer for his estate, East Lynne, he was much more relieved than pained at the suggestion. Terms were soon agreed on, the Earl asking but two favors—that the sale might be kept secret for a time, and that he might take his daughter, the Lady Isabel, to the old place for a short visit before leaving it forever. Mr. Carlyle cordially granted both requests. Mr. Carlyle lived in the neighboring town of West Lynne. He was seven-and-twenty, unmarried, a man of distinguished appearance, an able lawyer, and possessing the unbounded respect of his fellow townsmen.

On the evening when the negotiations were begun he dined informally with the Earl and met his daughter, the Lady Isabel. A lovelier vision never greeted the eye than appeared in the state-

ly dining-room when she joined her father and his guest at dinner. She was eighteen years of age, was going out for the evening, and her exquisite dress of white lace set off her beauty to perfection.

"Is she not a handsome girl?" asked the Earl proudly, as she left the room.

"I never saw a face half so beautiful," was Mr. Carlyle's response.

"And she is as good as she is beautiful," said the Earl a little sadly, thinking of the impossibility of providing for her future as he wished to do.

As agreed upon, the Earl, his daughter, and his servants removed to East Lynne. The residents of West Lynne, knowing nothing of the change in ownership, were delighted at the coming of the great family, and hoped that at last the Earl was to make the place his permanent home. One family in West Lynne was especially interested in the arrival—the family of Justice Hare. The Justice was a man of influence and wealth; his family consisted of his wife and a daughter, Barbara. There was a son, Richard, but his name never was mentioned in the presence of the Justice. He was, in fact, a fugitive from the law, under the charge of murdering a neighbor, Hallijohn by name. Richard had been paying attention to the pretty but unprincipled daughter of Hallijohn, against his father's wishes, intending to marry her as soon as he became of age. It was supposed that the youth was angered by something Hallijohn said, and killed him. At all events, the jury decided against him. The Hares and Carlyles were old friends, and Barbara had long believed that she would some time be the mistress of Mr. Carlyle's home. When the titled beauty came into the neighborhood, therefore, she was much excited over the event.

The Earl had intended to remain at East Lynne only a fortnight, but when his preparations for leaving were nearly completed a severe attack of gout prostrated him. A second, following quickly, proved too much for a frame already enfeebled, though he was but forty-nine years of age, and he died in the home of his ancestors, not its owner but a guest of Mr. Carlyle. The house was soon filled with creditors, and the Lady Isabel learned that she was not only fatherless, but homeless and pen-

niless. The new Lord Mount Severn offered her a home, and although she knew that she would not be welcome to his wife, she was forced to accept the invitation. In a few days, heart-broken, she left East Lynne, never, as she supposed, to return.

She was coldly welcomed by the new Earl's wife, and the winter passed in dreary isolation. Just before Easter, Lady Mount Severn was annoyed at receiving word that her grandmother, Mrs. Levison, was to spend a few weeks with her. She came, and with her came a grandson, Captain Francis Levison, a cousin of Lady Mount Severn. He was considered a great catch in the fashionable world; for he had a handsome face, fine figure, fascinating manners, and was the presumptive heir of Sir Peter Levison. Isabel had met him once before, and he had attracted her attention by his graces. Now he attached himself to her, and in her loneliness she found his companionship most agreeable. One afternoon he invited her out for a stroll and in the enjoyment of having an admiring friend with her, she stayed in the grounds until nearly dinner-time. As her maid was hastening her toilet, Lady Mount Severn burst in with words of abuse for her "flirting so outrageously," and angrily struck her on both cheeks. She, an Earl's daughter, had been struck before a servant, by a woman of much lower birth! She began to plan escape from a position now intolerable.

The following day, taking advantage of the absence of Lady Mount Severn, the Lady Isabel went to the library, and while she was revolving plans, a caller was ushered in before she had time to hide her tear-stained cheeks. This was Mr. Carlyle. He had from his first meeting with her felt a warm attachment for the lovely girl, and now he was deeply touched by her evident unhappiness. When he left, Isabel was his promised wife, and within a month she returned to East Lynne as its mistress.

More than a year passed, and one day the Lady Isabel lay hovering between life and death. A little Isabel Lucy lay on the nurse's lap. The nurse, watching the pale mother, saw a new light come into the eyes, and knew that the worst was over. The next day, lying in a quiet rest, Lady Isabel heard two maids talking in the next room. One of them had been employed at Justice Hare's, and the unwilling listener realized that the two were discussing the affairs of Barbara and Mr. Carlyle.

"She is as much in love with him now as ever, too," said one.

"She must be stupid to care for someone who doesn't care for her," said the Lady Isabel's especial maid, Joyce.

"I've seen him kiss her," said the other slyly. "She loves him, and if anything happens to my lady she'll step into her shoes."

"Nothing's going to happen to my lady," said Joyce indignantly.

All this Lady Isabel heard as she lay weak and nerveless on the bed. Barbara Hare had already shown a disposition to monopolize Mr. Carlyle, and a pang of jealousy shot through Isabel's heart. When her husband entered she called him.

"Archibald," she whispered, "if I should die, do not marry her."

"Marry whom?" he asked in amazement.

"Barbara Hare."

"You have been dreaming, Isabel. I never have loved anyone but the woman I married. Barbara cannot come between us."

It happened about this time that certain events occurred which gave a color of truth to Richard Hare's oft-repeated assertion of innocence. He had made a secret visit to his mother and sister, and Mr. Carlyle, as friend and lawyer, was often called on by them for advice. Isabel knew nothing of the disgrace that shadowed the Hares, and her husband did not wish to tell her of the murder till Richard was cleared—as he believed he would be. She saw Barbara at the door of her husband's office, and she knew that he made visits at the Hares', and these unexplained meetings troubled her sometimes, but she loved and trusted her husband, and was constantly growing happier in her married life. Three or four years passed, and after a long illness the physician prescribed a change of air as the only sure remedy for her weakness. So her husband took her to Boulogne-sur-Mer, leaving her under the care of Joyce. It had been deemed best that the three children should remain at home.

One morning while she was enjoying the sensation of returning strength, sitting on the promenade along the sea, to her astonishment and distress Francis Levison appeared before her. She had almost forgotten his existence, but something in his man-

ner alarmed her. She wrote at once for her husband, asking him to come and take her home; but he, after seeing her improvement, urged her to remain a little longer. She could not tell him the real reason of her desire to go back with him, so she stayed until the appointed time had passed. Then, with a sigh of relief, she returned to East Lynne. But on the way she heard with dismay that Mr. Carlyle had invited Levison to his house for a few days, in order that some business might be more speedily despatched.

Almost simultaneously with the arrival of Francis Levison at East Lynne, Richard Hare made a secret visit to his mother and sister. Barbara came to the house to consult with Mr. Carlyle, and he often went with her to her home, there to see Richard himself. He learned facts so startling that he believed he had the real murderer almost in hand. Many and long were the conferences between the anxious mother and sister and the lawyer, and always the greatest care was exercised to keep them from anyone's knowledge. It was not strange that the Lady Isabel became, first, perplexed by these interviews, of which she could not help having some knowledge, then hurt, and finally suspicious. Captain Levison, determined to undermine her affection for her husband, fanned the jealous flame already kindled.

Mr. Carlyle and the Lady Isabel were invited one evening to a dinner-party at a neighboring house, and the invitation had been accepted. But, at almost the last moment, the lawyer told his wife that he could not go, as he had an important engagement at the office.

"You must not be vexed, Isabel," he said, seeing that she was offended as well as disappointed.

"You never have been in the habit of going back to the office in the evening," she said, a swift and horrible suspicion making her grow white and faint.

"Usually Dill can attend to anything that comes up; but this is something I must attend to myself," he said, and offering to see her to the carriage, he hurried away. The Lady Isabel was angry and deeply hurt. Jealousy had her in its grip. On her way home from the dinner, as she was brooding over these inexplicable engagements of her husband's, her carriage was

stopped and a gentleman tapped on the window. It was Captain Levison. She did not wish his company, but he said lightly:

"I've walked till I'm tired out. Will you give me a seat home?"

She could not refuse such a request from a guest, and as he sprang in, he told the coachman to take the High Road. That road led past Justice Hare's. As the carriage passed, distinctly in the moonlight the Lady Isabel saw her husband and Barbara pacing back and forth, evidently in close conversation. Poor Lady Isabel! If she had but known that they were guarding the house, while Richard was having a glimpse of his mother inside, how different the future might have been. But the man at her side poured into her ears assurances of Mr. Carlyle's falseness and of his own true love. When the household at East Lynne awoke in the morning, the Lady Isabel had fled with the scoundrel who had long plotted her ruin.

Nearly a year went by. Never had Mr. Carlyle mentioned the Lady Isabel, except in connection with the divorce suit that he at once began. He was absolutely true to his wife, and never had dreamed of her suspicions or unhappiness. She, alas! had spent the year in a state of mingled shame and remorse impossible to describe. Often alone and neglected, and perhaps even more miserable when with her betrayer, who was coarse and cruel, she was awaiting with impatience the news that the divorce suit was over—that Captain Levison might give his name to her expected child. Of herself she no longer thought. One morning, as they were at breakfast, two letters were handed to Levison. One he put into his inner pocket, after reading. The other he threw down on the table. Then he announced his intention of going at once to England, as Sir Peter had died and he had come into the property. "At last, thank the pigs!" was his brutal comment on his grandfather's death.

The Lady Isabel, ignorant that the first letter contained the information that the divorce had been decreed, implored Sir Francis to remain for but a short time, that they might be married as soon as she was free to marry. But he had no such idea. He broke away from her, and when she next saw him her nameless child was several months old. She then repudiated him forever, and he left, glad to be rid of the burden. He offered

her money, but that, too, she declined. She set out for Paris. In a railway accident her child and nurse were killed, and her name was printed among the dead. A year after the news reached East Lynne Mr. Carlyle married Barbara Hare.

Time passed on, and a year later Mrs. Carlyle's governess left her, and she asked a friend on the Continent to find one for her. A finished scholar in French and German, and a fine musician—these were the especial requirements. At a German watering-place Mrs. Latimer heard of a most desirable person.

"She is the oddest-looking creature," she wrote, "wears blue spectacles, enormous caps, and has a deep scar on her mouth and chin. But she is a treasure, and a perfect gentlewoman."

Mrs. Carlyle laughed at the description, but engaged her at once. Her name was Madame Vine (pronounced Veen). When the place was offered to Madame Vine, she hesitated, but after consideration took it. And so the Lady Isabel, disfigured but not killed in the accident, came back to East Lynne as the governess of her children. In spite of her changed appearance, she was constantly uneasy lest her identity should be discovered, and, in truth, the agony of self-reproach that tortured her as she realized what she had thrown away and what an inheritance of disgrace she had left to her children, brought her more than once to a point where self-disclosure seemed inevitable.

Six months passed, and changes were at hand in the Carlyle family. William, the eldest boy, was seriously ill; consumption was making rapid strides in its fatal course. And while Mr. Carlyle's heart was grieving over this knowledge, his public duties were increased by his election to Parliament. The contest had been painful, because his opponent had been the man who had wronged him but a few years before, Sir Francis Levison, and he was relieved when it was over. The knowledge that her betrayer was in the neighborhood, combined with sorrow at the illness of her darling son, affected the health of the governess, and it soon became evident that she must seek a warmer climate or she would not regain her strength. A most terrible shock was still in store for the unhappy Madame Vine—the conviction, soon after Mr. Carlyle's election, of Sir Francis Levison for the murder of Hallijohn. The evidence was complete. Richard Hare was cleared, and Sir Francis was condemned to death.

Not only had the Lady Isabel abandoned her husband and children for suspicions which she had learned were perfectly groundless, but she had committed herself to the care of a murderer.

The evening after Carlyle's election there was a large dinner-party at East Lynne, and the family had hardly retired when an alarm of fire brought all into the halls in consternation. The alarm proved to be false, but after Mr. Carlyle had again retired, a scream from Joyce brought him back to the hall.

"Joyce, what is the matter?" he asked, wondering at her pallid face.

"Oh, master," she wailed, "I've seen a specter."

"Joyce must have been reading a ghost-book," he said to his wife, when he finally settled down for the night. He little imagined that in the governess, who had forgotten her disguise in the excitement, Joyce had recognized his former wife.

The only bad effects of the false alarm of fire fell upon the little William. He took a cold, which hastened the progress of the disease, and the governess had the pain of seeing her own child rapidly fading away, while she was unable to give utterance to the grief that rent her maternal heart. After his death she felt her own hold on life to be so frail that she determined to leave East Lynne at once. She could not die under that roof. But even for that act she was too weak, and one evening she called Joyce to her bedside; for with her she had already had a confidential conversation, and the maid had proved a kind, faithful friend. Mrs. Carlyle was at the seaside, and Mr. Carlyle had spent but little time at East Lynne for several weeks. The Lady Isabel felt that death was near, and she asked to see Mr. Carlyle. He was to be at home for the night, and she had heard his familiar step in the rooms below. When he was told of her condition, as his wife was absent, he went immediately to her room. As he entered and looked at the white face on the pillow, his own heart almost ceased to beat. He drew back a step, but she held out her hand.

"Archibald," she said feebly.

"Isabel!" he exclaimed, coming toward her, "are you Madame Vine?"

"I did not die," she murmured. "Archibald, forgive me."

"Why did you come back?"

"I could not live away from my children and you," she said. "I would have come back within an hour, but I did not know how."

"Why did you go?"

"I loved you dearly, and I grew suspicious. I thought your love was all given to another. That wicked man tempted me to take revenge on you. Archibald, I am on the threshold of another world. Can you not speak one word of love? My heart is breaking for it. My sin was great, but, oh, my punishment has been greater. Forgive, oh, forgive."

Mr. Carlyle bent toward her, gently pushed back her soft hair, and his tears dropped on her face.

"You nearly broke mine when you went away, Isabel." Then he added solemnly: "May God bless you and take you to His rest in heaven. May he so deal with me as I now fully and freely forgive you."

"To His rest in heaven," she murmured faintly.

A few days later a grave was made by the side of the former earl, and the marble head-stone bore the initials, "I. M. V."

JOHANN RUDOLPH WYSS

(Switzerland, 1781–1830)

THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON (1813)

Dr. Wyss, professor of philosophy in the Academy at Bern, and chief librarian, wrote several books on moral philosophy and travel and made a collection of Swiss idyls, legends, etc., but all his work that is known to English-speaking folk is contained in the first part of the journal entitled *Der Schweizebische Robinson*. This interesting tale of domestic life and adventure on a desert island, which appeared many years ago in English translation, was left unfinished by reason of the author's death, but was so welcome in France that the Baroness de Montolieu, an accomplished and elegant writer, completed it by writing Part II of the journal, as if by the same hand, and with a most successful imitation of the detailed style of the original author. It was all published in French, and afterward the complete story in English as we have it, which for generations has been a favorite juvenile classic, almost as well beloved as its prototype, *Robinson Crusoe*.

HE writer of the following journal was a Swiss clergyman named Robinson, who, having lost his fortune in the Revolution of 1798, had emigrated with his wife and four sons, taking tools, implements, seeds, and cattle, and on the way to Otaheite was wrecked on an uncharted island. The captain and the crew, who took to the boats, were nevermore heard from; but the family, left on the broken ship, escaped to the shore after the storm. Their adventures on the island were related by the father, in the journal herewith presented.

The tempest had raged for six days, and still increased; the ship was far astray from her course and leaking badly, when she struck and was wedged between the rocks, raising the stern out of the water. The captain and sailors took the boats and passed off, while I, with all that I held dear, remained on the wreck all night in the frightful tempest.

Next morning the sun rose clear, the wind and sea subsided, and, commending ourselves to God, we prepared to attempt getting ashore. First, we collected what might serve us if we escaped. Fritz, our eldest, brought two fowling-pieces, with powder and shot, and some balls; Ernest, an ax, hammer, and divers tools; little Francis, a box of fish-hooks and lines; my wife had found and fed a cow, an ass, two goats, six sheep, and a sow with young, while Jack brought the captain's two large dogs, Turk and Flora.

We sawed casks asunder and nailed the eight tubs on a large plank, fastening them together and guarding each side with a plank, then, with a jack-screw and rollers, we raised and launched our rough boat. This consumed the day. The next morning we loaded our conveyance with many more necessary articles, fed the animals left behind, took hens and cocks with us (the ducks and geese coming by water, and the pigeons by flight), implored God's blessing, and embarked. The land was some distance away, but by hard rowing and studying the currents we finally entered a little bay, the mouth of a creek, and amid a Babel of noises from our poultry, reënforced by harsh cries from penguins and flamingoes, we safely landed, kneeled and thanked God, our preserver, and unloaded our vessel.

I kindled a fire; my wife put on the pot with water from the creek and some squares of portable soup; Fritz went off with his gun and soon returned with an agouti, a little burrowing animal with flesh something like the rabbit, and Jack caught a big lobster. We soon had a comforting meal. Under the shade of the rocks we set poles and stretched a big sail-cloth for shelter, and by night we were glad to creep under it and snuggle together for warmth. After breakfasting on Jack's lobster and some biscuit, we had prayers, and then Fritz and I set out with the dogs, our guns, and a telescope, to survey our domain and look for our shipmates.

We ascended the bed of the river, shut in by rocks, till we gained a broken passage that crossed it over a cascade, and then proceeded, with the sea on our left and a chain of rocks on our right, often passing through little woods. We came upon a cocoanut tree, a fallen nut enlivening our luncheon, and a gourd tree, at which we fashioned some bowls and spoons,

leaving them to dry. A high promontory gave us a fine sea-view, but no sign of our shipmates. Passing through a mass of reeds, and cutting one for a stick, I found it rich with a sweet, glutinous juice; it was sugar-cane. A cocoanut grove tantalized us with unattainable fruit, till we stoned some monkeys in the branches and they retorted by pelting us with cocoanuts. We were returning, loaded with nuts and sugar-cane, when Turk attacked and killed a female monkey, and her little one sprang upon Fritz's shoulder; so we took the small orphan with us, and we were soon enjoying a fine supper of fish, roast goose, and oysters, with cocoanuts for dessert.

The next day Fritz and I went to the ship, where we fed the animals, fitted our vessel with a mast and sail, loaded it with divers necessaries and comforts, eatables, drinkables, agricultural implements, arms, ammunition, sulphur for matches, cord, sail-cloth, seeds, potatoes, hammocks, blankets, etc., and spent the night in the boat, lest the ship should slide off the rocks. Next morning we contrived swimming-supports of kegs for the cow, ass, and sow, with casks for the sheep and goats, and pulled for the shore with our flock in tow, all safely coming to land.

We supped on a big omelet of turtles' eggs and Dutch cheese, finishing with a bottle of the Captain's Canary wine. My wife and the boys had found a grove of lofty trees, with great trunks nearly twelve feet in thickness, in the branches of which she begged me to build a dwelling, where we could escape the hot sun of our tent on the rocks, and sleep without fear of animals or savages. The next day Fritz, Ernest, and I went again to the ship, for planks with which to bridge the little river and to make our projected tree-house. We found numberless planks, spars, and yards washed ashore from the ship, and these we rafted and turned back to our bay. With the cow and the ass we hauled many up the bank, and bridged our eighteen-foot river with four strong beams, hauling them across with a pulley. Loose planks, easily removable, made a passageway ten feet broad. Thoroughly fatigued, we went home, supped, offered our thanks to God, and rested serenely.

On the morrow we made a patriarchal procession—heavy bags, with provisions, tools, etc., on the backs of the cow and ass, the fowls tied in baskets, the goats driven by Jack, the

sheep by Ernest, Fritz and his mother leading the way, and I, with the dogs, guarding the whole. Arrived at the grove, we hung the hammocks under their high roots arching out of the ground, and over them a sail-cloth for protection from the night-dews. After dinner Flora flushed several beautiful flamingoes, at which Fritz shot, killing one and wounding another, but so slightly that we dressed the wound and hoped to tame the creature, which soon became domesticated.

I measured the height of our trees by triangulation, and found them thirty feet to the lowest branches. With a bow I sent an arrow bearing a cord over one of them, and hauled up a ladder of rope with cane cross-pieces knotted in, and then with our pulley we could raise the needful planks for a flooring, fastened upon the boughs notched with my ax. The next day we made a floor, built a wooden parapet, stretched our sail-cloth roof, swung hammocks from upper branches, made a wide table and chairs for our dining-place under the roots, and were ready for our Sunday rest. Our animals were tethered near by, our poultry never strayed far from their feeding-place, and even the old sow, always fractious and independent, came grunting back to enjoy the surplus milk. The night in the tree was free from care and sweet with sea-breezes, and our Sabbath was a real rest-day.

We now named some of our landmarks. Our first harbor became Safety Bay; Tent House was our first abode; Cape Disappointment the promontory whence we failed to descry our lost shipmates; Jackal River was our stream, crossed by Family Bridge; and our eyrie in the tree was Falcon's Nest. On Monday we all returned to Tent House for supplies. Ernest stumbled on some tubers that I recognized as potatoes, and we feasted on wild pineapple; while the finding of a karata tree, with its healing leaves for wounds, filaments for thread, and pith for tinder, and the refreshing taste of some Indian figs, completed a trip of great interest for us.

At Tent House we gathered ammunition, butter, cheese, and other articles, caught the ducks and geese and put them in bags, and with our varied load returned safely to Falcon's Nest, liberating the water-fowl by the river, and soon enjoying our smoking supper.

Some well-shaped pieces of wood suggested making a sledge, which shortly afterward brought the big butter-cask from Tent House, with the rest of our collected stores. A sailor's chest on the shore provided clothing and underclothing, and on another visit to the ship we stripped the cabins of door, windows, and trimmings, got more powder, lead, seeds, potted European fruit-tree plants, and, in fact, numberless articles intended for a colony.

On the way back Fritz harpooned a turtle in the neck; and we utilized its flesh and fat, while Fritz gave his mother the big shell to keep fresh water in. That day Jack found the sow eating some roots, which were from the manioc, much used in both East and West Indies for a bread called cassava. With this and the potatoes we felt secure against famine. After supper and prayers, we hauled our mattresses up to the Falcon's Nest, and slept soundly.

Our next visit to the ship developed a small, square-bowed pinnace and all its fittings, in separate pieces, with even two small guns. But, leaving that, we loaded up with much heavy stuff—a copper boiler, tobacco-graters, grindstones, powder, flints, and a wheelbarrow. As we landed we came into a flock of penguins standing on the shore like little men, and captured two for the poultry yard. My wife and the boys had gathered many potatoes and manioc roots. Setting the boys to grating the latter with the graters, I soon had a moist powder, which, after expressing the injurious juice, I put on iron plates over the fire, covered with flour, and baked into cakes. We fed some to two chickens and to Knips, a young monkey that Fritz had tamed. After supper I mixed the grated cassava with milk, and we baked delicious biscuits, thereafter having our daily bread.

The next job was putting together the pinnace, a light boat with two masts, and launching it. It took two days to load her with stores, and then we returned to the shore, firing a salute with our little brass guns from the forward half-deck.

Meantime my wife, with little Francis, had laid out and planted a fine garden—potatoes, manioc, peas, beans, lentils, lettuce, radishes, cabbages, sugar-cane, pineapples, and melons.

After a while Fritz and I made an exploring expedition, taking Turk, and a bag of provisions on the ass. Our first find was

the candleberry myrtle, covered with wax white berries yielding wax for candles. Then we came upon a tall tree exuding a thick gum, which when softened in Fritz's hands showed elasticity, and we rejoiced over the caoutchouc, or india rubber, which promised us new shoes and other protective covering. A low bush, its leaves covered with white dust, moved me to split the trunk, and within we found the farinaceous sago, of which we gathered twenty-five pounds, and then, satisfied with our booty, we returned.

The next few days we made candles from the myrtle berries, set out many of the European fruit-tree plants, with two rows of trees to the bridge, and made a sand-road between them. At Tent House we set out trees requiring heat—citron, almond, mulberry, Indian fig, etc.—with a hedge of stout thorn-trees to guard our magazine of stores.

Our clothes were now giving out, and we made a final visit to the ship, getting chests of clothes, and, indeed, whatever was valuable—tables, chairs, locks, bolts. We sacked the vessel, and, with a barrel of gunpowder in the hold, blew it up. The wreckage along the shore next day provided us with much more useful material.

Soon after this the whole family went out for exploration, taking the cart (I had put small wheels under the sledge), with the cow and the ass to draw it, and a tent-cloth, with the dogs. We gathered much caoutchouc gum, sugar-cane, bamboo, cocoa-nuts, etc., and camped for the night on a lovely plain under a palm-grove. At sunset the ass suddenly began braying and kicking, and, plunging into the bamboos, disappeared. We feared some wild animal, but searched in vain for our useful beast, Jack and I vainly going out again the next day. After crossing a wood we came upon a herd of buffaloes. The dogs flew at them and seized the ears of a young buffalo, when the whole herd charged upon them and us. Jack and I both fired, when the herd stopped, turned, and fled, crossing the river. I finished with a shot the wounded dam, which still held her ground, hoping to keep and tame the calf. I bound the legs loosely and, perforating the membrane of the nose between the nostrils, passed a cord through, when the poor creature submissively followed where I led. We cut out the tongue of the

slain beast and some meat from the loins, and took the leg-skins for boots, when we set out to return. The dogs killed a jackal, but Jack saved a young one from them, and brought it along as a pet.

Meantime Fritz and Ernest had felled a seventy-foot sago palm, and had collected wood, torches for the night, etc., and Fritz had captured a young eagle which, being of a small species, he decided to train as a falcon for hunting other birds. We spent the next day in splitting the great sago-palm, grating and sifting the pith, while the split trunk halves we loaded on the cart for water pipes. In the morning we returned, the young buffalo harnessed beside his nurse, the cow, drawing the cart and its load.

Arrived at Falcon's Nest, we were welcomed by our domestic animals and we tied up our new acquisitions—the buffalo, jackal, and eagle.

The rope-ladder to the Nest was a precarious dependence. But the tree was hollow and swarming with bees; so I prepared a hive outside, stupefied the bees with tobacco-smoke, removed to the new hive the upper ranges of honeycomb to which the bees were clinging, and then through an opening took out an immense quantity of honeycomb, which later we melted down and cleared as wax, stowing the honey in a cask. We then made a doorway in the tree-trunk, fitting it with a cabin door, cleansed the great cavity, planted in the middle a smaller ten-foot tree-trunk, and about it set barrel staves, making a winding stairway, following it up with successive ten-foot sections, until we reached our floor-level, forty feet above ground. Openings, with cabin-windows, gave light, and two strong ropes hung from above gave support to the passenger.

This occupied us about a month. Meantime our goats and sheep began to increase, as the hens, ducks, and geese had done. The young buffalo had been broken to rein, and the boys rode or drove him readily. Fritz had his eagle well trained to pounce on game, and even the studious Ernest had patiently taught Knips, the monkey, to carry a pannier on his back, for little burdens. We got candle-making down to facility, and by covering molds—of flasks, cups, sand-filled stockings, etc.—with layers of the melted rubber-gum, we manufactured many

waterproof articles, including shoes and boots. We raised the turtle-shell on clay foundations, and let water into it from below, having a perpetual fountain.

One day our donkey returned, with an onagra, or wild ass. Fritz allured old Grizzle with oats and salt; the onagra came also, and was captured with lasso and a pinching split-stick on the nose. It took more than a month to tame the beautiful creature, although he never would endure a bit, but answered to a halter and a slight blow with a stick on right or left ear. He was well named Lightfoot.

We now built barns for the animals during the rainy season, and for housing our supplies. Francis had made whip-lashes from some long leaves, which I found to be the New Zealand flax. My wife was delighted. The boys gathered huge bundles of it, which we bruised, soaked, and dried for future use, while we all worked to collect food, fodder, and fire-wood, and to sow some wheat and oats, as the showers were beginning.

Soon the tempests broke upon us, and torrents of rain fell, night and day, till the whole country was a lake, leaving our little establishment an island surrounded by water about two hundred yards away. We had to abandon our aërial Nest, where rain and howling winds freely played, and under the tree-roots and in the barns spent the long and gloomy weeks. It was not cold, and we did not need much cookery, but with care of the animals and other occupations we spent the days, while the evenings were passed around a table, with lights, the mother sewing, the boys drawing or writing, the reading of Bible lessons, and a nightly prayer.

At last the sky cleared, the sun came out, the waters sank, and we joyfully went out into the balmy air, the flowers and brilliant birds making all things gay.

We repaired and cleaned our tree dormitory; I made a spinning-wheel for my wife, and she began upon her flax. At Tent House we found some damage, but soon repaired it. Our chief aim now was to provide proper winter shelter for the next rainy season. In the rocks behind Tent House we happily broke into a large cave or grotto, brilliant with stalactites and crystals of rock-salt, offering us both shelter and that necessary mineral for preserving and cooking, and for animals, which hitherto

we had procured from evaporated sea-water. The grotto was spacious, and we laid it out with our dwelling on one side and the kitchen, workshop, and stables on the other, fitting the rooms with lumber from the ship, setting windows in the rock face, making fireplace, chimney, etc. This, with the removal of our animals and stores from Falcon's Nest, consumed most of the summer.

An immense shoal of herrings in the bay gave us several barrels of pickled and smoked fish, a big sturgeon furnished a mass of spawn from which I made caviar, and hardly a day passed that did not bring to us some new gift of Nature's wealth.

My wife's cornfield and garden at the Nest flourished bravely, and the discovery of a great field of cotton-plants, covered with their snowy down, gave her a new outlook for her spinning. We built a farmhouse on high ground, utilizing convenient trees for uprights; and in another place we put up a small summer-house with a lovely view.

I had long wished for a bark canoe; and finding a suitable tree—a sort of oak, with close bark—I sawed two circles about it, eighteen feet apart; then, opening a slit the whole length, with wedges and hammers I succeeded in prying off the whole great band of bark. Cutting out a triangular piece at each end, I fastened the ends together and had a pointed boat. The sides, drawn together with ropes to proper width, dried in the sun, and with curved wood for ribs, and resinous glue for joints, thin boards for lining, a bamboo mast, a rudder, and brass rowlocks, we had a fine, strong canoe.

Our cow had given us a male calf, which, as the other boys had each his riding animal, I gave to Francis, our youngest, and trained him so that he was tractable and useful. Francis named him Valiant.

The next rainy season we spent in our comfortable grotto, working by day in the shop, and at night enjoying the living-room, brilliantly illuminated with candles and crystals. We had a little chapel, where we held service every Sunday. Jack and Francis made sweet music on reed flageolets, and their mother sang with them. Thus we had made considerable progress toward civilization. Active, industrious, and contented, even were we fated to spend our lives here, we might be

happy, amid the safety and abundance vouchsafed us by our Divine Protector. [Here ends the first part of the journal.]

Postscript by the Editor.—Three or four years after the Robinson family had been wrecked, the English transport *Adventurer* was driven out of her course by storm, and, lying-to off this rocky island, Captain Johnson sent Lieutenant Bell ashore in a boat to see whether it was safe to remain for repairs. The father of the family met them, speaking in German and then in English, the family being at Falcon's Nest. The good Swiss entertained them at Tent House, and gave the foregoing part of his journal for Captain Johnson's perusal, and the boat left, expecting to return the next day. But another fearful storm arose, the *Adventurer* was driven far out to sea, and Captain Johnson reluctantly gave up all hope of rescuing the family, returning to England, and sending the journal to me in Switzerland.

[*Here follows the second part of the journal.*]

On the day when Lieutenant Bell came ashore I had been out early, and, discovering the ship, had gone alone to Tent House, not wishing to disturb the family with hopes that might fail. It was past noon when Lieutenant Bell left, taking my journal with him, and I hastened back to Falcon's Nest—but alas! to find that my wife, turned giddy on the winding staircase, had fallen and injured her right leg and left foot. I found the foot violently sprained, and her leg fractured above the ankle. I set the leg, with splints, and tightly bound up the ankle, and then with Fritz returned to the Tent House for the medicine-chest, meantime telling him about the ship. We got the chest and some tamarinds for cooling drinks, and returned to the Nest, a storm having already begun.

Relieving the mother's pains with lotions and refreshing her with the acid drink, we listened to the violent tempest. I told the boys, but not the mother, about the ship, and all were eager; for, happy as we were, I looked forward to the manhood and age of the young fellows, and felt that if we could return to Europe it was our duty to do so. Fritz and Jack had gone out

in the night to see whether they could help the strangers, but, after dangerous adventures, found no sign of them, and the morning view of the sea showed no trace of the vessel, while the land was a lake of desolation. The storm continued several days, and when at last the sun came out we found the garden at Tent House completely washed away, and the young fruit trees bent to the ground.

Francis suggested building a colonnade or long porch before our grotto-house, and what with repairing the garden, building a rampart to shield it from flooding, and erecting our colonnade, Fritz, Jack, and Francis were with me very busy for days, while Ernest remained with his mother. A chest cast ashore by the storm was filled with colored beads, looking-glasses, toys, hatchets, and many trifles likely to please savages, and with nails, hooks, staples, etc., which I found useful. We took to the mother scissors, needles, pins, and a thimble. Fritz and Jack insisted on a little pavilion with a fountain at each end of the colonnade, and they were duly erected. Ernest had discovered another cave near the garden, which was opened and fitted for the mother to rest in.

The weeks had cured my wife's disabilities, and as the boys had made a basket-litter for her, we brought her—the cow and the young bull bearing the litter-poles—to Tent House, and all vastly enjoyed her surprise and pleasure at the improvements. We now decided to make the grotto at Tent House our home, but to leave Falcon's Nest as it was, for summer resort. The rainy season was passed comfortably and industriously.

On one of our spring expeditions, Fritz, Ernest, Jack, and I were seeking some outlet among the rocks behind our grotto, having with difficulty climbed around by the sea to the rear, and came upon two black bears, which we killed and skinned. We had to spend the night there, but the morning brought us to a pass leading back to our side of the island. We followed it down to the sea, for I had moored our canoe in the bay and thought now to get it around to Tent House neighborhood. The mark of the cord was on the tree, but no canoe!

Could it have been savages? I thought. On the sands were prints of naked feet! We were still three leagues from Tent House, and anxiously hastened homeward, I forbidding the

boys to mention the loss to their mother. Arriving there, we found no mother, no little Francis! The boys flew about in all directions, but found no sign. Jack ran back from the shore, where he had seen the bare footprints again, and the marks of Francis's little boots. It was too clear; the savages had carried them off.

This aroused me from my stupor. "Come, my children," I said, "let us fly to save them. God will restore them. Come, come!"

The pinnace was at its mooring. But, before trying that, I let Fritz and Ernest go to search the island, taking some food, a loaded musket each, and Turk—Flora was gone. Meantime I put into the pinnace the chest of trinkets, food, water, arms, and ammunition. After twenty hours of terror, I heard the report of one musket—the signal that the boys were returning alone!

Once embarked, we soon gained the open sea. By daybreak we saw our island a speck, behind us, and soon Ernest spied land ahead. As we approached land a fog came, and a heavy rain. We anchored for the night, and in the morning, the sea being calm, we moored in a creek. Fritz and Jack, with Turk, set out for the interior, while Ernest and I remained to watch the pinnace. We hid it under green branches, and then wandered along the shore.

After a while we saw a canoe filled with dark figures swiftly rowed past our creek. We loudly hailed it, but the savages shouted back and swept on. Ernest looked with his telescope, but said he saw nothing of our lost ones; still, he proposed uncovering the pinnace and pursuing the canoe. While we were getting it out, Fritz appeared, alone, sobbing that he had lost Jack. Ernest said nothing, for he had recognized his brother in the canoe.

The boys had met the savages, Fritz having stained himself with a dark fruit-juice. The chief of the natives had on his head a colored handkerchief like one worn by the boy's mother. Fritz pointed to it, and the chief seemed to think he wanted it, and repelled him, when four of the others seized Jack, whose white skin pleased them, stripped both the boys, and appropriated their clothes. Fritz ran to fetch his bag of trinkets, when

the islanders set off with Jack. Fritz threw himself upon them, but his gun exploded and wounded Jack in the shoulder, and the savages, throwing Fritz off, departed with Jack. Fritz was sure that the handkerchief was his mother's, and that the same party had her and Francis.

We hurried into the pinnace and pursued the savages, going around a long promontory and back toward land, at last landing on a creek, the shore of which showed where the islanders had been, and had eaten and departed. We hid the pinnace and, passing up through a wood and across a sandy plain, were astonished to see a man in a long black robe advancing to meet us. He was a missionary, addressed us in English, and said that he was seeking us.

He brought us good news, indeed. Jack's wound was painful but not dangerous; my wife was well, and in the company of another white woman. Little Francis was a favorite with the chief, Baraourou, whom the islanders call their king, and delighted the savages with his flageolet. The good man had no doubt that, having much influence with the chief, he could persuade them to release their captives, who had been taken rather from curiosity than for any evil.

He led us back to the pinnace, where my two sons were distributing trinkets to a throng of savages. We delayed at the request of Parabery, a kind of sub-chief, until the King should come, Mr. Willis, the missionary, translating and seconding the request. When he arrived, in our canoe, he was borne to us on the shoulders of two men, and our little Francis in similar fashion, as he was the King's adopted son.

Mr. Willis talked long with the King, who reluctantly yielded the boy to his father, and we all proceeded in the pinnace to the settlement. I had given the King many presents, besides the canoe, and he was well satisfied. He received us hospitably in his palace—a large hut of bamboos and palm-leaves—while Mr. Willis took Francis and went to prepare my wife for our meeting. After a further giving of presents, I received from the King a friendly salute, he rubbing his nose against mine, and we departed to our dear ones.

My wife lay on a rough couch, in a large, comfortable cave, with a door of matting, and seated near her was a pleasant-look-

ing lady, Madame Hertel. The lady's eldest daughter, Sophia, was nursing Jack, while Matilda, about eleven years old, was playing with Francis. I cannot describe our meeting, so full of joy and gratitude to our Heavenly Father. Madame Hertel, I learned, had been living with the friendly islanders for five years, since being wrecked on the shore, she and her little girls the only ones saved. She had agreed with my wife to accompany us back to our Happy Island, and Mr. Willis agreed also to visit us often, and by and by to live with us. Parabery and his wife Canda were much attached to Madame Hertel, and they too received permission from the King to return with us.

We waited a few days for Jack's wound to improve, and then sailed in our pinnace, with our restored and augmented party, to our dear home.

The following year we had a visit from a Russian vessel, in which was the celebrated astronomer Horner of Zurich. Having read the first part of our journal, published by Captain Johnson, he had come purposely to see us. They offered to take us back to Europe, but we did not care to go, sending Ernest, however, to study astronomy with Mr. Horner. Since then we have lived most happily, only missing our dear Ernest, who means to return to us.

Two Years Later.—Our son returned in a vessel commanded by Captain Johnson, who was determined to see us again. He has brought with him Henrietta Bodner, a niece of his mother, now become his wife, a lovely Swiss girl. Jack and Francis, their mother hopes, will grow up to marry Sophia and Matilda Hertel; and although Emily Hertel is a few years older than Fritz we hope that they too will be married, and that Mr. Willis may live to solemnize the three weddings.

I give this conclusion of my journal to Captain Johnson, to take to Europe. If any of my readers be anxious to know more of us, let them set out for the Happy Island, where they will find a warm welcome.

CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE

(England, 1823–1901)

THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE (1853)

In the spring of 1850 Charlotte Mary Yonge visited her friend Miss Dyson, at Dogmenfield, and while there she saw the manuscript of a story by her hostess. Miss Dyson was dissatisfied with her work, but her guest thought something could be made of the *motif*, and at once set about it, the result of her labors appearing in due time as *The Heir of Redclyffe*. This work went on through the autumn of 1850 and the spring following, and in August, 1851, the book was completed. It was declined by the publisher Murray, on the ground that he did not publish fiction, and it was offered next to the Messrs. Parker. These publishers delayed their decision so long that the final agreement to publish in October was not signed until May, 1852. *The Heir of Redclyffe* was issued in the first days of 1853 in two volumes, and became immediately popular, reaching a fifth edition in 1854 and a seventeenth in 1868. The story embodied the spirit of the Oxford Movement in its most attractive form, Guy, its hero, being taken for a model by such earnest Pre-Raphaelites as William Morris and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. In a letter dated in 1896 Miss Yonge remarks that "Guizot's public recommendation of *The Heir of Redclyffe* led to the only thoroughly spiteful review that ever befell me, in *Household Words*, written, I imagine, by some blindly jealous admirer of Dickens." A large part of the proceeds from *The Heir of Redclyffe* was given by the author in June, 1854, to Bishop Selwyn, of New Zealand, who applied it, at her desire, toward building the noted missionary ship, the *Southern Cross*.

R. EDMONSTONE, the proprietor of Hollywell House, was a middle-aged Englishman of good family, naturally amiable, but inclined to depend on the decision of others in most matters. His family consisted of his wife, the sister of Archdeacon Morville, who was no longer living, his son Charles, a cripple of nineteen, and three daughters—Laura, Amabel, and Charlotte, the youngest, a child of eleven. A frequent visitor to Hollywell was Captain Philip Morville, Mrs. Edmonstone's nephew, a tall, handsome fellow of twenty-three, possessed of excellent principles, but sententious, and disposed to domineer over those with whom he had much to do. His air of superior

virtue often alienated those who otherwise would have greatly admired him. The head of another branch of the Morville connection had been old Sir Guy Morville, of Redclyffe, who had just died, leaving as sole heir his grandson Guy, the ward of Mr. Edmonstone. The two families of Morville had not been on good terms in earlier years, but Philip stood now next after his distant cousin Guy in the succession to Redclyffe. Guy's father had made a runaway match with the sixteen-year-old sister of a violinist named Dixon, greatly to his father's indignation. The son, in hopes of a reconciliation, brought his wife to Redclyffe, but his father vehemently declined to see him, and as the young man rode away he was killed by being thrown against a tree in the park. The next day his wife died in giving birth to a son. Old Sir Guy, bitterly regretting his burst of passion, became a changed man. He grew very fond of his grandson, but brought him up in seclusion at Redclyffe. The lad was now nearly eighteen, and at his grandfather's death he became for a time a member of his guardian's household.

Charles Edmonstone had been for ten years a sufferer from disease of the hip-joint and his invalidism had made him undisputed sovereign of the whole family. He was disposed to tease his sisters and to find Philip's superior virtues and countless perfections very wearisome. For a while he tried to stir up the newly arrived Guy, but he soon left off this practise as he began to comprehend the other's character. Guy quickly gained the affections of the Edmonstones, as Philip discerned on the occasion of his first call at Hollywell after Guy's advent, and, in response to his cousins' encomium, found much to criticize in the impersonal, judicial manner that Charles had always found peculiarly exasperating. To Laura's remark: "There is much to like in him," Philip responded:

"There is, but is it the highest praise to say there is much to like? There is an impatience of advice, a vehemence of manner, that I can hardly deem satisfactory. From all I have seen I should not venture as yet to place much dependence on his steadiness of character or command of temper."

Philip frequently undertook to point out to Guy the other's shortcomings as he had previously done those of his cousins, discipline which Guy bore commendably well, only very rarely

giving way to the Morville temper which he inherited. He knew that Philip's intentions were excellent, and his admiration for Philip's attainments was so sincere that he did not detect the self-complacency of his mentor. Conscious of his deficiencies as a student, Guy devoted himself to preparation for Oxford with the greatest assiduity; but even in this matter Philip found room for carping, and the small Charlotte shrewdly remarked to Philip that whenever Guy was praised he (Philip) always answered as if cause for praise could not last. Occasional misunderstandings might easily have widened into a breach between the two but for Philip's coolness at all times, and Guy's readiness to apologize. When Guy finally departed for Oxford it was with the regrets of all the Edmonstones, but even then Philip could not forbear the utterance of misgivings:

"He goes with excellent intentions," said Philip.

"I do hope he will do well," said Mrs. Edmonstone.

"I wish he may," said Philip. "The agreeableness of his nature makes one more anxious. It is very dangerous. His name, his wealth, his sociable, gay disposition, that very attractive manner, all are so many perils, and he has not that natural pleasure in study that would be of itself a preservative from temptation. I only fear his temper and his want of steadiness. Poor boy, I hope he may do well!"

In June Guy returned to spend the holidays at his guardian's, and Philip, who spent much time at Hollywell, conceived the idea that Laura was in danger of falling in love with Guy. To lose Laura would darken his whole existence. He told himself that he could have resigned her in silence if her happiness were secure, but he could not endure the thought that Guy should win her, and if she were entangled only by manner she should be warned in time. He had been her guide from childhood, and he would not fail her now. In accordance with this determination, he asked her whether she had reflected to what result all "this music, this versifying, this admitting a stranger so unreservedly into her pursuits," might tend. He was deeply in earnest, and she understood what the faltering of his voice implied. Her face showed clearly her love for him, and, as he saw this, all misgivings disappeared, and almost before he was aware he had made direct avowal of his love. He was, however, de-

sirous of keeping this avowal a secret for the time, to which Laura consented. It was impossible for him as yet to marry, and he preferred to wait, as he could not bear to be rejected by her parents and knew that his small income would be their sole ground of objection. He believed sincerely that a long, lingering attachment to himself would be more for her good than a marriage with one who would have been a high prize for worldly aims, and was satisfied that by winning her heart he had taken the only means of securing her from becoming attached to Guy, while secrecy was the only way of preserving his intercourse with her, and exerting his influence over the family.

Philip's feeling for Laura was not unsuspected by Charles and his mother; but that Laura returned his affection they did not believe, and both felt that his tranquil disposition might be trusted not to carry matters further.

Laura and her father departed soon after this on a visit to some cousins in Ireland, and at this juncture a concert at the neighboring town of Broadstone brought Guy's maternal uncle, the violinist Dixon, into the vicinity; and as Philip had always considered this connection disgraceful he strongly advised Guy, who never had seen his uncle, to have nothing to do with him. Guy, impatient of interference in a matter so personal, rejected this advice with indignation and strode off to meet his uncle. While Dixon was improvident and somewhat addicted to gaming, he was drawn to his nephew by sincere affection, and when more was said to Guy concerning him, the young baronet replied:

"If he is not a gentleman, and is looked down on by the world, it is not for his sister's son to make him feel it."

Two years went by, and Guy, now twenty, was still passing his vacations at Hollywell. Lady Eveleen Kilcoran, Mrs. Edmonstone's niece, was visiting there likewise, and while her aunt was thinking a match between her and Guy would be very desirable, it suddenly occurred to her that it was her own daughter Amy who was constantly with Guy, not Eveleen. A word of caution to Amy was followed by the determination on Amy's part to withdraw from Guy's company as much as possible, her severe judgment of herself leading her to fear lest she should seem to have been seeking him in the past. The change in his cousin's

manner suddenly brought Guy to a realization of his own feelings and made him perceive that it was Amy who made the life at Hollywell so precious to him. His natural distrust of himself rendered him fearful that Amy and her parents would disapprove of the connection, but nevertheless with many misgivings he confessed his love, and was convinced that it was returned. Contrary to his fears, the Edmonstones, one and all, with the exception of Laura, were delighted; and Laura's objections, being colored by Philip's distrust of Guy, were kept to herself.

Before the news reached Philip, then absent from Hollywell, he had heard from his sister, Mrs. Henley, who lived at St. Mildred's, that she had seen a draft for thirty pounds indorsed by Sir Guy (who had been reading with a tutor there) and made payable to a sporting man named White. Meeting his uncle soon afterward, he was shown a letter from Guy to his guardian, asking for one thousand pounds, but adding that he was not at liberty to explain what it was for. Mr. Edmonstone was puzzled, but suspected no evil till Philip suggested that Guy had been gambling. It then transpired that Amy and Guy were engaged, at which Philip said he should now rejoice in her escape. Philip insisted that Guy must have been gaming for some time, and Mr. Edmonstone was easily led to believe in his ward's bad habits. Acting under the advice of Philip, Mr. Edmonstone wrote to Guy in severe terms, insisting on a full statement of his proceedings and an explanation of his request for so large a sum. In reply, Guy wrote that he had nothing to confess and was bound in honor not to mention the purpose for which the thousand pounds were needed. A highly colored version of Guy's hasty words against Philip and his guardian having by this time reached Mr. Edmonstone *via* Mrs. Henley and Philip, that gentleman wrote to forbid Guy his home.

The facts, which Guy did not impart to his guardian, were these: Mr. Dixon, Guy's uncle, had fallen into straits through gambling, and the thirty pounds had been applied to the payment of Dixon's gambling-debt, while the larger sum was to further a charitable and educational enterprise planned by some friends at St. Mildred's, the interest of the money to be devoted to the support and education of his little cousin Marianne Dixon, till at twenty-five his entire property should be in his own hands.

Prior to the sending of the second letter to Guy, Philip came to Hollywell, where Charles met him with the words:

"Philip, let me know the true grounds of your persecution."

When Philip had made explanation, Charles continued:

"So the fact is that Guy has asked for his own money, and when in lieu of it he received a letter full of unjust charges he declared that Philip was a meddling coxcomb. I advise you not to justify his opinion."

In Mr. Edmonstone's absence, Charles threatened to write to Guy that there was one person still in his senses.

"You will do as you please," said Philip.

"Thank you for the permission."

"It is not to me that your submission is due," said Philip.

"Philip, I submit to my father readily, but I do not submit to Captain Morville's instrument," Charles retorted.

Charles wrote to Guy, who replied expressing gratitude for his cousin's sympathy, and also urged his father to see Guy at St. Mildred's; but Philip advised against this. A month later Philip called upon Guy at Oxford and requested explanations, which Guy politely declined to give. He thereupon made inquiries of various persons concerning Guy's habits and standing at Oxford, but failed to discover anything to his young cousin's discredit. He was conscious that he ought to have returned to tell Guy that he had found nothing amiss, but persuaded himself that he should thus miss his train, and so laid the foundation for a lifetime of regret. He was soon to sail with his regiment for the Mediterranean, but he first made a visit to Hollywell, where he found Charles ill and querulous, and was compelled to admit that he had learned nothing against Guy in his Oxford researches, and also that he had not visited Guy again.

"Not see him? not tell him he was so far justified?"

"It would have been useless; for while these mysteries continue my opinion is unchanged, and there was no benefit in renewing vain disputes."

"Say no more!" exclaimed Charles. "You have said all I expected, and more too. I gave you credit for domineering and prejudice, now I see it is malignity."

Guy had looked for Philip's return, but in vain, and as he did not know of the illness of Charles he was unhappy because no

further word came from Hollywell. His Christmas holidays were spent at Redclyffe, where he endeared himself to the fisher folk of the village by his bravery in heading a party that rescued a shipwrecked crew in a storm. The news of this exploit brought him a brief and almost illegible letter of praise from Charles, but his depression continued, a circumstance that greatly distressed the family lawyer, Markham.

In March Charles persuaded his father to meet Guy and Markham in order to transact the business relating to Guy's coming to age. Guy dreaded the meeting and the renewed refusal to make explanations, but he found his guardian in the company of his uncle as well as Markham, and learned that through the instrumentality of his uncle and the lawyer his name had been already cleared and misunderstanding and vexation were at an end. Great was the joy of the Edmonstones at Guy's vindication. He returned with his guardian to Hollywell, and it was settled that his marriage to Amy should not be long delayed. Philip, who was at Cork awaiting orders for the Mediterranean, wrote a letter to his uncle, regretting the renewal of the engagement, entreating him to pause before giving it sanction, and hinting at unhappiness for Amy in wedding one so easily led into temptation and with temper so undisciplined. Kilcoran was not far from Cork, and Philip, having engaged to spend a day or two with the Kilcorans, heard so much while there of the merits of Sir Guy that he decided not to attend the wedding, but wrote to his uncle a calm and lofty letter, free from all token of offense, expressing every wish for the happiness of Guy and Amabel, thanking him for the invitation, which he thought it best to decline, much as he regretted losing the opportunity of seeing Hollywell again. His regiment would sail for Corfu either in May or June, but he intended, himself, to travel on foot through Germany and Italy.

Laura was bitterly disappointed, for she thought he would have come for the sake of seeing her, at least; but she could not write to him, since they both felt that correspondence would be wrong so long as their love for each other had not the sanction of an actual engagement. That he persisted in disapproval after renewed explanation was another grief, as it made her anxious on Amy's account.

Guy went to Oxford once more, for his degree, and then to Redclyffe to make his home ready for his bride, returning to Hollywell after a fortnight at Redclyffe, for a quiet week with the Edmonstones. It was settled that the wedding journey should be taken on the Continent and should include Switzerland, since it occurred to Guy that his attendant, Arnaud, might thus see the relatives he had long wished to visit. Sir Guy and his wife reached Altdorf by the middle of July, where in the travelers' book at their hotel they saw Captain Morville's name registered, its owner having been there a day or two before. They did not immediately come up with him, and while roaming about for a short time alone at one of their stopping-places Amy was saved from falling down a precipice by the timely arrival of Guy, whose steadiness of nerve alone preserved them both. At Lugano Guy wrote to Philip, *poste restante*, asking him to join them at Bellagio, explaining to Amy that to make friends with Philip was now the one wish of his life.

Meditating upon Guy's note and intending to be magnanimous and overlook former offenses, Philip arrived at Bellagio, where he was warmly welcomed by Guy, who, if he had wished to annoy Philip, could hardly have done so more effectually than by behaving as if nothing were amiss, and disconcerting his preparations for a reconciliation. It presently occurred to Philip that it might be well for him to take charge of his young cousins and show them how to travel; and out came his pocket-map with his own route indicated upon it. They had thought of Venice, but were readily converted to Philip's plan of skirting the shores of Lake Como, thence across the Stelvio into the Tyrol, where he would leave them at Botzen, while they proceeded to Innspruck on their way home.

Though Amy secretly felt that she and Guy would have enjoyed their travels more without a third person, she was glad to see that Guy's cordial manner appeared to have softened Philip's distrust. The next day, however, Guy remarked that he feared the plan must be given up, because of a fever said to be prevalent at Sondrio, to which it would be foolish to expose themselves. Philip urged that a fever prevailing among half-starved peasantry need not affect healthy persons merely passing through the country, and declined to consider any risk involved. Guy

remained firm, nevertheless, and Philip then determined to follow his original design alone. The elder man chose to assume that Guy was wilfully depriving Amy of a much-desired longer sojourn by the lake, and in Guy's absence had begun some patronizing advice to her on wifely deportment, when she reminded him, with firm gentleness, that he forgot to whom he was speaking. She then, to her listener's astonishment, said that he had always mistaken Guy, had always tried his temper more than anyone else, and never appreciated his struggles to subdue it. He replied that his opinion of Guy never had changed.

"Whenever it does," said Amy, "you will be sorry you have judged him so harshly."

Three weeks after the meeting at Bellagio the travelers, on their arrival at Vicenza, heard that Philip was dangerously ill at Recoara, a small town in the mountains, and, going there immediately, they found him neglected and unconscious. Guy at once caused his removal to more comfortable quarters, but days elapsed without improvement and the crisis of the fever did not come for a fortnight. Just before this, however, a gleam of perfect consciousness came to the patient, in which he asked whether it were an even chance between life and death, and when Guy answered Yes, he expressed his regret at having misjudged him in the past, and sent his love to Laura, adding: "We have been engaged this long time," which was a surprise to Guy and Amy. Delirium soon returned, but by the next morning the crisis was past and health began slowly to return. Many confidences and explanations ensued with returning strength, and it was planned that when Philip was able he should return with them to Hollywell, where they felt sure that Mr. Edmonstone would forgive the concealed engagement.

Amy was not allowed to see him for some days, but even then was struck by the alteration disease had made in Philip. The next morning Guy awoke feeling so ill that he was obliged to remain in bed, and Amy at his request attended to Philip's needs. He had taken the fever, but it did not run so high as in the other's case, and there was no delirium, but almost constant torpor instead. Amy had now two patients to care for, and it was the tenth day of Guy's illness ere Philip was strong enough to be dressed. He was at last able to reach the room where Guy,

now conscious, gave him some instructions in case he should succeed to the title. In the course of these the matter of the thousand pounds explained itself, and Philip, on discovering the truth, was overcome with self-abasement.

"All is clear between us now," said Guy.

This was their last interview, for early the next day Guy was dead. Amy's parents arrived in season for the funeral, and near the end of the service in the strangers' corner of the Italian cemetery Philip appeared, ghastly pale and full of bewilderment and despair. Later, when he realized that he was heir of Redclyffe, he remembered with horror how he had almost coveted this thing. Guy's will made Amy and Markham executors, Amy to be sole guardian in case of the birth of a child. If this were a son, Philip was to have ten thousand pounds. When Philip seemed well enough to be left in the care of Arnaud, the Edmonstones, with Amy, returned to Hollywell; but at Corfu Philip suffered a relapse and for weeks his mind was astray. Two months went by before he was able to return to England, and in March a little girl was born to Amy, and the succession to Redclyffe thus passed to Philip. It was his wish to restore Guy's child to the succession, but Amy would not consent, because Guy did not wish it, and she insisted that Philip should have Redclyffe according to the provisions of the will.

The Edmonstones had no objection to the marriage of Philip and Laura, but it was arranged that the event should not occur till a twelvemonth after Guy's death. In the mean time Sir Philip entered Parliament, for which his talents peculiarly fitted him; but he suffered much from depression and the natural weakness consequent upon two sieges of fever, and it was long before he completely recovered. The wedding took place at last, but the bridegroom bore the look of a careworn man of thirty-five rather than that of one whose age was hardly eight-and-twenty. His nature had undergone a complete change in the year since Guy's death, and while he would always be saddened, his overweening confidence in his own judgment and motives was gone forever. Many would think him stern and severe, and even his own children's love for him would be mingled with distant awe, but to Guy's child he was never otherwise than indulgent.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL

(England, 1864)

CHILDREN OF THE GHETTO (1892)

This story, written in London in 1892, opened up a new field of English fiction, easily surpassing similar works in its line. It has been translated into German, Russian, Yiddish, and partly into Hebrew. Its success drew general attention to Mr. Zangwill, and was a turning-point in his literary career. The book was dramatized by the author and produced both in the United States and in England.

THROUGH Fashion Street, in the freezing mist of a December evening, Esther Ansell sped with a pitcher in hand. It was a dull, squalid, narrow thoroughfare in the East End of London, connecting Spitalfields with Whitechapel, and branching off in blind alleys. Her father, Moses, was reduced to such poverty by slack trade in the sweating-dens that he had applied for help to the Jewish Board of Guardians, whose red tape was slow to unwind for such an old offender at the court of charity. Yet he could not be denied the soup and bread which were to be had for the asking thrice each week at the soup-kitchen in Fashion Street, and toward this institution Esther pressed, passing in her eagerness crowds of woman applicants on a similar errand.

After awaiting her turn and enduring the delay caused by speeches and prayers at the public meeting that preceded the distribution of soup, Esther was running through the mist, with soup and loaves of bread in close embrace. She almost flew up the dark flight of stairs to the attic in Royal Street.

Little Sarah was sobbing querulously. Esther tried to take the last two steps at once, then tripped and tumbled against the garret-door, which flew back and let her fall into the room with

a crash. The pitcher broke, the odorous soup spread itself in all directions over the boards and under the two beds, and Esther, with wet frock and bleeding hands, wept bitterly. Little Sarah checked her sobs. The old grandmother cursed her for a fool. Ikey, a tot of four and a half years, tottered toward Esther and, nestling his curly head against her wet bodice, murmured:

"Neva mind, Estie, I lat oo teep in my new bed."

Defiantly Esther untied the loaves from her pinafore. They should both be eaten at once—minus a hunk for father's supper. Solomon and Rachel in their excitement snatched a loaf from Esther's hand and tore off a crust with their fingers, while the old grandmother called them "heathen" because they had not washed and uttered the customary blessing. The operation was rapidly done by Solomon, when Rachel, pausing in her ravenous mastication, made a wry face. Solomon spat out his mouthful; there was no salt in the bread.

When Moses Ansell returned from evening service, he sat down by the light of an unexpected candle to his expected supper of bread and soup, blessing God for both gifts. Esther had put the two younger children to bed, and the grandmother dozed in her chair. Moses ate his supper with a great smacking of lips and thanked God in a rapid singsong prayer which lasted ten minutes. He then asked Solomon to say his evening prayer, and the boy, producing a Hebrew prayer-book from his inky cotton satchel, made a mumbling sound, with occasional enthusiastic bursts of audible coherence, for a length of time proportioned to the number of pages. Then he went to bed. After that Esther put her grandmother to bed and curled herself at her side. She lay awake for a long time, listening to the quaint sounds emitted by her father in his study of Rashe's commentary on the Book of Job, the measured drone blending not disagreeably with the far-away sounds of Pesach Weingott's fiddle—he was the bridegroom of Fanny Belcovitch, whose father had a workshop on the floor below, and whose inmates were disturbed by the soup trickling through the ceiling.

In the gray morning, when Moses Ansell took his way through the Ghetto, the glories of the Sunday Fair, so long associated with Petticoat Lane, were in full swing and the venders cried

their wares in stentorian tones, while hybrid posters in Yiddish, Hebrew, and English placarded the dead walls and boardings. Here and there Ansell sought work, but without avail, and the rebuffs crushed his spirit. He felt that he could not face his own children, with the dinner-hour near and nothing in his pocket but holes.

He resolved at last to visit Malka, the cousin of his deceased wife, a wealthy twig of the family tree, to be approached with awe and trembling. She kept three stores, and had set up her newly acquired son-in-law in the same business. He, like most of her wares, was second-hand, having lost his first wife four years ago in Poland. Ansell found her in her own quarters, to which she always retired after any violent quarrel with her daughter Milly; usually she preferred Milly's household. Long was the conversation with Malka, and plentiful her advice. Finally she sent Ansell away rejoicing.

"Here are five shillings. For five shillings you can get a basket of lemons. If you sell them in the Lane at a halfpenny each, you will make a good profit. Put aside five shillings of your takings and get another basket, and so you will be able to live until the tailoring picks up a bit."

Moses Ansell blessed her as he departed, and bought dinner, treating his family to circular twisted rolls in his joy. The next day he laid out the remnant in lemons, and stationed himself in the Lane, crying out: "Lemons, verra good lemons; two a penny each, two a penny each!"

Malka soon had a more delicate problem to solve than Ansell's proficiency in trade. At the festival of redemption of her Milly's infant son, when Mendel Hyams acted as priest and received fifteen shillings as the value of the first-born son, whereby he was duly and sacredly redeemed, according to the law, a strange incident happened. Sam Levine, who was already engaged to Leah Phillips, Malka's granddaughter, drew a little folded paper out of his waistcoat pocket, and unwrapped a thick gold ring with a sparkling diamond. Leah leaned across the table to receive her lover's gift, and Sam put the ring near her finger, then drew it away teasingly.

"Them as asks sha'n't have," he said in high humor.

"Give it to me," laughed Miriam Hyams.

"No; I'm going to give it to the little girl who has sat quiet all the time. Miss Hannah Jacobs, rise to receive your prize."

She smiled but went on carving the fish, when he leaned toward her, seized her right hand, and, forcibly adjusting the ring on her second finger, said in Hebrew: "Behold, thou art consecrated unto me by this ring according to the Law of Moses and Israel."

It was only when he realized that he had married Hannah by the act and words that the jest became a tragedy. For no divorce, in the eyes of Hannah's father, Reb Shemuel, could alter the fact; and when her real lover appeared in a few weeks she submitted to the inevitable rather than pain her father, and refused to follow the man of her affections. For David belonged to the tribe of *Cohanim*, who, according to the law, could not marry a divorced woman. Reb Shemuel held to the letter of the law, despite all protestations.

"David," she called his name, as in his last interview with Reb Shemuel. "David, you will not leave me."

He faced her exultant. "Ah, you will come with me. You will be my wife."

"No—no—not now, not now. I cannot answer you now. Let me think—good-by, dearest, good-by."

She wept, and he kissed her passionately, then departed hurriedly.

Hannah continued to weep, her father holding her hand in piteous silence.

"Oh, it is cruel, your religion," she sobbed. "Cruel, cruel!"

"Hannah, Shemuel, where are you?" suddenly came the mother's voice from the passage. "Come and look at the lovely fowls I've bought—and such *Metsiahs*. They're worth double. Oh, what a beautiful *Yomtov* we shall have."

On *Seder* night—Passover night—Hannah, who had met David in the mean time, had arranged to meet him and go with him to Liverpool. She gave him her hand, and he slipped on her finger the ring he had bought the day before. The tears came into her eyes as she saw what he had done. At nine he was to come for her. She accompanied her father to synagogue and on her return sat at the *Seder* table as if in a dream. But when the hour approached and they met in the hall preparatory

to flight she took his ring out of her pocket and slipped it into his hand, slamming the street-door in his face with a murmured "Good-by!"

In the garret of Royal Street, Esther Ansell sat brooding, her heart full of vague tender poetry, and penetrated by the beauties of Judaism, which, please God, she would always cling to; her childish vision looking forward hopefully to the larger life that the years would bring.

It was Mrs. Henry Goldsmith's *Chanukah* dinner, and the conversation turned upon a certain author, Edward Armitage, whose story, *Mordecai Josephs*, had scandalized West End Judaism.

"The whole book is written with gall," said Percy Saville—Pan-Anglican version of Pizer Samuels. "I suppose the man couldn't get into good Jewish houses, and he's revenged himself by slandering them."

"Then he ought to have got into good Jewish houses," said Sidney Graham. "The man has talent, and if he couldn't get into good Jewish society because he didn't have money enough, isn't that proof sufficient that his picture is true?"

"I don't deny that there are people among us who make money the one 'open sesamé' to their houses," Mrs. Henry Goldsmith said magnanimously.

"The book is true enough," began Mrs. Montagu Samuels. "What I say is, he ought to have come among us and shown the world a picture of the cultivated Jews."

"Now you, Mr. Leon, whose culture is certified by our leading university, what do you think of this latest portrait of the Jew?"

"I don't know, I haven't read it!" he replied apologetically.

"I wonder the Chief Rabbi doesn't stop it," said Mrs. Samuels.

"My dear, how can he?" inquired her husband.

"He has no control over the publishing trade."

"But if nobody has read the man's book," Raphael Leon ventured to interrupt at last, "is it quite fair to assume that his book isn't fit to read?"

The shy, dark little girl he had taken down to dinner gave

him an appreciative glance. "Stop a moment," said Sidney. "I have read the book, and it has more actuality than *Daniel Deronda* and *Nathan der Weise* put together. It is a crude production all the same; the writer's artistic gift seems handicapped by a dead weight of moral platitudes and highfalution and even mysticism. Instead of being satisfied that Judea gives him characters that are interesting, he laments their lack of culture."

When the gentlemen joined the ladies after the coffee and cigars, Raphael turned to his companion of the dinner-table, whose face would have been almost plain but for the soul behind it.

"Do you suffer from headaches?" he asked.

"A little. The doctor says I studied too much and worked too hard when a little girl."

"Oh, I wonder your parents let you over-exert yourself."

"I brought myself up," she said. "You look puzzled—oh, I know— Confess you think I am Miss Goldsmith."

"Why—are—you—not?" he stammered.

"No, my name is Ansell, Esther Ansell. Ah, if you only knew my life!"

At his bidding she began to tell of her childhood, when Rev. Joseph Strelitski, the minister of the fashionable synagogue, was a poor Russian neighbor, who sold cigars on commission and earned an honest living.

"My mother died when I was seven; my father was a Russian pauper alien who rarely got work. An elder brother of brilliant promise died before he was thirteen. I had several brothers and sisters and a grandmother, and we all lived half-starved in a garret. When I grew up I got on well at school, and about ten years ago I won a prize given by Mrs. Henry Goldsmith, arousing her kindly interest thenceforward. At thirteen I became a pupil-teacher. The work was hard. The poverty was acute. I had to teach Scripture history, and I didn't believe in it. Everything was sordid around me. I yearned for a fuller life. I was often the sole bread-winner. My brother Solomon could not get decent employment because he must not work on the Sabbath. Finally Mrs. Goldsmith adopted me. She shipped father and the other children to America, where she secured work for him in Chicago. I was educated and was

graduated at the London University. I traveled and was envied, and yet I do not know whether I would not return to teaching without regret. And your life? I hope you will repay confidences in kind."

"I was born of rich but honest parents, and went to Harrow and Oxford in due course. I corresponded with a great Hebrew scholar and was moved to tears by the enthusiasm at the foundation of the Holy Land League. There I met Strelitski and a poverty-stricken poet, Melchitsekek Pinchas. He is a real, neglected genius. I have been asked to edit a new Jewish paper, of orthodox principles."

On Mrs. Goldsmith's entrance, Esther was induced to sing a ballad. Leon's thoughts were of her when she had finished and he hoped he might be of service to turn her morbid fancies to better directions. Then he left for his own home.

The new paper duly appeared, financed by Henry Goldsmith and with Leon as editor and little Sampson as assistant. It had a hard struggle to reconcile principles and pence; and with its motley band of writers, headed by the poet Pinchas, Leon found it no easy matter to sit gracefully in the editorial chair. An interview with Strelitski, who had resolved to cease being a hypocrite and to give up his pastorate to go to America, where the atmosphere was one of freedom, stirred many a doubt in Leon's mind and caused a gradual change in editorial style, which did not please the owner of the paper. A closer acquaintance with Esther increased his dissatisfaction with his editorship, and he was glad when the connection was severed.

Esther, too, was to sever her connection with the Goldsmiths. It had to come. She would go back again to the Ghetto, and she told her resolve to Leon.

"But what will you do?" he inquired anxiously.

"What do other girls do? Teaching, needlework, anything. Remember I'm a graduate and an experienced teacher."

"No, no, this must not be!" he cried, and his hand gripped hers fiercely.

For a moment she was thrilled with fire and the next instant chilled as by a gray fog. Who was she? What was an Oxford graduate to her, a child of the Ghetto?

"What right have you to say it must not be? I can stand

alone, yes, and face the whole world. Perhaps you don't know that I wrote *Mordecai Josephs?*"

"*You* wrote it!"

"Yes, I. I am Edward Armitage. Did these initials never strike you? I wrote it and I glory in it. The picture is true, though all Jewry declare it false. I can live without your narrow-minded friends. Too long have they cramped my soul. Now I am going to cut myself free from them and you forever. Good-by!"

When she left, he took up again her book and read her eager soul in every line. Now he understood. How blind he had been!

That very night Esther wrote Mrs. Goldsmith a letter, acknowledging the authorship of *Mordecai Josephs*, and became again an inmate of the Ghetto, speeding up the stairs where lived Debby, a seamstress she had befriended years before.

"Debby!" she cried hysterically. A great flood of joy swamped her soul. She was not alone in the world after all. "I've come back, Debby, I've come back," and the next moment the brilliant girl-graduate fell fainting into the seamstress's arms, within half an hour smiling pallidly and drinking tea out of Debby's own cup.

The next day she went to her publishers to notify them of her departure from her old address; but what was her amazement to receive from them a check for sixty-two pounds ten, as her share of the book's profits. It was a failure at first, but the demand increased as its nature leaked out. And now the publishers spoke of bringing out a new edition in the autumn. They even asked her to write a further work on the same topics. But Esther's mind wrestled with other thoughts; the old sense of protecting motherhood came back to her when she heard that her sister Rachel was engaged to be married. It seemed of the fitness of things that she should go to America and resume her interrupted maternal duties.

A group of three stood on the saloon deck of an outward-bound steamer. Leon took Esther's little hand once more, and it lingered confidingly in his own. There was no ring of betrothal as yet; that would come when her sister Rachel Ansell

in America and her sister Addie Leon in England were married. The last moment had come. He stooped to kiss her; it was a first kiss, sad and sweet, troth and parting in one.

"Good-by, Strelitski," said Raphael Leon. "Success to your dreams."

"Good-by," he responded. "Success to your hopes."

Raphael darted away with his long slide, and Esther stretched out her arms toward the vanishing figure of her lover. But she saw him once again in the tender, waving his handkerchief toward the vessel that glided across the great waters toward the New World.

ÉMILE ZOLA

(France, 1840–1902)

CLAUDE'S CONFESSION (1865)

In this romance Émile Zola makes a young Provençal of twenty narrate to two young countrymen of his, still in Provence, the anguish that despairing love wrought in his soul in Paris. In a preface, Zola, who went to Paris when eighteen, and at twenty was laboriously earning twelve dollars a month, apologizes to two friends—P. Cézanne and J. B. Baille—for telling this harrowing tale, which, he says, "will be revolting to refined minds," on the ground of its value as a moral lesson in sin and redemption. "The whole story is the struggle of dream and reality," he declares, "and Claude tells his sufferings that other young men may escape like ones."

MY brothers, winter has come in Paris sad and chill. I am living, suffering and alone, in this bare garret, whose long, slanting walls, with their shadowy corners, resemble those of a coffin. A few pieces of cheap furniture are in the room; faded red hangings around the bed, and curtainless windows look upon a high, blank wall; plaster shows through the rent paper, dust covers everything; and such a grim silence prevails that I can hear the sobs of my heart.

Brothers, you remember our sunny boyhood days in Provence, when we had friendship and dreamed of love and glory. You pictured as your sweethearts sun-browned queens of the fields and the vineyards. My own vision was of a delicate, golden virgin, with the royalty of the lakes and clouds, who walked with languid grace, as if ready at any moment to quit the earth.

Five weeks ago I parted from you and our wide horizons of the sunlit South to come to Paris to win a crown of glory and find the beloved goddess destined for my twenty years. You

have seen me in my garret. Yesterday, with a fire on my hearth and two candles recklessly lighted, I hummed gaily as I prepared for my evening's work.

As I seated myself I heard agitated voices and hurried steps on the stairs; doors opened and shut; muffled cries arose. Someone came to my door and said that a woman down-stairs was having a nervous attack. I put on my coat, went down, and pushed into a room where a glimmer of light showed beneath the door. It was dark and cold, and as miserable as my attic. One flickering candle on the mantelpiece revealed a disordered bed, with wearing apparel strewn over it, and a pallid form lying amid slovenly confusion. I should have taken it for a corpse but for a convulsive movement of the arms.

A blowzy, gray-haired hag, yellow and skinny, who was standing slouchily beside the bed, turned, and letting the woman she was supporting fall back upon the pillow she approached me, saying: "Thank you for coming, sir. I am too old to sit up watching. She is over her attack, and will be all right when she wakes up. Good night!" With this she waddled out, leaving me in charge!

I took the candle and drew near the bed. A woman about twenty years old lay on it, with her feet drawn up, her arms stretched out stiffly, and her averted face concealed in her disheveled hair. I put it back from her face. She was ugly and worn, thin eyelashes bordered her closed lids; her brow was low and retreating, and there was a loose look to her large mouth, which was partly open. Premature decay had stamped her features with weariness and avidity.

The surroundings corresponded with her gaunt squalor. There was a spotted mirror on the wall; some cosmetics on a table; satin shoes, run down at the heel, stood near a chair; I noted soiled linen, faded ribbons, and scraps of lace, and tossed in a corner lay a blue satin gown with black velvet trimmings, draggled with mud from the street. I shook it out and hung it up; then I sat down on the bed and looked at the woman again. Rest had brought a half-smile to her lips, and suffering lent a suggestion of pathetic grace to her poor, worn face. She was one of those women who traffic with a body from which Heaven has withdrawn the soul. My brothers, never in our

dreams had we pictured a half-nude girl of the gutter, lying asleep on a pallet in a gloomy attic!

The woman shifted her position, and the movement exposed her bosom to me. It was a shock to my soul. I felt a shame for this young woman that almost moved me to tears. Never before had I beheld any revelation of a woman's form, except the brown, bare arms of peasants washing their linen. I could not withdraw my gaze from the soft undulations of that snowy bosom, though it filled me with a mental intoxication. I who had dreamed of a virgin's delicate charms was inebriating myself from a soiled cup!

Suddenly her eyes opened. She beheld me without surprise, smiled dreamily, and slowly extended toward me her arms. My brothers, that night has killed how many dreams of my soul! When I went to my garret in the morning it seemed fit that the hearth should hold only gray ashes of the fire, that the candles had burned themselves out. The purest dream of my youth had also faded. This horrible phantom of a first love will obtrude its grim presence into every dream of love I shall know hereafter.

The next day I ran across the old woman toiling laboriously up-stairs. "Ah, I am getting old," she said. "If you could have seen me at sixteen, with fresh cheeks and golden locks, you could understand why they called me Pâquerette. I am no Easter daisy now, in my garret under the roof. I moved a flight up every five years. Laurence, lucky girl, is only on the third floor as yet. She is better to-day."

Laurence! I had not known her name until then. My brothers, each day finds me poorer, and all ambition to write has deserted me. Yesterday I went to bed at five o'clock, leaving my key in the door. At midnight something made me open my eyes. My candles had been lighted, and there in her satin gown, her bare shoulders blue with the cold, stood—Laurence!

"My friend," she said, "I owe the landlord forty francs, and he has locked me out. It is too late to look for a lodging. I remembered you."

She smiled, and sitting down began to unlace her shoes. I was dazed. I almost felt like crying out for help. "We will live just as you like. You shall not find me any trouble," she added.

"Madame! I—I am—bitterly poor!" I stammered.

"Madame!" she repeated. "You are too respectful, my boy, to be rich," and she laughed harshly. "Well, we can be poor together. Or will you drive me out? The only home we girls know is the street."

"But find someone who has a little money," I said. "I haven't a sou. You wouldn't thank me should I take you in."

She rose wrathfully. "You wanted me, and now you are mean enough to throw me off. You are a coward. You are mine, as much as I was yours, and you can't help it," she exclaimed breathlessly.

My brothers, I was weeping. Perhaps Heaven was setting me a heroic task. Could I redeem her by gentleness and patient kindness? I did not feel drawn to her, but if I could bring self-respect to her soul, and an honest regard for me as a simple friend, would it not be more sanctifying for me than would an innocent girl's love?

"Stay, then! You are cold. Lie down and sleep," I said.

A week of patient effort proved to me that she might try to please me through some sense of gratitude, but that her soul was immune to the charm of modesty or of respectable toil. I tried to interest her in needlework. I could see that she loathed it. She would sit unrepiningly for hours, in her blue satin gown, without a vestige of occupation. Wondering whether her soul were utterly dead to emotion, I took her to one of the rowdy, gay balls of the Latin Quarter. She was as intoxicated with it as a child with a toy. This was the heaven in which my soiled bird fluttered with joy. The experiment threw me into a dull torpor of despair on her account. Associated thus with a creature so fallen, without any shade of love, with no dim hope of redemption, I was overcome with the degrading horror of the thought.

This morning coming up the stairs I met a trig, self-possessed young man with a wan little girl, pale and naïve. "How do you do, Claude," he said, with perfect nonchalance. It was that big Jacques, whose assurance we used to wonder at when we watched him walk in the court at college. He lives two floors below, and this delicate child is his mistress! I feel as if she would never live to be a woman, this pallid little outcast with the tender, innocent smile of a saint.

Brothers, I have sunk so low that I have no aspiration for work, for a man's honest endeavor. I pawn one after another of my poor belongings to secure the few sous which will carry us through the day. And I have sunk to a new, strange depth, which I cannot explain. You have heard me tell my boyish dreams; you have heard me say that my love could never rest upon anything but a young and innocent girl. Hear now my tale of mournful shame! In the depths into which I have sunk I have taken into my heart, to cherish as avidly as a dying man clings to the life that is slipping from him, a woman plucked from the mire. Brothers, I love Laurence!

One evening Jacques had a party in his room. We became intoxicated. Toward morning, when only ourselves were there, old Pâquerette noisily bade me embrace little Marie, and ordered Jacques to do the same to Laurence. They gaily complied. I stooped to kiss Marie's brow, when the little creature bent her head back, and as our lips met I saw in her child's eyes a depth of pure blue which seemed to me to be her soul, innocent with ignorance.

Not long ago Marie changed to a room on my garret floor. This flower of the Paris streets is dying. A hollow cough is carrying her away. This disturbed Jacques in his studies, so he calmly had her removed, appointing Pâquerette as her nurse. How terribly she coughed last night! I went to see her in the morning. She lay with her slender arms stretched along her little body, her head supported on two pillows. She was so fragile, so pale, yet pathetically resigned, and greeted me with her child's unknowing smile. Strange innocence in evil! I sat down, after paternally kissing her brow, and took her little, wasted hand in mine. As she turned her fevered eyes with that pure blue in their depths upon me, declaring that she did not suffer and was resting well, pity for the lamentably pathetic little creature fairly choked me.

Pâquerette came in, and began chaffing us in her hideously cheerful banter. "*There's* a dear little sweetheart for you, Claude," she cackled. Marie withdrew her hand. "Be quiet!" I exclaimed fiercely. "I *love* Laurence." The little hand slipped into mine again.

"Then watch her!" snapped the old woman petulantly.

"She and Jacques know how to amuse themselves. You waste yourself with her. That little dear would really love you."

I shot a disgusted glance at Pâquerette, then bent and pressed a brother's kiss on the child's brow, who smiled with wan sweetness. But the wretched harridan's barb had stung me to a mad jealousy. To have humbled myself to degradation; to have then sunk to the lower deep of madly adoring this woman whom I could not respect, and to think that the absolute depth of all abasement might await me in her betrayal of my devotion, was to feel my brain reel.

I had a fearful scene with Laurence. She was cold and silent. I had one red moment in which my hands were tight about her throat, like embodied vindictive justice. I was spared a murderer's remorse; but the sense that I was to lose her after my moral suicide for her sake was akin to it in anguish. Yet I still loved her madly. In my frenzied ardor to hold her, to win her back if she were about to be lost to me, I even sought Jacques's advice. He was not unkindly, in his hard way.

"You are made for virtue, Claude. That makes your situation so deplorable. I must hurt you to help you. Laurence is nothing but a low woman. Such as she are to be walked on, not adored. If she annoys you kick her out. Why, my boy, your friends have to defend you when it is said that you are using her to support yourself!" he concluded, with calculated cruelty.

I rushed away, banging his door violently behind me. I sought Laurence, implored her to recognize my adoration and to give me a loyal love in return. I even begged her to leave Paris, and live a life of sunlit peace with me in my dear Provence. We had once been in the country together in the springtime, and she had seemed another woman.

"You are a child, Claude," she said, at last, phlegmatically. "You choked me the other day. You kneel to me now, as if I were a holy virgin. I stay with you. Doesn't that prove that I love you? But I do not understand these turns. You had better try to make money, that we may have more to eat!"

I was losing her! There was no show of love in this matter-of-fact insensibility. But, my brothers, not even this stolid indifference of hers could quench the devastating fire of my love.

You cannot understand this; but you will believe it, and will pity such abject wo.

Marie is my refuge in this misery. So sweet, so uncomplaining, though she is dying with the deep purity of her soul burning in her blue gaze. I feel as if we should die together soon. Her gentle peacefulness assuages my fevered soul. With her I forget for the while the fever that Laurence awakens in me.

I was in her dim room yesterday as day was declining. A single candle faintly illumined the somber place. As I saw the little flower-like creature in the shadows, I felt that her soul might take its flight that night. I felt my heart constrict with pity for the neglected, suffering child, till I could hardly endure the strain. I rose and went to the open window to seek air and a moment's respite. As I looked out on the night a square of yellow light on the wall opposite caught my eye. I realized that it was cast by Jacques's window below. As I looked, grotesque shadows flitted erratically across this square of yellow in fantastic movements. They appeared monstrous and senseless. Then they sharpened into two clear-cut profiles, a man's and a woman's. They were embracing. Suddenly they stood still for a moment. Then the silhouetted faces approached, and melted into a long, impassioned kiss, which sent an icy dart through my heart and brain, for I recognized Laurence and Jacques, betraying themselves to me on that hard, dumb wall! Then, in revulsion, my heart, with one triumphant leap, flung off the love that had poisoned my entire being and clogged all my energies. Whatever else those dancing shadows had told, they had shown me Laurence, who had so coldly heard me pour forth my very soul in entreaty, clinging in a long passionate kiss to Jacques's lips. She had scorned me, an adorer, for the cold, material passion of a man who rated her as a commodity.

As I felt my world crumble, and knew that I stood without any belief on which I could fall back, I stumbled back to the bed where Marie lay and fell on my knees, stifled with sobs.

The little one awoke and saw my tears. With a desperate effort, she raised herself, trembling with fever, and resting her head on my shoulder wound her thin, burning arm protectingly about my neck. Her eyes, luminous with the light of death's approach, regarded me with the tenderest compassion.

I would have liked to pray. Stricken, weak with a childish despair, I longed to cast myself on a good God who would have pity on me. I yearned to turn from that coarse treachery below, to love elsewhere, in the light, in the absolute. I stretched my arms out in despair. My hand encountered Marie's and I gently grasped it. Her eyes still held me with their wide, tender inquiry.

"Oh, little one," I groaned; "let us pray together!"

"What is it, Claude?" she asked in her faint, caressing voice, trying to dry my tears.

I felt, with a pang, that she would die in my arms, as my love had died in my heart, and I groaned again: "Child, let us pray. Let us pray together for peace, for forgiveness."

"Why, Claude? Look at me!" She smiled, with that marvelous innocence of her helpless, lifelong ignorance! She was comforting me. "Don't you see that I feel quite easy? I am happy, and nothing troubles me." Then after a moment: "Shall I pray for you, Claude? Then you must join my hands and tell me the prayers they teach the village children, and I will pray God that you may not weep."

I was praying that God would take her in her ignorance and let us both die. Marie pressed me more closely, and placed her cheek against mine.

"Listen, Claude. I will get up to-morrow and put on a white gown, and we'll leave this house, and get a little room for ourselves where we shall be all alone. Jacques does not like me, because I am too weak and pale. But you have a kind heart, and will take good care of me, and we shall be gay and gentle. I am a little tired, and I need a good brother, like you. Do you want to do this?"

What words from a dying child, who was descending into her grave with the naïve, inherent, unintentional immodesty that was the note of her being! I supported her frail body as if it were sacred flesh, and I listened to her low, eager voice with a deep and reverent compassion. What is Evil? What is Good?

"Where is Jacques?" she asked inconsequently.

"He is in his room. Laurence is there. They are lovers now. I have parted with Laurence forever."

"Oh!" She clasped her tiny hands and smiled radiantly.

"Then it will be so easy. We ought to thank them for being so kind. I did not like Laurence. I feared she was not good to you. I shall never give you a moment's trouble, Claude. Do you remember the night they embraced and you kissed me? Come! Let me kiss you now, Claude. This second kiss is for our betrothal."

She pressed her lips to mine, nestling close to me, still the child. I felt her breath upon my lips, and a little cry. The delicate body which I so easily supported trembled with a sudden movement. Then it sank limp in my arms. I looked into her eyes, which were wide open. The blue light that had burned in them when she gave me her first kiss was not there.

Marie had died in my arms. That kiss, with which she had bestowed herself upon me, had been borne to me upon her passing soul.

I laid her on the bed and composed her limbs. Then I placed her head upon my arm, held her thin hands, and great tears welled from my eyes and fell upon her silky hair. I do not know how long I sat thus. Pâquerette burst in, and, realizing that the child was dead, uttered appalling cries that could be heard in the street. There were sounds through the house, then steps on the stairs, and the door opened. Laurence and Jacques, half-clothed, entered in alarm at the cries of Pâquerette.

As they took in the spectacle, Jacques, overcome, approached the bed, fell on his knees, and buried his head in the bed-clothes, silent and stunned. Laurence took some steps toward me, her eyes fixed upon my face. I pressed the dead child more closely to my breast as a protection and my armor.

"Don't come any nearer!" I said sternly. "I know you now!"

"Claude!" she said sweetly. "Let me kiss her."

"You would profane her," I replied, "with your lips still warm from Jacques's kisses."

"Claude"—she stretched her arms toward me—"I need your kindness. Hear me! Speak to me—gently."

Was this Laurence? I only pressed Marie closer to me as a safeguard against any relenting. Laurence fell upon her knees. I said to her coldly: "Get up! I wish to end all this

completely. You don't belong as far up-stairs as this. Jacques is your protector."

She rose. "Then you cast me off?" she demanded.

"You have cast yourself off. I simply tell you to stay with the man to whom you have gone of your own choice."

"You are mistaken. I have gone nowhere, Claude"—and with slow steps and a luring smile, Laurence advanced toward me, her arms extended in meek entreaty—"I love you!"

"Stop! This dead child I hold to my heart has brought me peace and has freed me from the mad slavery to you into which misery and an infamous passion had cast me. You no longer have any appeal for me, soul or body. Marie has just breathed forth her soul upon my lips. Your soiled mouth shall never touch them to rob me of it."

Laurence sobbed. "Claude, I have not understood. But I have done you no harm. I love you. Take me. Beat me, if you wish, but do not drive me away from you!"

"If you are not dead to all feeling, go! You are forever dead to me. Go—to something decent, if you can! But leave me to recover hope and a life that has some brightness in it. We are through, forever! Can't you understand?"

Laurence fell upon the floor and began to sob convulsively. She hysterically beat the floor with her hands and feet. She bit her hair, which fell about her face. She was the fierce prey of her own wild, disordered emotions.

I looked at her, crushed and wailing, and felt—neither pity nor wrath.

At last she spent her disorderly rage and dragged herself toward me in a last appeal. She confessed her treachery. She could not account for it. But she could not leave me. Could I not forgive? This woman was to be a mystery to me, and a nightmare, even to the last. I felt only a great weariness of her. I made a movement of disgust and impatience and turned away.

She rose painfully and retreated, still holding me with her eyes. She paused a moment on the threshold. Then she disappeared in the shadows. The old blue satin robe, which had such memories for me, was the last sight, and its swish on the stairs the last sound, that was to recall Laurence. She had gone from my life. I was free.

Jacques had not stirred. He remained thus till dawn. Then he rose abruptly; he bent, and kissed Marie's brow, and I could feel him shiver from its chill. He stretched out his hand to me. But I was through with him as I was with Laurence. He, too, was obscure to my mental vision. Had he lied to me or had he meant to help me in my own despite? I accepted his hand and he left me.

I passed the night there with the dead child who had gone to sleep after telling me that we would live together so happily. What thoughts had I—who lived, with my broken youth—what thoughts that night! Jacques was right when he told me that I was ill. I have been through a delirium. I, a being for the pure, breezy heights, the wide, scented fields, have come to Paris, where beautiful Youth gaily wallows in the mire. I have loved a fallen creature without soul, and have yielded to her the homage and utter devotion which I should have accorded to a pure being.

I found myself this morning kneeling at the side of the bed where Marie lay sleeping. My pride is broken, my youth has mournfully perished. Can this heart of mine be healed? It must be done there, with you, my brothers, in our fair Provence. I will seek there forgetfulness of this year of horror. To-morrow, my brothers, I come to you.

THÉRÈSE RAQUIN (1867)

Zola worked his way through much severe criticism to a wide popularity by a series of novels treating with appalling frankness the lowest phases of vice, squalor, and crime. He declared that he followed this course with the express purpose of promoting social reform rather than catering to the low appetites of the vicious; and this plea is probably correct.

THE Widow Raquin lived on a short, extremely narrow passage, or close, intended as a sort of cut-off between the Rue Mazarine and the Rue de la Seine. It was not more than thirty paces long, and was noisome and dark. She had formerly conducted a cloth-shop at Vernon. But, yearning for a change after the death of her husband, she sold her properties, and with a capital of forty thousand francs, yielding a net income of two thousand a year, she rented for five hundred francs the shop and very modest dwelling that took up a good part of the little close, resumed her business on the ground floor, and settled there for the remainder of her days.

Her family consisted of her son Camille, a pale, flaccid youth of eighteen, who had been all his days a weakling, afflicted with many ailments; and her niece Thérèse, at this time a girl budding into womanhood. As regarded health Thérèse needed no physicians nor drugs. Her father, a petty officer, had served in Algiers, married a strong, handsome, hot-blooded woman of Orân, brought their daughter, still a child, to Vernon with all the papers required by law, left her in perpetuity with his sister, the Widow Raquin, and then returned to Africa and committed suicide.

The little girl slept in the same bed with Camille until she reached years of discretion, when she was removed to the room opposite his. As time went on and the cousins reached a marriageable age, the widow announced that she intended them to

be married; and she fixed the date on the twenty-first birthday of Thérèse. No objection was made by either party; they accepted the arrangement as a matter of course, so unsophisticated were they; and they looked forward to the set time with a calmness that was almost pathetic. The years went by and the day arrived. So far as is apparent from the record of this singular family, there was no formal ceremony; only the widow gave her niece an account of her origin and some appropriate counsel. When night came Thérèse crossed from her own little room to that of Camille on the right of the hall, and shared his quarters. He showed neither surprise nor any unusual emotion. The indifference was mutual. This was the only change that occurred in their lives to celebrate an event usually considered of some importance.

Then a strange thing came to pass. On the eighth day after this change in his life Camille broke out in a most unexpected manner. He announced to his mother that he was going to leave Vernon and settle in Paris. She loudly exclaimed against such an idea. She was contented and wanted not the slightest change. He had a nervous attack on the spot and threatened immediate illness if she did not yield to his caprice.

"I never have opposed your plans," he said. "I have married my cousin; I have swallowed all the drugs you have forced me to take. To-day I have formed a resolution; I resume my will power, and you must yield to it. At the end of the month we leave Vernon."

The widow passed a sleepless night, and her plans took shape before morning. She reasoned that it was possible children might follow this marriage; these things usually happen. In such event the income must be increased. In any case occupation must be found for Thérèse. "I will find and open a shop for us two. As for you, Camille, you may sun yourself all day in the parks or do whatever you please." Such was the plan the well-intentioned widow of fifty announced to her children at breakfast with apparent satisfaction. Poor woman! she was learning in earnest that life is a perpetual compromise between our wishes and our possibilities.

Armed with a line of introduction from an ancient maiden of Vernon to a friend, the widow found and rented the shop in

the close and the floor above. Still young in her feelings, she allowed her fancy to take roseate views and returned to Vernon all aglow with satisfaction, announcing that she had found a pearl, a delicious corner in the very heart of Paris. "Ah, my dear Thérèse," said the poor woman, "you shall see how happy we shall be in that nook. Up-stairs are three beautiful chambers; the lane is full of passing people. Go to! we shall not suffer with *ennui*."

But when Thérèse entered the shop selected it seemed to her as if she had descended into the dampness of a trench. She choked and shook with foreboding. The general effect of everything, both up-stairs and down, gave her an indefinable shock. She could not even find relief in tears. Madame Raquin herself was not so well satisfied as she had been on first sight. She realized that hope and fancy had run away with her. Still she tried, if only in self-defense, to make light of the objections to the place. As for Camille, who expected to pass most of his time elsewhere, he said: "Bah! this is very well. By candle-light it will be very agreeable. I shall be away until five or six in the evening; and you two will have each other's company; how can you possibly feel lonely?"

Thérèse, seating herself behind the counter, in a stupor, made no effort to put things in order. When her mother-in-law suggested that she might be pasting fresh paper on the wall or arranging flowers in the window, she replied with exasperating apathy: "What is the use? Things are well enough as they are. We are not looking for luxury!"

At length Thérèse so far modified her extreme disgust as to find a woman to clean and arrange the place, forcing her mother-in-law to sit down and look on.

As for Camille, a whole month passed while he scoured the city to find employment. He was on the point of proposing to return to Vernon when he found a place in the Orléans Railway, at one hundred francs a month. He never missed a day at his duty and passed the evenings lying on his back reading history and scientific treatises. He was of a queer, impassive nature, but not altogether a fool, and besides these occupations he enjoyed the beauties of scenery. But he was short, thin, and ill-formed. As he rarely exchanged a word with his wife, and as

Thérèse never looked inside of a book or a periodical, and as the widow tended the shop, the household could hardly be called companionable.

Years went by in this cheerless manner until a change occurred most unexpectedly. The widow one day ran against an old friend, Michaud by name. He was passing through the close. During the life at Vernon he and his family had actually lodged for some twenty years under the same roof with Madame Raquin. The families had lived on the most friendly terms, but under stress of circumstances they had grown apart.

Michaud was now a widower and a pensioner on the police force, while his son was enjoying a large salary from the same source. The meeting of the old friends was indeed joyful. On the following Thursday evening Michaud called, and it was agreed that thereafter on every Thursday evening he and his son, and occasionally some other friend they might bring, should meet there in the cozy dining-room, to chat and play a friendly game of dominoes. As Camille had said, the dwelling was cozy enough by candle-light.

Thérèse, listless, nursing tremendous passions of which, through lack of opportunity, she was hardly aware, found these occasions of no interest to her. Whenever it was possible she sat apart, stroking the old cat, François, which they had brought from Vernon, making no effort to conceal the yawning that showed her complete disgust with life as she found it. One evening Camille brought with him a young man about thirty years old. He introduced him as one they had known at Vernon as a mere lad, and invited him to dine with them. His name was Laurent. He was in the same railway employ as Camille, but they had only just discovered the fact. Laurent had received a good education and asserted that he had taken lessons in painting as well, which he had laid aside for the time, committing art to the deuce, since the public did not yet appreciate his talent.

The impression he made on Thérèse was immediate and almost stunning. Since she had reached the age of womanhood her life had been so secluded that practically she had never made a study of a man like Laurent, who was in his prime, with rosy complexion, large in stature and breadth, square-shouldered, with long, sinewy arms, fists like hammers, thick neck, and

dark eyes under heavy eyebrows, stern, penetrating, determined, like those of a bull. This revelation of what physical man may be took her entire being by storm. The long slumbering passions which she inherited from her African mother and which Camille had failed to arouse, awoke all at once. She trembled with the shock, and was forced to leave the apartment.

After this incident hardly an evening passed that Laurent failed to appear at the shop of the Raquin family. As he had quarreled with his father his allowance had been cut off, and the small salary he received obliged him to live in narrow quarters on simple fare. He professed to find a paradise under the roof of the Raquins, and probably in a selfish way he was sincere. But it was some time before he consciously responded to the interest he had aroused in the bosom of Thérèse. At first she seemed to him dull and far from handsome. If he was attracted by her he concealed the fact or it came gradually. Thus matters proceeded until one evening Laurent brought with him his easel, brushes, and colors, announcing that he wished to paint a portrait of Camille.

The family were delighted, at least Camille and his good mother were. Thérèse said nothing. But under a spell she followed and seated herself behind and near to Laurent, watching every movement. Was it he or the work that he was about which attracted her? The sittings occurred after four o'clock, when the business hours closed. Laurent, heavy and slow, gradually decided that Thérèse was in love with him; that he only had to shake the tree and the plum would fall. He reflected for some days as to the advantages and disadvantages and of the temptation thus thrown in his way. Camille was his friend; Thérèse was the wife of his friend, who had treated him very civilly. He knew not yet her inexhaustible resources of passion. But the pecuniary cost to him would be less than what he usually paid for such favors, which were rare enough in those days when his pocket was half empty. As for the possible discovery of the intrigue, if Camille showed resentment, why then—and Laurent stretched out his arm and clenched his fist significantly.

Having decided to seize the first opportunity, Laurent reflected that the portrait was almost finished, and that if he should

fail to seize the first occasion that offered it would be extremely difficult to find another chance. If it were a wise thing to do then the decision of Laurent was wise, for the next day the portrait was pronounced complete. The last coat of color and varnish was laid on what was a stiff and chalky likeness of a very uninteresting face.

And now the hour and the woman were at hand. The moment of destiny had come. "Nothing dare, nothing win. After it is done we can arrange where to meet again," said Laurent to himself when Camille went after two bottles of champagne, to drink to the new portrait, while the Widow Raquin went downstairs to tend the shop. Turning suddenly around in his chair, Laurent faced Thérèse. She did not avoid the long, meaning glance of his eyes; the next moment, without a word on either side, the deed was done which plunged the lovers into an abyss of irretrievable doom—irretrievable because their mutual passion became more binding and terrible with continued indulgence.

With the cool calculation that often accompanies women of volcanic nature, more quick-witted than most men in matters requiring tact and device, Thérèse was able, before the return of Camille with the champagne, to indicate to Laurent that he could get leave of absence from his duties at times in the afternoon and creep up to her bedroom by a very narrow stairway leading to it from the alley. Camille would still be away, while the widow would be absorbed by the shop. On the plea of lassitude and need of rest Thérèse could easily steal upstairs and pass hours there without interruption.

This arrangement continued for some time. It is unnecessary to enter into the details of the furious passion which drew the lovers more and more intimately together. If Laurent had entered into this intrigue with cool calculation he ended by being as infatuated as his paramour, while she, from being plain and uninteresting, developed a sensuous beauty that had needed sentiment and love to pierce the husk that concealed it and develop into the fiery splendor of the flora of the tropics.

But this intrigue entered another stage of its existence when the employers of Laurent informed him that he had abused the privileges permitted him by the railway company, and henceforth must abandon either his too frequent leave of absence or forfeit

his post. As this was all he had to live upon, the lovers were in despair. Weeks passed without their meeting. This separation only increased their love for each other. Finally Thérèse made by letter an appointment at his room. For the first time she passed the evening away from her home and husband. She excused herself on the plea that she wished to collect a debt from a customer who lived in a remote part of the city.

At this interview the lovers bemoaned the fate that interfered with the intercourse that was so entirely natural and congenial, for which they were evidently destined and ought therefore to be permitted to enjoy without let or hindrance. With low-spoken hints, with bated breath, they wondered why some accident such as a falling brick or a fatal illness did not remove one who was clearly not needed, who was a miserable obstacle to the bliss of a pair so fitted to enjoy each other. The wish was father to the thought. Before they parted it was practically understood between them that, if a way were found for removing this simple, blameless lout of a husband, it might be expedient to seize the opportunity.

When people are prepared to accomplish evil deeds, the opportunity is usually not lacking. Some days later Camille proposed a Sunday excursion to a pleasant resort by a small lake, where they might stroll, chat, and dine under the trees by the waterside. Somehow both the guilty lovers instinctively saw the possibilities offered by the occasion.

Why dwell on the horrors that ensued? After Camille had had a nap on the grass, where Laurent came near to murdering him in his rage that the poor man continued to live when it was so important that he should die, and after a dinner had been ordered, Laurent suggested that while it was preparing they should take a row on the lake. The wherry was small. Camille was afraid of the water; but Laurent laughed at his dread, and to save appearances Thérèse agreed to be of the party, much against her will.

Camille was lying face down in the stern, gazing into the water, as they were passing under the shade of some trees. Laurent stood up and suddenly lifting him by his clothes dropped him in the water. Camille screamed and struggled, and Laurent, who was a fearless swimmer, made a pretense of trying to save

him as he went down, while Thérèse, now realizing what it was to kill a man, and he her husband, for the sake of illicit love, sank back in a swoon.

Boats put out to the rescue. But nothing more was ever seen of poor Camille until his body came to the surface a week later and was placed on view in the morgue.

Strange to say, instead of flying into each other's arms and reveling in every rapture, free as they now were, this shocking crime seemed to kill the passion to enjoy which they had removed Camille by foul murder. It was not so much actual horror that overcame them at this crisis as positive indifference and gradually dread of discovery. For the time being their sensibilities seemed paralyzed. The murder, which the lovers supposed would give them freedom, produced the opposite effect. As time passed each became the prey of appalling visions. The strength they had intended to use in the joys of love was exhausted by the sleepless nights and nervous strain which continually oppressed them.

Thérèse went about her daily duties apathetically, as if drowned in sorrow for her husband. While lacking passion now, both, however, looked forward to marriage, as if it might restore their former feeling, and by the aid of each other's society drive away the abject fear felt by each whenever the hour for sleep arrived. But a vague fear of arousing suspicion had prevented Laurent from suggesting it.

Michaud it was who now suggested that they should be married. The Widow Raquin, aunt of Thérèse, received the hint with delight. She labored with Thérèse, while Michaud, in turn, urged the plan on Laurent. The lovers knew not exactly what course to follow; but finally agreed to the plans, were betrothed, and passed the wedding-day in the common French way by breakfasting in the country. The festivity was not very hilarious, but dragged along slowly.

The wedded pair were to live with the widow, who foolishly, in an impulse of affection, bestowed her whole fortune on Thérèse. Michaud succeeded in having a formal paper drawn up which reserved it from the grasp of Laurent. He was already handicapped in purse and feelings by a brief letter from his father telling him to expect not a sou from that quarter, and

his post. As this was all he had to live upon, the lovers were in despair. Weeks passed without their meeting. This separation only increased their love for each other. Finally Thérèse made by letter an appointment at his room. For the first time she passed the evening away from her home and husband. She excused herself on the plea that she wished to collect a debt from a customer who lived in a remote part of the city.

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THE ABBÉ MOURET'S TRANSGRESSION (1875)

This story created great excitement in France, and considerable animosity was aroused against the author for his free handling of religious themes. This sort of criticism never deterred Zola, however, from wielding a sharp literary scalpel in behalf of any cause he thought right.

ATEUSE, the vicarage servant, was sweeping out the church, and, after pausing to ring the bell, was busy dusting the altar, when the Abbé Mouret entered to celebrate his mass. She felt quite at home in the church, and even offered to serve the mass—she had done it once, in the former priest's time, she declared—when the altar-boy was late in arriving. She chattered unconcernedly while the young and devout priest was vesting, and would not be repressed.

The Abbé Mouret was twenty-six years old, and by his own desire he had been sent to the parish of Les Artaud, a hamlet in a valley walled in by hills whose tawny slopes were covered with pine forests. All the inhabitants were related, and bore the same name, so that, from their very cradles, they were distinguished by nicknames. For a long time, when absorbed in his hours of devout meditation, the Abbé Mouret's dream had been of some hermit's desert, of some mountain cavern, where no living thing, whether being or plant, should distract him from the contemplation of God—a dream that sprang from the purest love, from a loathing of all physical sensation. In Les Artaud he hoped to realize his aspiration of human annihilation. In this desolate spot, on this barren soil, he could shut his ears to all earthly sounds and enjoy the never-waking life of the saints. And, in fact, for several months, his existence had been wholly undisturbed. On entering holy orders, he had relinquished all claim on his parents' property in favor of an elder brother, and

his only remaining link with the world was his sister Désirée, whom he had undertaken to care for, stirred by a kind of religious emotion at her weak mind. He could remember having heard temptation spoken of as an abominable torture that tries the very holiest, but he could only smile. If temptation must come, he awaited it with the calmness of the inexperienced seminarist.

It was very hot that May morning when the Abbé Mouret sallied forth on his parish duties, after he had drunk his milk and the servant had tidied him up. He was rudely aroused from his reverie on the way by Brother Archangias, a member of the Christian Brethren, who had charge of the village school, and complained that during the fifteen years of his incumbency he had not turned out a single Christian. He laid the blame on the villagers, whom he called "brute beasts," with no interest in life outside their land, their vines, and their olive-trees. The priest finally stopped the man's coarse abuse, and proceeded on his special errand, which was to persuade well-to-do old Bambousse to allow his daughter Rosalie to marry her poor lover, Fortuné Brichet. But the old man was obdurate.

When the priest left him, he saw by the sun's height in the sky that he had barely time if he wished to be in for his second breakfast at eleven o'clock, as he had promised La Teuse. But on the way he met a gig, driven by his uncle, Dr. Pascal Rougon, who was speeding to old Jeanbernat, the steward of Le Paradou, to whom he had been hastily summoned. The old man must be dead by this time, he declared; still, one must always make sure. The young priest, regardless of breakfast and scolding, offered to go with him, as the dying man might desire his services. Dr. Pascal (as the people called him) roared with laughter at this suggestion, but took his nephew into the gig. After a while they reached a table-land, where the hollow road skirted a lofty and apparently endless wall. Les Artaud was invisible, though only three miles distant. This park wall of Le Paradou was fully a mile and a half long on that side. The park was a forest, surrounded by bold rocks, and containing the source of the Mascle River. As they drove along, the doctor narrated the story of Le Paradou, according to the legend of the country.

In the time of Louis XV a great lord had erected a magnificent

palace there, with enormous gardens, ponds, trickling streams, and statues—a miniature Versailles, hidden away among the rocks under the full blaze of the southern sun. But he had spent there only one season, with a lady of bewitching beauty, who must have died there, as no one ever had seen her depart. Next year the mansion was destroyed by fire; the park gates were nailed up, and the very loopholes of the wall became filled with mold. For a hundred years the park had been running wild. No one knew who owned it. The owner had come there once, said the doctor, twenty years previously, but had been so scared at an adder's nest that he never had returned; the real master was the caretaker, that old oddity, Jeanbernat, who had managed to find quarters in the lodge. With him lived his niece, whom he had been obliged to take in—a regular savage, the doctor declared.

They found the old man in the garden of his little house. He vowed that he did not need a physician; he had bled himself with his knife, and nothing ailed him now.

As the doctor and the priest were about to depart, Jeanbernat's niece entered from the park. She was a very beautiful blonde of sixteen, with flowers twined in her hair and wreathed about her neck, her arms, and her bodice. She was a queer girl, that Albine, the doctor said, as they drove away. Her father, old Jeanbernat's brother, had committed suicide after ruining himself, when the child was nine years old. She had been at school, dressed beautifully, could embroider and strum the piano when she came; but he believed that now she did not even know how to read. She spent all her time in Le Paradou, and jumped out of the window to reach it, if her uncle locked her up in her room. The doctor found them both very interesting, and never failed to visit them when he was in the neighborhood.

The priest took his scolding from his servant, but did not mention Le Paradou. It came out, however, that evening; for Albine brought Désirée a blackbird's nest with three nestlings while he was eating his soup, and Brother Archangias was catechizing him as to his doings that day. The brother and the servant exchanged scandalized glances when they heard of the visit to the atheistic Jeanbernat.

That afternoon Désirée had kept her brother for a long

while in the hot sun, looking at her beloved fowls and animals, until he was forced to flee, almost overcome with the odors and the sensation of the swelling tide of life everywhere, which vaguely disquieted him. When he reached his bedroom at night, he felt so ill that he lighted the fire of vine-stems that was laid on the hearth. Several times that day he had been choked by a feeling of anxiety. What could be the cause of such mental anguish? What could this unknown trouble be, which had slowly grown within him, and had now become so unbearable? He had not fallen into sin. His prayers did not refresh or calm him. With chattering teeth, felled by fever, he swooned away on the floor, in the middle of a fervent prayer to the Virgin.

Dawn was filtering through the calico curtains carefully drawn across the two large windows in a vast and lofty room fitted up with antique Louis Quinze furniture. Near a side table, on which a kettle bubbled over a spirit lamp, sat Albine, dressed in white (instead of the orange petticoat and red kerchief-belt, as formerly), with her hair gathered up in a lace kerchief. She was weary; and presently, impatient at waiting, she stepped to the large alcove and lifted the corner of one of the curtains. On the edge of the big bed lay Serge, apparently asleep. During his illness his hair had lengthened, and his beard had grown. He was very pallid.

"I am not asleep; I heard you, dear," he said.

Then she told him how she had wept the whole way home, when she came back with bad news of him, when told that he was delirious. And that if the dreadful fever spared his life, it would destroy his reason. She had hugged and kissed his uncle, Dr. Pascal, she said, when he had brought Serge to Le Paradou to recruit his health. The doctor was not coming any more, for she was to be his doctor, and all he needed was coolness, greenery, quiet, and to be loved. He was in the pavilion of the ruined château in the park, and Albine had given up her room to him. Serge's head was still empty and the sound of Albine's voice, he said, alone prevented his hearing the wearying, incessant ringing of bells. He felt as if he had returned from a long journey through underground passages, where the pains were intolerable, and he had had to force his way through obstructing

walls and barriers. He was not yet strong enough to look out at the trees, and rainy weather brought back his fever and suffering. At times his state was alarming.

One day Albine took him in her arms, carried him to the window, and made him look out. He gazed at the park, breathless and dumb. Soon he began to take a few steps, clinging to the furniture; but with returning health his senses were still paralyzed by a stupor, so that he was like a new-born infant, and Albine had to teach him the names of objects about him. Recalling some of Dr. Pascal's words, she was terrified at seeing him linger in this condition. But she was infinitely patient and resourceful with him. By cleverly luring him on and amusing him, she enticed him to descend the stairs, and sit in the sunlight under a mulberry-tree close to his window. That morning his mind was born again. His fear vanished; he enjoyed the loveliness of the garden with avidity, and Albine cried that he was beautiful, that she never had really seen him before. But he ignored her presence now, had no glance for her, and this was bitter to her heart. After that he walked a little in the garden every day; and at last Albine helped him carefully down the steps and supported him as they wended their way to the forest of roses that had developed from the formerly trim trees.

There, on the turf amid the odor and fragrance, Serge fell into profound slumber, utterly exhausted; and Albine bent over and fervently kissed him on eyelids and lips. When he awoke, he gazed at her with a stare of amazement, as if startled at finding her there, and asked her: "What are you doing here beside me?" And as she smiled, transported with delight at the awakening of his mind, he seemed to remember, and continued with an air of happy confidence: "I know—you are my love. I was dreaming of you. You were in my breast."

Albine listened to him in ecstasy. At last he saw her, at last his birth was accomplished, his cure begun. He told her that she was his very breath and must never leave him; and he cried out at her loveliness, and told her how he loved her. They did not kiss, but clasped each other by the waist and, with cheek laid to cheek, remained dumb with delight.

After a time they went into the flower-garden, where every kind of flower ran riot in masses of glowing color. Passing from

one forest of blossoms to another, they came to a ruined colonnade, and there, seated on a prostrate marble column, amid a luxuriant growth of tall lilies, they lingered until evening. The next day they rested at home, but amused themselves by examining the plaster cupids and the partly obliterated frescos in Serge's room. Then Albine told Serge the story that she had heard from the people of the neighborhood about that room and the park, so rightly named "Paradise." When it had belonged to the rich lord, he had shut himself up in it with the beautiful lady. The walls were so high, and the gates were kept so tightly shut, that no one ever caught sight of her. When the lord went away his hair was white, and he had all the gates barricaded, so that no one could enter and disturb the lady; and it was in Serge's room that the lovely lady had died. This pavilion had been built expressly for her, and the lord spent all his days and nights there, the servants in the great mansion had said. Often, too, they had seen him in one of the walks, guiding the tiny feet of the mysterious lady, who looked like a princess, toward one of the densest and darkest coppices. But not for worlds would they have ventured to play the spy upon the couple, who sometimes remained out in the park for weeks together.

Serge declared that he felt no fear, everything was so peaceful and calm in that death-chamber. Then Albine edged closer to him, and told him something more, which very few persons knew, she said. The lord and his lovely lady had discovered in the garden a certain spot where perfect happiness was to be found, and there they afterward spent all their time. It was a cool, shady spot, hidden away in the midst of an impenetrable jungle, and was so marvelously beautiful that anyone who reached it forgot all else in the world. There the poor lady must have been buried. Serge was curious to know where this charmed spot was; but Albine declared, with an expression of despair, that she did not know; she had searched everywhere for it, in vain. She had begun her search as soon as she came to the place, and would certainly recognize it—that glade with its mighty tree sheltering beneath its canopy of foliage a carpet of velvety turf. It was asserted that in that happy clearing one felt the joy of a whole lifetime in a single minute; and Albine proposed that she and Serge should set off on the morrow, and

scour the park from bush to bush until they found it, though she declared that in the shade of the tree there was a charm that killed. But they could die, clasped in each other's arms, and no one would ever find them. What mattered it if, as she had been told, it was forbidden to sit under that fatal tree? Their bliss would justify disobedience.

After that they searched for the charmed spot, making their meals off the fruit in the old orchard, and returning at twilight. Their life was an idyl of superb summer. One day, when they had reached a rocky table-land, Serge spoke of separation. They could not live there forever, he said; and he had a sense of being parted from Albine by some wall built up between them, which he could not beat down with all the power of his clenched fists. He dreaded having to leave her some time or other. The thought was torture to them. After that, Serge barricaded himself in his room, and for a long time would not go into the park. But Albine day after day continued her search for the tree of happiness to the point of exhaustion. At last she found it, and shortly afterward she persuaded Serge to go with her to it. They must have passed close to it scores of times, she said. It was beautiful beyond description, and a supreme joy, which she could never name or understand, seemed to pour forth from the leaves and well up from the grass.

She asked Serge whether he would marry her, and they would go out to the charmed tree together and live there forever. She had provided a priest, a stranger to that part of the country. In the outside world, marriage bound lives together; therefore she besought him to marry her, and no one could ever separate them more. Serge followed her to the room below, where a cowled form greeted him placidly, and, after pronouncing a few words, departed. Then, hand in hand, they went forth into the garden rejoicing, and Albine led Serge to the indescribably lovely glade, in whose center towered the majestic tree. There they rested in the impenetrable shade. Their cup of love was filled to the brim, and they vowed eternal fidelity to each other, declaring that now they never would part.

On their way homeward in the gloaming Albine's joy was disturbed and unquiet; she was persuaded that she heard footsteps, that they were pursued. She feared that someone would

steal her husband from her. Suddenly, at the end of a path, their way was blocked by a tall gray mass of the boundary-wall. Possessed by an overpowering dread, they ran along it, trying to escape. Suddenly they came upon a breach that seemed to open upon the valley like a huge window. Serge stood rooted to the spot, gazing out over the open country where Les Artaud was plainly visible. A tremor thrilled through him; he was beginning to recollect, and he stretched out his arms toward the village. Albine felt that all was over. Then the chimes of the Angelus floated up to Le Paradou, and Serge fell upon his knees, crying: "Oh, Lord!" quite overcome with emotion. It all came back to him, and he fingered his long beard, he fumbled among his long, curling locks for the tonsure. He cast a glance of despair at Albine, who clasped him in her arms and entreated him to escape, far away, with her. He replied that he had murdered himself, and his hands were red with his own blood.

Then a heavy step grated on the pebbles at the other side of the wall, and, overwhelmed with a sense of dread, they made as if to hide themselves behind a bush. It was too late. Brother Archangias had already seen them, and looked at them with the disgust of a man who has almost stepped into a den of thieves. Then he ground his teeth and exclaimed that it was what he had expected, that he had guessed they had hidden the Abbé Mouret there. He upbraided the priest in violent terms; bade him, in God's name, leave the woman and the garden, while Albine frantically entreated Serge to say that he loved her. Serge stepped toward the breach in the wall; and Albine, who had fallen, half-fainting, to the ground, rose again, choking with sobs, and hurried away.

Early one morning the Abbé Mouret married Fortuné Brichet to Rosalie. He broke down as he was addressing the young pair and exhorting the man to give up everything for his wife. After the wedding La Teuse, his servant, made one of her scenes for him, as he sipped his milk. She was angry because he would tell her nothing about his stay at Le Paradou. This morning she told him that he ought to go back, if he was so happy there; doubtless there was someone at Le Paradou who would look after him better than she could. But La Teuse's kind heart was pricked with regret as he uttered a slight cry and raised his

grief-racked face to her. She told him that she often had news from "over yonder" and someone there was no happier than he was; she declared that she meant to take him over there some day, and he would be safe with her. But he peremptorily ordered her to be silent.

The Abbé no longer took long walks, but remained at the vicarage. Brother Archangias was more domineering than ever, and maintained strict watch over him. When he came from celebrating mass on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Cross, feeling that he had conquered and was restored to grace, he found his uncle Pascal waiting to tell him that Albine's illness was disquieting, and proposed taking him to Le Paradou for a farewell meeting. But, although he reminded the priest that had it not been for Albine he would have been in a straitjacket, the Abbé Mouret replied that all he could do for the person in question was to pray for her. Then the doctor said plainly that it was killing Albine. He had supposed that the Abbé would remain at Le Paradou for a month, cheered by the lively chatter of the girl, whom he in turn would influence and civilize. He could not foresee that Jeanbernat would not stir an inch from his lettuce-beds, and would allow such mischief to come to pass. He undertook that Albine should go far away immediately after the interview. But the priest refused to go with him, and bade him tell Albine to have recourse to prayer, and she would be comforted as he had been.

That afternoon Albine came down and slipped into the church, apparently unseen, though La Teuse had seen and understood. She urged the priest to come with her, he belonged to her. But to her entreaties he replied that he belonged to God, and his duty kept him there. She asked whether he was deceiving her when he took her for his wife; but he murmured only, "I have sinned." She recalled to him their happy days in the garden, their love—in vain; he remained obdurate, and thrust her forcibly from him. As she went she told him that every day at sunset she would wait for him at the breach in the wall. In the deserted, silent church the priest sank fainting on the steps of the altar, crying aloud that he did love her; and, feeling that God had deserted him, he rose, exclaiming that He did not exist.

He awoke the next morning, his eyes wet with tears, resolved to go to Albine, to leave the countryside with her; and he tried to write a letter commending his sister to Dr. Pascal's care. On the third day of his suffering he suddenly went off to Le Paradou, quite openly, leaving the letter unwritten. At the breach he found Albine and told her that he loved her still. Together they revisited the forest and garden; but Serge could not feel as of yore, and Albine saw it. She exclaimed that he had lied to her; that he did not love her. He protested that he did, and they planned for their future life in the world, their family. But suddenly he seemed to awake, and declared that he could not stay, as he lay shivering at Albine's feet. Then she bade him come with her, led him to the great tree in the charming glade, and flung her arms about him in a wild embrace. But Serge had nothing for her except tears. Standing over him, with an expression of scorn and determination, she bade him begone and, driving him on from bush to bush until they reached the breach in the wall, she made him go forth, then plunged into the depths of Le Paradou and vanished. The priest had stooped over the sleeping Brother Archangias at his entrance. Now the brother beheld Albine's action, and together they returned to the village.

While the Abbé Mouret, kneeling in the church, dedicated himself forever to the Lord, Albine was gathering all the flowers that autumn had left in Le Paradou, and, heaping them up in her room, she lay down among them and died in their perfume. It was Dr. Pascal who induced old Jeanbernat to allow her to receive Christian burial, and the Abbé Mouret, erect, pale, gazing fixedly into the distance, chanted the funeral office without a quiver.

DRINK (1877)

(*L'Assommoir*)

This novel, one of the most powerful works of Zola, belongs to the series called *The Rougon-Macquart Family*, a natural and social history (or narrative) of a family under the Second Empire. There is no mistaking the graphic power of this tale, and probably its truth to fact, while its nauseating details are repellent to the refined reader and, as one would suppose, would hardly be attractive to the classes he so faithfully describes. Notwithstanding this the sales already reach upward of two hundred thousand copies.

ERVAISE had watched for the return of Lantier until two in the morning, leaning out of the open window in her night-shift. Thoroughly chilled and heart-broken, she threw herself across the bed and sobbed herself to sleep. For eight nights Lantier had come home later, alleging that he was looking for work. On this particular night she fancied that she saw him enter a low playhouse opposite, sneaking behind a certain Virginie who, with her sister Adèle, occupied a room above that of Gervaise and Lantier, in the cheap lodging-house known as the Hôtel Boncœur, in the Boulevard de la Chapelle.

Gervaise awoke at five o'clock and stationed herself again at the window, while her two little boys, Claude and Etienne, eight and four respectively, slept on unconscious of trouble, their heads on the same pillow. Then she watched on the sidewalk below, arousing the curious interest of the lodgers and the janitress of the house, who asked unpleasant questions. A laundry woman, kinder than some, offered her employment in her establishment, and one Coupeau, a fat, ruddy journeyman tinman, indicated a sensuous interest in her, which was as sympathetic as his gross nature was capable of offering.

At eight Lantier returned, a short, handsome, dissipated, surly, dark-complexioned son of the South of France, twenty-six

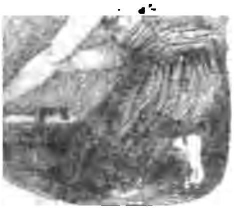
years old. Gervaise, on the other hand, was a large, handsome blonde, twenty-two years old, slightly lame in her right leg, which did not detract from her pleasing features and easy-natured disposition. Her faults proceeded from a certain weakness of will-power when under the influence of the designing, while Lantier's proceeded from absolute, heartless selfishness and lack of principle. He called himself a socialist. They never had married, had lived together eight years, and had two boys, a fact that did not seem to work to their prejudice in the circles in which they moved, whether in the South or at Paris, whither they had migrated when Lantier inherited a few hundred francs from his mother, which, it is needless to say, the man had quickly exhausted.

Lantier, having of course no valid excuse for his absence, assumed a threatening attitude and gave the woman a shaking, and when she returned from pawning a few ragged, soiled clothes for five francs, to procure food, he put the money in his pocket and pretended to drop into a deep slumber. Supposing this to be genuine, Gervaise took a bundle of soiled linen to the laundry, telling the boys not to wake their father.

This was a large steam laundry, full of workwomen, dishevelled, barearmed, with legs bare to the knees, who were aided by several sprightly, saucy youths to bring them soap and hot water. The odors of this steaming hall were not inviting, and the shrill, resonant gabble of this congregation of women and girls and children was neither intellectual nor instructive.

Gervaise was busy in the midst of this hubbub when she recognized Virginie, who was a virgin only in name, and the supposed rival of Gervaise for the affections of the estimable Lantier. The sight of her was too much for the deeply wronged and really tender-hearted Gervaise. A fierce quarrel instantly ensued, and epithets, in which the French language is especially rich, flew thick and fast, ending in a hand-to-hand conflict, with blood flowing and raiment torn to tatters. All work stopped, and the spectators gathered about the combatants, taking sides with one or the other, and aroused to the highest pitch of Gallic excitement. Although physically the weaker, Gervaise finally carried the day, and drove her rival to flight.

On returning to her lodgings she found that Lantier, despite



the fact that they had lived together many years, had absconded with his trunk and what few articles it contained, leaving no message behind. Nine or ten years passed before Gervaise heard a word about him.

Three weeks after this eventful day Gervaise was seated with the aforesaid Coupeau at a table in the tippling-shop of one Père Colombe, in the neighborhood of the Boulevard de la Chapelle. They were taking a friendly drink together, while incidentally Coupeau was urging his buxom *vis-à-vis* to give an affirmative answer to his proposal that they should enter the holy bonds of matrimony. The scratches she had received in the battle with Virginie were healed, and her natural beauty was enhanced, or, as one might say, was made peculiarly piquant by that inscrutable, teasing look of hesitation a woman wears when she declines to accept such a proposal, while thus coaxing a man on to become more urgent, when she knows herself well enough to be aware that sooner or later, either through weakness or liking, she is bound to surrender.

It is not unlikely that Coupeau, through urgency and tact, might have won her, with her boys into the bargain, without throwing out the bait of a formal marriage. For a woman who has lived many years with a man illegally is not likely to be overscrupulous about her relations with the next man she essays. But as, in his urgency, he made it a point to offer marriage, both civil and religious, Gervaise held him to his word. She settled the matter and terminated the discussion by exclaiming, as if she yielded greatly against her wishes: "Why will you be so persistent? Well, then, if you will insist upon it—yes!"

The preliminary visit to Monsieur and Madame Lorilleux, the sister and brother-in-law of Coupeau, to get their approval, as it were, of their prospective sister-in-law, according to French custom, was exceedingly farcical. They occupied a flat under the roof of a six-story tenement-house occupied by a vast number and variety of tenants living in every degree of squalor and amid an unspeakable mingling of odors. But there was a social scale even here, and the Lorilleux couple affected to claim an aristocratic standing because, as gold-beaters, they lived in an auriferous atmosphere! They were so busy they could snatch but a moment each to take a glance at the prospective relative,

and so lofty they barely gave her the tips of their fingers. And then, with two or three cold words and a sneer added thereto, they returned to their toil.

This reception was not satisfactory to Coupeau, but the disgust of himself and Gervaise was easily dispelled when, a few days later, the Lorilleux pair agreed to attend the wedding and to pay their share, to the tune of a franc or two, of the wedding dinner. The French are a great people for spectacular functions, and the rigid regulations of the land are so exacting that altogether it is a great and costly undertaking to marry in that country. This may partly explain the reason why so many there decide to waive ceremony and simply live together without the sanction of mayor or priest.

But Coupeau was proud of Gervaise, and besides had promised marriage, so married they were. All told, they formed a party of twelve, including the Lorilleux and some of the choice spirits that frequented Colombe's wine-shop. They walked miles that day, and a very hot day it was. They reached the office for the civil ceremony late and had to wait for others before them; thus they were late at the church where they were due on or before high noon, and received a surly growl from the priest.

This over, they had six hours to wait for the dinner which was ordered in another part of the city. The heat was intense; what to do with themselves they knew not. Fortunately for them a terrific thunder-storm came up and forced them to take refuge in a wine-shop. The storm slackened; they thought it was over, and ventured out again, but were forced to run for shelter again, and took refuge for an hour under a bridge. They still had two hours to wait, and went into the galleries of the Louvre. The works of art interested them as much as a winter sunset would interest an elephant. The party being shut out from the art-galleries, it was suggested to climb to the top of the monument in the Place Vendôme, by the narrow, spiral, inside stairway. They were struck with consternation, when half-way up, lest Mother Coupeau, who was exceedingly fat, should stick, and be able neither to ascend nor descend, which would be bad for those above her. Some of the ladies also cried out that the gentlemen were tickling them instead of modestly confining themselves to helping them to climb. Finally they all got up

and then down safely, and having smoothed their ruffled plumes were glad the hour had come at last for the long-promised wedding feast.

The entertainment was pronounced fairly good, and was accompanied by a quantity of cheap wine and enlivened by the usual variety of *doubles entendres*. The wine touched the heads of a few and aroused cries that the gentlemen were taking liberties, which some of the ladies were only too willing to allow, and which led at least one lady to throw a bottle at the head of another lady! Quiet being restored, there was the usual squabble with the proprietor of the restaurant. The gentlemen then paid for their shares, and Coupeau, after settling everything, found himself, through his bibulous generosity, out of pocket in the enormous sum of forty francs and some sous. He returned home with his bride having less than one franc in his pocket.

It was necessary for the bride and groom to return at once to the laundry and the tin-shop to raise money. But for some time matters passed pleasantly for both, and by careful economy —for Gervaise was a good worker and Coupeau was steady now —they laid by something in the savings-bank. They had two good friends in Jean Goujet and his mother, he a machinist living at home a reputable life. His mother, whom he honored, was generous and helpful to those who were steady, industrious, and honest.

Thus matters went on until one day Coupeau fell from the roof of a house and was grievously hurt. For months he was confined to his bed. Lying so long idle, Coupeau lost desire and habit to work as he grew stronger, and wasted time and money in low dissipation. In the mean time money was growing scarcer. The ambition of Gervaise came to her aid. She longed for a laundry of her own of which she would be the sole mistress. After long search they fixed on a lodging of three or four dark, ill-smelling rooms on the ground floor of the tenement building where the gold-beater and his wife lodged. In this respect the new move was unfortunate. It is rarely prudent for kinsfolk to live under the same roof, and under the present circumstances it was a decided mistake. But the Goujets, mother and son, lent them five hundred francs to begin their new business with, and, engaging one or two assistants, Ger-

vaise was able, with her bright, cheerful face and manner and her industry, to win custom and lay up money again.

But Coupeau was a perpetual drag on his wife. A good part of his time and earnings were wasted at the tap-room or *assommoir* of Père Colombe, and Nana, the daughter of Coupeau and Gervaise, between the toil of her mother and the shiftlessness of her father, was permitted to run wild about the neighborhood. Happily the older boy had been adopted by relatives in the country and was out of harm's way.

Thus matters dragged along from year to year, with no improvement, but rather a gradual tendency toward becoming worse. Gervaise herself was growing stout, work came less easily for her, and the sensuous side of her nature showed itself in a growing fondness for luxuries of the table which she could ill afford. She continued chaste in her way, and true to her worthless husband. Still, she was approaching a critical period in her moral nature, and her standard of ethics was lowered by all she saw and heard in the neighborhood of the Boulevard Poissonière.

At this crisis in the domestic fortunes of the Coupeau family Gervaise ran across Virginie, whom she had not seen for years and years. Virginie professed great joy in meeting her whilom foe, saying that she retained no ill-feeling, for it was quite natural that Gervaise should feel and act as she had in the circumstances. Before they separated Virginie said, as if it were an afterthought, that Gervaise might be interested to know that she had recently seen Lantier, who was looking well and prosperous. It was eight or nine years since he had run away from his paramour, the mother of their two boys.

Gervaise received the news with well-dissembled indifference, saying she should have no objection to meeting again one who, of course, was nothing more to her than a mere casual acquaintance. But it was not evident to Gervaise that in this matter Virginie was nursing a dark plot of revenge intended to work like an infernal machine set to a slow match—slow but annihilating in its results.

One evening Lantier appeared at the lodging of the Coupeau family; he was quiet and even showed a certain bashfulness. Gervaise received him in a manner cold but not unfriendly.

Coupeau in turn actually welcomed him with warmth, light-minded as he was, and almost as if this one-time lover and now dastardly fugitive from the duties he owed to his sons and their mother were a worthy member of the family.

Lantier came often, always with the same quiet reserve, as if he had neither done any wrong nor claimed any rights. In his effusiveness Coupeau finally suggested that Lantier become a lodger, paying a rental slightly lower than elsewhere, a plan advantageous to both parties. Gervaise objected that they had no room to spare, while Lantier urged that it was inexpedient, aside from the fact that there was no outer door to the room, and an exit to the street he must have. Coupeau overruled all these objections; and thus Lantier was brought once more into close and doubtful relations. But he showed no intention for a long time to trespass on the friendly good nature of Coupeau, while Gervaise conducted herself with a discretion that kept her former lover at a distance.

In the mean time Coupeau was daily becoming confirmed in his cups, and Lantier ceased to make any payments for board and lodging, thus being a pecuniary burden instead of a help, as was hoped, and Gervaise dreaded a quarrel in case he should resent being dunned. But one evening, when she was unintentionally alone with him, he suddenly seized Gervaise and attempted the boldest familiarity. She resisted, and soon some one returned, which caused him to desist. A few days later Lantier invited her to accompany him to the theater when Coupeau was on a spree. When they returned they found the latter asleep dead drunk, and Nana and Mother Coupeau were also asleep. This time Lantier urged her to pass the night with him. Again she strongly resisted, but finally yielded to the strange hypnotic power he held over her.

This was the beginning of the end. Henceforth Gervaise stayed with Coupeau when he was sober and with Lantier when her husband was drunk, until Lantier quietly left his lodgings when he found that, as the earnings of the Coupeau family decreased, the quantity and quality of their meals decreased in proportion. Lantier, who managed, with his suave manners, uniformly neat appearance, and singular success with women, to get a living and much more for nothing, now persuaded Vir-

ginie to open a pastry and confectionery shop, and contrived to live there under the guise of head clerk and partner, champion boarder and accepted lover, with all that that implied in that part of Paris under the Second Empire.

Not long after these events the elder Madame Coupeau died, but not before she had candidly informed Gervaise of what she knew of her doings and what she thought of her. Gervaise replied in kind, and altogether there was an unusual deathbed scene. This did not prevent a funeral far in excess of what the Coupeau family was able to afford, much to the scandal of all the gossips gathered to witness such an interesting occasion, and who were all aware of the pecuniary, domestic, and moral standing of the family of the respected deceased. But Gervaise to a distinct fondness for pomp and ceremony added a firm belief in the maxim: *Noblesse oblige.*

Nana, a remarkably pretty little girl, was already on the rapid downward road before the death of Madame Coupeau, her grandmother; and she continued on this path until she entered into intimate relations with an elderly man of wealth.

It is a thoroughly characteristic illustration of the pitiful state into which Gervaise had fallen, the inextricable tangle of circumstances that was hastening her doom, the cynical destiny which scorned to throw a ray of light, of comfort, on this woman who had suffered more than her sins of ignorance deserved, that her landlord, with pharisaical sympathy and piety, attended the funeral of Madame Coupeau. He entered the room where the corpse was laid with every mark of deference, and burned candles about the bed of the defunct. But having performed this pious duty, and just before entering the carriage to join the procession to the grave, for all of which Gervaise paid with her last sou, this respectable mourner presented her with a formal written dun for two months' back rent, failing to pay which she would certainly be ejected on the second day following.

Some acquaintances among the bystanders who were looking for such a shop at once stepped forward, took the lease off her hands, and assumed the debt, but this apparent benefit also left her without a roof over her head. At this crisis her oldest boy, Claude, who, as will be remembered, was apprenticed to some people in the country, sent her ten francs. This was the

last ray of sunshine that illumined the closing days of poor Gervaise. She actually had to beg on her knees; on one dreadful occasion Lantier and Lorilleux and his wife, chatting and eating together, refused to give her even a sou or a crumb, and laughed her to scorn.

Coupeau, the valuable husband of Gervaise, died in a hospital, a sot crazed by drink; but until his end he at least had food and shelter.

Without friends, without health to work, without hope with which to toil, broken down body and soul, this kind, tender, confiding, unselfish unfortunate, brought up in an atmosphere of heartlessness, ignorance, and vice, of struggle and temptation, at last gave up the battle. She yielded up her life to an inscrutable destiny common, alas! to so many who call in vain to Heaven for succor, and have a right to demand an explanation for the martyrdom of so many untold millions.

A PAGE OF LOVE (1878)

(*Un page d'amour*)

This book is one of the famous *Rougon-Macquart* series planned by the author in 1868. By the device of a legitimate and illegitimate branch, the descendants of a mentally unsound woman are gradually spread through all the strata of the Second Empire. Zola made an especial study of the laws of heredity in writing this series, the book by Dr. Lecas, on *Natural Heredity*, proving specially valuable to him.

T was night, and Hélène was sleeping peacefully. Her hands were crossed in repose, and her breathing was as regular as that of a child. In an adjoining alcove slept her little girl Jeanne, who was about eleven years old. The clock struck one, then the half-hour, while the sleepers remained undisturbed; but at two o'clock a sigh and then sounds of distress issued from the alcove.

Hélène awakened instantly, and, rushing to the alcove, exclaimed anxiously: "Jeanne! what is the matter?" but receiving no reply, she was horrified at finding the little girl rigid as death, her head twisted on one side, while her wide-open eyes stared vacantly in space.

"My God!" cried the mother, "she is dying. My poor little one, where do you suffer? Tell me, what is the matter?"

Still receiving no reply, and thoroughly alarmed, she hurried from the room, crying:

"Rosalie, quick! Call a doctor—my child is dying."

But Rosalie moved so slowly that Hélène in her anxiety decided to go herself. Slipping on a petticoat, throwing a shawl around her shoulders, and putting on her slippers, was the work of a few moments. She was soon hurrying through the snow, for it was winter, to the house of Dr. Bodin, who usually attended her daughter. Unfortunately, he had been called for on an

emergency case, and in despair Hélène retraced her steps to ask for the address of some other physician.

The maid directed her to a Dr. Deberle, and luckily she found him at home. Hastily dressing in answer to her imperative summons, without even taking the time to put on his collar and cravat, he accompanied Hélène to her home.

"You must think me foolish," she said, as they hurried on their way, "but my child is dying, and you must know how a mother feels at such times. Let us hurry, I beg of you."

When the doctor saw Jeanne he reassured the mother, saying there was nothing to worry about. All the child needed was air. Hélène told Rosalie to open the window, then she lifted the little girl in her arms and placed her on her own bed near the window. As she did so, the poor little body quivered convulsively, then stiffened again, as in death. As the twitching movement returned, Dr. Deberle said:

"We must hold her hands to keep her from hurting herself; nothing more can be done till the crisis is past."

Thus, during the long hours of the night, the two lay, one on each side of the bed with the child between them, while they watched every convulsive movement.

"Is she subject to these attacks?" the doctor asked, and Hélène told him how delicate Jeanne was. She had been subject to them from infancy until she was six years old. This tendency to catalepsy had been inherited, but Hélène avoided mentioning the fact that her grandfather was in an insane asylum.

Jeanne was now sleeping quietly, and her face had resumed its childlike beauty.

"This time it is all over," said the doctor gently, and made his preparations to go. Hélène asked him to stay a little longer, but he assured her everything was well now.

"Only," he added warningly, "be careful that she has a quiet, happy life, without care or worry of any kind."

"She is so delicate, so nervous," replied Hélène, "I cannot always manage her. She takes her joys and her sorrows so much to heart. She loves me so passionately that she nearly strangles with jealousy if I caress another child."

Seeing the doctor was interested, she told him more and more

about Jeanne, finally remarking that her father had often been ill, but that she herself was always well.

The doctor, who at her urgent request had again resumed his place on the bed beside Jeanne, looked at Hélène as she said these words. He had hardly noticed her before, but now he raised his eyes, and could not help smiling at her last remark, for she was indeed the picture of health. She was a magnificent Juno type of beauty, her profile resembling that of a statue as she slowly turned her head. Her gray eyes and white teeth brightened her expression when she smiled. Her chin was firm and round, denoting strength; but what surprised the doctor most was the superb contour of her neck and shoulders, from which the shawl had slipped. Over her shoulder her golden-brown hair fell in a large plait. The doctor felt strangely moved at the display of Hélène's beauty.

She also had gazed at the doctor for a moment, noting his sharp eyes, thin lips, and smooth-shaven face. She surmised that he must be about thirty-five years old. Then she noticed the absence of collar and cravat, and that his neck was bare. Hélène slowly drew her shawl around her, and the doctor, as if conscious of her presence, fastened the collar of his shirt. Thus the two remained face to face, while the child slept between them.

"Mamma!" moaned Jeanne in her sleep. Then she awoke, and when she saw the doctor she was worried.

"Who is he?" she asked.

The mother kissed her, saying: "Sleep, little one; you have been ill. He is a friend."

The child was surprised, for she could not remember what had happened. Then she fell asleep again, saying tenderly:

"Good night, mother dear. If he is your friend, he shall be mine."

The doctor again made his preparations to go, bowed silently, and left the room. Meanwhile Hélène remained beside the child, lost in thought, while the light from the lamp paled at the approach of dawn.

The next day Hélène wished to return and thank the doctor for his services, but when she remembered the long night they had passed together with Jeanne she felt strangely shy. She saw him one morning, and hid like a child. The crisis had hap-

pened Tuesday night, and it was Saturday before she summoned courage to call at the doctor's home, at the hôtel in the next street. The footman asked her name, and when she said she was Madame Grandjean, he opened the door of the drawing-room and announced her, most impressively.

She noticed that the room was occupied by a young lady seated on a sofa, in conversation with an elderly woman who was apparently calling. Hélène was embarrassed, and remarked that she had only come to see the doctor.

"Oh, it is all right," said the young lady, who was Madame Deberle, the doctor's wife. "The doctor is not here, but I am very pleased to see you, as I have heard about you. So this is the little girl who was so ill, but she looks well now. Sit down, I beg of you," and Hélène accepted the invitation, while Jeanne timidly perched herself on the edge of a chair.

As Hélène glanced around the room, and noticed its ornate blending of black and gold, she realized what a fit setting it made for its mistress. Madame Deberle was plump and *petite*, with an easy, gracious manner which won many friends. Her jet-black hair formed a marked contrast to the ivory tint of her complexion, whose pallor seemed to reflect the warm tints of the sunlit room. Hélène and she were soon chatting together as if they had known each other for years.

Other visitors called, and Hélène made a move to go, but Madame Deberle asked her to remain and meet her sister Pauline and her little boy Lucien, who was seven years old. Meanwhile Jeanne was getting very restless, so Madame Deberle gave her some albums to look at, but though she took one of the books she continued to watch her mother with an imploring expression.

Presently a Monsieur Malignon was announced, and a tall young gentleman, well dressed and perfectly at his ease in social bearing, entered the room. He was so much at home that Madame Deberle did not even rise to receive him, but extended her hand in greeting. He made only a brief call, and then Pauline, a pretty girl sixteen years old, sister to Madame Deberle, came with her father.

"Good morning, Juliette," she said, as she kissed her sister.

"Good morning, Pauline. Good morning, father," Madame Deberle replied, and then introduced them to Hélène.

A few moments later little Lucien made his appearance, and at once became the center of attraction. His mother tried to get him to speak to Jeanne, but both the children seemed overcome with shyness. Jeanne clutched her mother's hand, lowering her head so that Lucien could not kiss her.

"You must kiss him first," said Madame Deberle to Jeanne, laughing; "the ladies must always make the first advance to him."

"Kiss him, Jeanne," said her mother.

The child looked at her mother, and then at Lucien. When she saw that pathetic little figure with his drooping head and embarrassed air, she felt sorry for the child, and, with an adorable smile, she answered:

"Willingly, mother," and suiting the action to the word, she took Lucien by the shoulders and kissed him on both cheeks.

"Ah! that is right," said those who had urged the meeting, and Hélène, bowing, said she must now say good-by, and again asked Madame Deberle to tell the doctor how grateful she was for all he had done for her.

Juliette held Hélène's hand in hers for a moment, saying with a caressing smile:

"You must come again soon, for I have taken a great fancy to you. You are so beautiful, how could I help loving you?"

Hélène laughed gaily, and then called to Jeanne, who was watching Pauline and Lucien playing together.

"You will always be good friends now," said Madame Deberle, "so you must say *au revoir*," and the two children kissed the tips of their fingers to each other in a parting salute.

Every Tuesday Hélène entertained at dinner two brothers—Monsieur Rambaud and the Abbé Jouve. They were the only friends she had welcomed since the death of her husband, and their weekly visits had kept her from growing morbid. Regularly at seven o'clock the brothers made their appearance, and Tuesday evenings became a veritable institution. Rosalie entered into the spirit of the occasion, taking special care in the preparation of the dinner, and Jeanne looked upon M. Rambaud as a playmate. He had quite a genius for making mechanical toys and mending dolls in a way that won her little heart.

After a while, when Hélène and Juliette became intimate friends, and spent many hours in Juliette's garden, while the children played together, M. Rambaud was often invited to join the charmed circle. One afternoon the children were swinging, when it suddenly occurred to Jeanne that she would like to see her mother take a turn. M. Rambaud had just made his appearance on the scene, and Jeanne, seeing him, called out:

"He will swing you, mother."

"Why, certainly," said M. Rambaud; "I am willing if you are. When one is in the country—"

Hélène allowed herself to be persuaded, and as she swung higher and higher, Jeanne thought she looked like a beautiful angel, her hair reflecting golden tints from the sunlight and resembling an aureole.

"Oh, mamma!" said Jeanne, in an ecstasy of delight, as she watched her beautiful mother, whose smiling face and sparkling eyes seemed like those of a young girl.

Suddenly Hélène called to M. Rambaud that she had had enough. The fact was, she had seen Dr. Deberle coming, and her smile vanished. She became aware of the fact that he was watching her, as he approached his wife, and without waiting for the swing to stop she jumped and fell, spraining her ankle.

"How imprudent," said the doctor, growing pale, and hastening to help her. However, Juliette insisted upon having her own doctor, and when he arrived he carried her with the assistance of M. Rambaud to her home. When the latter returned a few moments later, saying that it was only a sprain, which would keep Hélène in the house a few weeks, Dr. Deberle said nothing, but, taking Lucien in his arms, he covered him with kisses.

During Hélène's enforced rest she amused herself reading *Ivanhoe*, and wondered at the love-scenes with Rebecca. She never had known such love in her brief married life. She was only seventeen when she married, and her husband idolized her; but though she accepted his homage, she remained calm and indifferent. What did it all mean? Even her Rosalie, who was being courted by a soldier, seemed to know more of real love

than she, and she enjoyed watching the happiness of this couple.

As soon as she had quite recovered, Juliette urged her to renew the pleasant afternoons in the garden, and she accepted. Day after day they spent together in this way, and Juliette, who loved nothing better than to chatter and have someone listen to her, was not at all disturbed if the whole burden of the conversation usually devolved on herself. Meanwhile, Hélène was dreaming and drifting along pleasantly, the doctor often joining the party and sharing her silence. The two seemed to understand each other well, though not a word had been spoken. Insensibly, Hélène found herself thinking of him mentally as "Henri," the name by which Juliette called him. Was this love, she wondered, this strange feeling that stirred within her whenever she saw him, as he came near her?

Her dream was rather abruptly disturbed one Tuesday evening, when the Abbé Jouve, who had suspected the true state of affairs, suggested to Hélène that she ought to marry again. When he mentioned the name of M. Rambaud, she was overcome with surprise. She was too agitated to give a definite reply, and she asked for time to consider her answer. When Jeanne realized what might happen, and that if her mother married again she would no longer have the first place in her heart, she took a violent dislike to the man.

One day she openly expressed her feelings on the subject, in the presence of Madame Deberle and her husband and some of their guests. Madame Deberle had planned a fancy-dress ball to be given in honor of her little boy Lucien. His costume was to be that of a marquise of the time of Louis XV. When the question arose as to Jeanne's costume, the child asked her mother not to tell. In fun M. Rambaud teased the child, pretending he was going to give her secret away, when she flew into a violent temper, and, seizing him by the arm, pinched him with all her strength. Finally Hélène succeeded in quieting the child, who then threw herself on a bench and burst into tears.

"What is the matter, little one?" asked M. Rambaud tenderly. "What have I done to you to make you angry?"

"I hate you," she replied, "because you wish to take my mother."

"What did you say?" asked M. Rambaud, not quite knowing what she meant.

"The other Tuesday," she replied. "You know what I mean, when you took me on your knees and asked me whether you could always play with me."

Dr. Deberle, who had overheard the remark, looked serious, and his lips quivered with suppressed emotion. M. Rambaud's face flushed, and he said in a low voice:

"But you said we could always play together."

"No, no," replied the child fiercely. "I did not know what you meant. Now I do not want you to speak of it again, or we shall not be friends."

"Come now, Jeanne," said her mother, who had been saying good-by to Madame Deberle, and only heard the last few words, "when you cry you weary everyone."

Next day, while Jeanne and her mother were enjoying the afternoon in the garden with the Deberles, the doctor availed himself of a favorable opportunity to say to Hélène:

"So you are going to be married?"

Totally unprepared for the question, Hélène trembled and grew pale. With a supreme effort she forced herself to look in the doctor's eyes and calmly answer his question.

"Yes, perhaps. What difference does it make to you?"

"But it is impossible," he said.

"Why is it?" she replied, still looking at him.

Feeling too overcome to reply, the doctor withdrew, but the charm of the afternoons in the garden had vanished. The easy familiarity and perfect confidence became impossible. Each read the other's mind. Hélène knew that the doctor loved her, and that he was aware she reciprocated his love. At the same time she felt ashamed of her disloyalty to Juliette.

The doctor did not make an actual avowal of his love until the day of the children's party. Hélène had been helping Juliette to amuse the children, and overcome by the heat of the room she stood at the door a moment to get a breath of fresh air. Just then Henri Deberle approached her and whispered: "I love you! I love you!"

Now that he had declared himself, she could no longer feign

ignorance. She hid her face behind her fan, and trembled as he repeated the words over and over again.

"Oh! leave me," she murmured feebly; "you are mad. I cannot listen to you."

With a sudden movement, she ran into an adjoining room, and soon afterward hastened home without waiting for Jeanne. The little girl had much to tell her mother on her return; but Hélène heard little, for she was dreaming of the words of her lover.

It was now May, and although Hélène was not a devout Catholic, yet she consented to accompany Juliette to the evening devotions at the church. Jeanne insisted upon going with her, for she loved the flowers and incense, and the statue of the beautiful Virgin Mary. To Juliette's surprise, Dr. Deberle also acquired the practise of coming to church, for the avowed purpose of accompanying them home after the close of the service. Hélène had seen him there, and knew he was watching her, but she pretended indifference to the fact.

One evening when Juliette was detained from coming, as Dr. Deberle escorted Hélène and Jeanne home, they were followed by an old woman named Madame Fétu, who had been placed under Hélène's care by the Abbé Jouve. She was a chronic grumbler, and begged so persistently that one gave her something to be rid of her. She was also inclined to be curious, and, not seeing Juliette with the doctor and Hélène, she secretly wondered.

"Is the other lady sick?" she asked little Jeanne.

"No," the child replied, astonished at the question.

"Ah, Heaven bless the dear lady! Let us say an *Ave* together for her, and for the intention of your dear mother. In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

Not long afterward Madame Fétu called on Hélène, asked for a pair of slippers, and incidentally revealed the nefarious method she employed to eke out a living. Despite the fact that she lived in the attic of a dilapidated house, in an obscure neighborhood of Passy (a suburb of Paris), she had rented one of her rooms to a young gentleman.

"Such a story," she said, as she watched Hélène curiously

to see the effect of her words. "Imagine a young man in good society wanting to rent a room from me. The workmen have been decorating it for two weeks, and it is furnished and the draperies are pale pink cretonne. Ah! it is a jewel! Then the neighborhood is so quiet. Not a carriage comes near the place, till the other day when a lady called—your friend who goes to church with you. I opened the door, as there is no porter, and she asked for Mr. Vincent. When I told her he was not at home, she told the coachman to drive on, as it was too late."

Thus the woman gossiped, and her eyes twinkled maliciously, as she saw that Hélène understood her only too well. A few days before Hélène had overheard Malignon whispering to Madame Deberle, asking her to meet him in a day or so, at three o'clock.

"You are not serious," Madame Deberle had replied, smiling.

"Never more so in my life," he had answered earnestly. "I shall wait for you, you know where."

When Hélène took the slippers to Madame Fétu, she was shown the pink room, and was horrified to find that part of the story only too true. Lately Dr. Deberle had again rescued her little girl from an attack of catalepsy, and Hélène, overcome with gratitude, had been able to conceal her love for him no longer. Throwing her arms around his neck, she had avowed her love.

Now that he was threatened with trouble, her love for him made her long to warn him of the perfidy of Malignon. She decided to write him an anonymous letter, asking him to go to a certain house at a certain hour, without giving any explanation for this deed. As an afterthought, she called on Madame Deberle, intending to warn her not to go to Madame Fétu's house, but the latter treated her so coldly that she lacked courage. On her way home she dropped the letter in the mail-box, calculating that the doctor would receive it just in time.

When the letter disappeared in the box, Hélène was afraid. She recoiled with horror at the thought of the result, and in a frenzy of terror decided to avert the evil as best she could. She must reach the *rendezvous* before the doctor, and warn Juliette that the doctor was coming. When the time came for her to go, Jeanne begged to accompany her. For the first time in her life,

Hélène lost patience with the child, and pushing her violently from her, she exclaimed:

"What a tiresome child you are! You are a positive trial! If you cry now, I shall make you sorry for it later."

Then, going away, she banged the door behind her and left poor little Jeanne alone. The child held out her arms beseechingly toward the door, crying, "Mamma! mamma!" Thus she remained for some time, then, as her mother did not return, her face became convulsed with anger and jealousy, for she realized that Hélène no longer loved her best. During the long hours till her mother returned at seven o'clock, Jeanne grieved, with only her doll to comfort her. She then amused herself opening the window, and watching a rain-storm that was passing over the city of Paris in the distance. Even Rosalie had forgotten the child, in the excitement of an unexpected visit from her soldier sweetheart. When Hélène finally returned home she found her little girl asleep at the open window, and chilled to an extent that resulted seriously.

Meanwhile Hélène had indeed succeeded in warning the guilty couple in time, but, alas! she herself had become entangled in the net they had woven. Hardly had Juliette and Malignon departed, when Dr. Deberle made his appearance. Supposing Hélène had written the note with the purpose of meeting him herself, his joy at seeing her was unrestrained. He overwhelmed her with entreaties to remain, and, exhausted by the strain through which she had just passed, she was too weak to resist, and yielded to his love.

When she returned home several hours later, and found how her little girl had suffered, she was filled with remorse. During the long hours while she tried to save Jeanne from the effects of the cold and exposure at the open window, her heart seemed dead within her. Dr. Deberle came to see the child, but she was seized with a paroxysm of anger when he came near her. She was violently jealous of him; she shrewdly surmised he had been the cause of the estrangement between her mother and herself. Though he continued to call daily, to inquire with regard to Jeanne's welfare, he was refused admittance. At the end of three weeks Jeanne's long agony was ended, and she breathed her last. Hélène heard Dr. Deberle say to Rosalie,

when he called to make his usual inquiries and heard the sad news: "Great heavens, what a misfortune! Poor little girl!"

These were the only words he could think of, for he was so overwhelmed with sorrow that he hardly knew what he was saying. The door closed, and he left the house, passing out of Hélène's life forever. He had helped her to cause the child's death, and she could neither forget nor forgive.

What grieved Hélène most in her loss was the thought that Jeanne never had ceased to resent her harshness and neglect. In death as in life, the mask of jealousy disguised the beauty of her face, and the mother groaned in unavailing remorse.

Her constant friend in this hour of sorrow was M. Rambaud, who had indeed befriended both mother and child. In the last few weeks of her sad life, Jeanne had learned to love him again. When her mother left her day after day alone, while she sought Henri Deberle, he had shared her loneliness with her.

After her death, M. Rambaud remained devotedly attached to Hélène, and two years later he renewed his offer to marry her. There was no reason for refusing him now, he urged. The season of mourning for Jeanne was over, Henri Deberle had passed out of her life forever, so Hélène accepted him.

They were married in November, but before they left Passy for their new home at Marseilles they made a farewell visit to Jeanne's grave. Hélène knelt there in the snow, praying with bowed head, and hardly conscious of the cold. Then her husband came to her, and in silence they left the cemetery together, the footprints in the snow being the only record of their visit. Thus Jeanne was left alone, in sight of Paris, forever.

NANA (1881)

This story forms the ninth volume of the famous *Rougon-Macquart Series*. It is, in fact, closely associated with the volume entitled *L'Assommoir* (usually called in English *Drink*). The latter contains a description of the death of Coupeau, the drunkard, to whom Nana was related. She inherited, through three or four generations of drunkards, the evil effects of this taint, and it resulted in misery and corruption. The book has been translated into many European languages, but has not been dramatized. Like other books in this series, *Nana* is founded largely on documentary evidence, obtained from the police records of Paris.

REAT excitement prevailed in Paris, owing to the fact that the first performance of *The Blonde Venus* was to be given at the Variétés. Nana, an actress hitherto unknown on the stage, was to assume the part of Venus. The great theatrical manager Bordenave had discovered the new star, and to all inquiries concerning her his usual reply was: "Wait and see! She has only to come on the stage and all Paris will go wild over her."

His words came true, for from the moment Nana advanced quietly to the footlights and smiled at her audience she won their hearts. Attired in diaphanous white, with a wealth of golden hair falling loosely over her shoulders, the charm of her youthful beauty—for she was only eighteen years—was undeniable. On the other hand she was somewhat awkward, and when she sang her voice was shrill and out of tune. Derisive whistling could be heard from the gallery, which was instantly hushed, however, when a young enthusiast exclaimed aloud: "Very chic."

Everyone turned to see who had spoken. It was Georges Hugon, "the cherub," as he was called, who was just out of college. He was only seventeen years of age, and this was his first experience of the kind. His eyes sparkled and his face glowed with enthusiasm at the sight of Nana. When he saw

everyone looking at him he blushed, and still more so when his neighbor Daguenet smiled. Then the people around him laughed, while many applauded, saying: "Bravo! well done!"

Meanwhile, Nana, seeing that everyone was laughing, laughed with them, and thereby won the critics. "At any rate, the girl is amusing," they averred, and they could not but acknowledge that her laugh was infectious. For a moment Nana looked at the audience as if to say: "I know I am not an actress, but what does that matter?" Then, with a significant look at the leader of the orchestra, which meant "Go on!" she began the second couplet.

This she sang even worse than the first, but her beauty had taken such a hold on her auditors that they felt thrilled. When her voice gave out before the end of the couplet she extended her arms as if asking for indulgence, and the theater resounded with applause.

But the climax of her daring was reached in the third act, when she appeared on the stage enveloped in a transparent gauze veil. The graceful outlines of her statuesque figure were closely revealed, as she personified Venus rising from the waves. There was no applause at first. No one laughed, and in fact a deathly silence reigned in the theater. Yet Nana smiled, with expressive red lips, while her large blue eyes brightened.

Finally came a murmur of applause which swelled in volume, an intermittent clapping of hands, and little by little Nana took possession of her audience, which slowly yielded to her charms.

After the performance, the name of Nana was on every tongue; it resounded from orchestra to roof; her reign as a star was assured. Fauchery, a leading journalist, pronounced her a success. Before him he saw young Hugon overcome with emotion; near by a rich banker named Steiner seemed enthralled; and the scene in the box occupied by the Muffat family was the most surprising of all. Countess Muffat de Beuville looked pale and serious; behind her chair stood the Count staring at Nana with wide-open eyes and mouth, and in the background the eyes of the Marquis de Chouard glowed like those of a cat. They were like two sparks of gold-dust outlined in the shadow. And Nana, facing the audience, knew she had scored a victory and that her success was accomplished.

Fauchery, who was sitting with his cousin, Hector de la Faloise, pointed out to him the various critics representing the press who had come to write up the new play. As he was speaking he was surprised to see Faloise bowing to someone in the Muffat box.

"What! do you know Count Muffat de Beuville?"

"I have known him for some time," Faloise answered. "The family has property near ours and I often visit them. Come with me and let me introduce you to them. The Count's father-in-law, the Marquis de Chouard, is a State Councilor, and has been named chamberlain to the Empress."

Faloise presented his cousin, who obtained at the same time an invitation to attend the reception held every Tuesday at the Muffat home.

Consequently on the following Tuesday Fauchery found himself among the guests of the Countess de Sabine, as she was called to distinguish her from the Count's mother, who had died the preceding year. The drawing-room with its massive mahogany furniture seemed gloomy and oppressive. It exhaled the odor of a church, somewhat accentuated by the ever-present Monsieur Venot, a Jesuit. He seemed to dominate everyone, despite his insignificant personality and his age—for he was at least sixty years old. His smile was shrewd, his eyes were keen and piercing, and it was noticeable that while apparently listening to everyone he hardly spoke a word himself.

He ruled this household with an iron hand, a mere look being sufficient to accomplish his purpose. For instance, Fauchery and some of his intimate friends had passed the word around that Nana had planned a supper at midnight to celebrate her success. The Count was among the invited guests, but just as he was about to accept he caught a look of warning in the eyes of M. Venot, and instantly declined.

One could easily see that the Countess was dominated by this same influence, and unobserved Fauchery made a careful study of her personality. Despite her youthful looks and bright eyes, she seemed unusually serious. She had married while very young, after the death of her mother, and possibly at the suggestion of her father, the Marquis de Chouard. Strange stories were told about him, despite his seeming piety. A snake

beneath the semblance of a saint, he inspired a feeling of dread. Fauchery asked the Countess whether he should have the pleasure of meeting the Marquis that evening, but she replied that her father would come later as he was busy just then. The journalist, who shrewdly guessed how the Marquis spent his evenings, remained silent, and the Countess changed the conversation by remarking:

"I have always wished to know Queen Augusta. I have been told she is very good and pious."

It was sufficient to see her, near her daughter Estelle, who was awkwardly perched on a footstool, to realize that the Countess herself was a good and pious woman. Yet Fauchery had his doubts. He now turned his attention to Madame Hugon, the mother of "the cherub" who had sung the praises of Nana at her début.

"Last night," she was saying, "Georges made me go to the Variétés, where I have not been for ten years. I was not very much amused, but it made him happy. What singular plays they have nowadays? I must say I do not care much for music."

"You do not care for music!" remarked one of the guests, raising her eyes to the ceiling in affected surprise. "Can it be possible?"

Everyone joined in the conversation, which now became general. Not a word was said about Nana, but the merits of different musicians were compared. The soft, languishing voices of the ladies sounded like the intoning of a chant in church. Fauchery wearied of it and suggested to his cousin that they should take their departure.

To return to Nana: The day after the performance of *The Blonde Venus* her maid, Zoe, was kept busy receiving messages and ushering in visitors who wished to see the newly discovered actress. Such distinguished personages as the Marquis de Chouard and Count Muffat de Beuville were numbered among the callers. Their pretext for intruding was a request for money in behalf of a charitable project, but Nana saw through their schemes.

She responded readily to their demand and smiled ingenuously at the diplomats as they took their departure. Count Muffat bowed deferentially, smiling faintly, and seemingly ill

at ease. He was followed by the Marquis de Chouard, who, realizing that he was unseen by his son-in-law, winked slyly at Nana.

M. Steiner, a rich banker, next requested an interview, but Nana told Zoe to dismiss him, as she said he wearied her. The plea that he was rich was of no avail, for she knew he was ready to respond to her beck and call. When the banker had gone Nana looked in every room to see that there were no more intruders. Feeling assured that she was alone she gave a sigh of relief, when to her surprise she came upon Georges Hugon, "the cherub," seated on top of a trunk, looking very youthful and conscious, while he held an enormous bouquet on his knee.

The moment he saw Nana he jumped to the ground, blushing furiously, while he nervously passed the bouquet from one hand to another. His extreme youth and the amusing expression on his face proved too much for Nana, and she laughed aloud. She treated him as a little boy, asking him his name, how old he was, and whether the flowers were for her. Then, despite his urgent entreaties to remain, she led him gently to the door, bidding him farewell.

"Such a boy!" she murmured to herself, for she had a warm feeling in her heart for children. Indeed, she had a baby girl of her own named Louise, the name of whose father Nana kept secret. The child was placed in care of her aunt, Madame Lerat, being alternately fondled and neglected. Her feeble constitution could not survive this treatment, and she died a pitiable death a few years later while still a child.

There seemed to be a strange fatality in connection with all who came in contact with Nana. Like a gilded butterfly, after fluttering for some time in the atmosphere tainted by the dregs of Parisian society, her wings drooped in the pest-stricken air. She sank deeper and deeper in the mire of vice till the reached the level of the lowest degradation. In her downfall she dragged others with her, causing the financial ruin of the rich banker Steiner; the imprisonment of Philip, a brother of Georges Hugon, who had misappropriated army funds for the purchase of gifts for Nana; breaking up the peace of Count Muffat's home and ruining his life by her perfidy.

Despite the supervision of M. Venot, Count Muffat had succumbed absolutely to her charms. He squandered wealth untold on her and spent a fortune in satisfying her capricious whims. When he occasionally doubted her loyalty to him she would swear on the head of her child Louise that she was true, and he accepted her word. One evening, however, when he made an unexpected call, he found her embracing Georges Hugon, but she pacified him by explaining that she was trying to appease the boy, who was jealous on account of the visits of his brother Philip. This was before the latter had been imprisoned for appropriating army funds.

When that took place Madame Hugon was broken-hearted. She decided to go to see Nana and plead with her, now that she had caused Philip to come to grief, to leave her son Georges alone. The day she planned to make the call Georges also had endeavored to obtain an interview with Nana. The latter chatted with him for a while, and then said she had to go out to pay some bills.

Laughing, she kissed him on the forehead, saying: "Adieu, baby; it is impossible for me to marry you"—for that had been his request—"and now I must run away."

But Georges was not so easily dismissed. He was very deeply in earnest and decided to await her return. Her words still rang in his ears and he seemed stupefied. He was determined to see her again, and then an evil thought came into his mind. "If she refuses me I shall kill myself." Going into her bedroom, he found a sharp-pointed pair of scissors. He slipped them into his pocket and returned to the drawing-room. There he waited for an hour, while nervously fingering the scissors. Presently Zoe came into the room, and seeing him there advised him to escape by the window, as Madame was returning. But he was determined to await Nana, who was a trifle vexed when she saw him.

"How is this?" she exclaimed sharply. "I shall have to scold you, you tiresome boy!"

He did not speak, but followed her deliberately as she went to her room to take off her wraps.

"Nana, will you marry me?" he asked.

She shrugged her shoulders and did not even take the trouble

to answer him. It was too ridiculous. Her idea was to shut the door in his face. Before she reached it, he again asked her to marry him.

Overcome with impatience, she shut the door, hoping he would leave her in peace. But with one hand he opened it again and with the other he stabbed himself with the scissors.

Nana, feeling that something was about to happen, turned round just at that moment and was furious with indignation when she saw that he had wounded himself.

"How horrid of you!" she exclaimed. "And with my scissors, too! Will you stop being so foolish, you naughty boy? Great heavens, what have you done now?"

She was terrified, for the boy, falling on his knees, had stabbed himself again and now lay across the threshold of the door. When Nana realized that she could not get out of the room without stepping over the body she lost her head.

"Zoe! Zoe!" she screamed. "Come and keep the child from killing himself. It is ridiculous for him to act in this way, and here in my home."

She was frightened when she looked at Georges. He was very white and his eyes were closed. A few drops of blood were trickling over his waistcoat. Nana could not endure the sight any longer, and she had just made up her mind to step over the body when she saw a sight that froze the blood in her veins.

Madame Hugon was slowly approaching the door, having just arrived that moment on her mission to implore the mercy of Nana in behalf of her son Georges.

Nana recoiled in horror, and pointing to the body at her feet exclaimed in trembling accents:

"Madame, it is not my fault. I did not do it, I swear to you!"

Madame Hugon was speechless at the sight. On the way to see Nana she had hoped to induce her to plead with the judges in behalf of her son Philip, to give them some idea of how he had squandered the money in a moment of weakness, and to say that she herself was partly to blame. Just as she was mounting the staircase to Nana's apartments she heard a scream, and now the bleeding body of Georges, her other son, lay before her.

Nana repeated, in the tone of an imbecile: "He wanted to marry me. I said no, and he killed himself."

Without a cry, Madame Hugon kissed her boy. Yes, it was her Georges. One boy dishonored, the other assassinated! She was not surprised; it was almost to be expected under the circumstances. Kneeling on the floor, ignoring all her surroundings, she gazed on the pale face of her son. Then she listened, placing one hand on his heart. She felt it beating, and gave a feeble sigh of relief.

She slowly raised her head, looking around the room, and then at the woman who stood trembling before her. Her eyes glowed with suppressed anguish, and she was so majestic and terrible in her silence that Nana again tried to defend herself.

"I swear, Madame, it was not my fault. If his brother were here he could explain—"

"His brother has stolen. He is in prison," replied the mother harshly.

Nana was overcome. The whole family was crazy, one stealing, the other killing himself. She wished to get away from them all, and it was with a feeling of relief that she saw "Zizi," as she used to call Georges, carried down-stairs and placed in a carriage by order of Madame Hugon. That lady made but one remark to Nana as she left her apartment: "Ah! you have done me a grievous wrong."

That was all, and Nana remained silent, as if stupefied. She had not yet removed her hat or her gloves, and so Count Muffat found her a quarter of an hour later. "It was not my fault," she said to him. "I am so unfortunate! I had no idea the boy would try to kill himself in this foolish way."

The Count remained silent, frozen at the thought of the tragedy which had just taken place. He knew Madame Hugon well, and knew how keenly she must be suffering at that moment. Meanwhile Zoe was trying to remove the blood-stain from the carpet in front of the door, but without avail.

"Madame," she remarked, in distress, "I cannot get the spot out."

It was true; the red spot would reappear, showing plainly on the white roses in the design of the carpet. It was only at

the threshold of the room, but the stain of blood seemed to bar the entrance to the apartment.

"Don't worry!" said Nana gaily; "it will go when people have walked over it, as they go in and out of the room." It did not disappear, however, until some weeks later, when Georges Hugon died. When Nana heard the news she glanced involuntarily at the carpet. The stain was no longer there, for it had indeed been worn away by passing feet.

Nana was overcome at the ill omen. She sobbed aloud in her anguish, and moaned that everyone had turned against her. Madame Hugon, Philip, Steiner, and now that very morning Count Muffat had found her in a compromising situation with the Marquis de Chouard. This was the final overthrow of his infatuation for Nana. Seeking the sympathy and priestly guidance of M. Venot, he thenceforth returned to a strict observance of his religious duties.

Nana knew him no more, and in consequence the source from which she had been able to satisfy her slightest whim abruptly ceased. She found it convenient to leave Paris about this time. As she remarked to one of her friends before her departure, she realized the harm she brought to all who came in contact with her.

"I am unfortunate," she exclaimed despairingly. "I ruin all who come near me. I cannot understand the reason. I give all I have. I would not hurt a fly. Is it my fault that Georges killed himself, that Philip was a thief, that the Count showered his wealth on me? I could have been a countess twenty times over for the asking had I consented. I refused because I was sensible. Why do they blame me and turn their heads away when they meet me? It is an injustice! When the man errs he is excused, but the woman never. Ah! it is their fault, they have dragged me down, and now it is all over."

Her work of ruin and death was completed, and she felt she had thus avenged herself on the base fabric forming the foundation of society among the rich. The house which Count Muffat had bought and furnished for her use was rapidly dismantled, the effects were sold or given away, and Nana, richly gowned, suddenly took her departure.

Some months passed, and she was forgotten for a time.

Then strange stories began to circulate concerning her. She had made the conquest of a Turkish viceroy, it was said, and reigned supreme in his palace, with two hundred slaves at her command. Later it was rumored that she had gone to Russia, where some prince was showering her with diamonds. No one knew whence the reports came, but the fabled wealth of Nana was whispered by one to another until she assumed the aspect of a mysterious goddess laden with jewels.

One evening in July another story was heard among the companions of Nana, who had shared her conquest on the night of the performance of *The Blonde Venus.*

"Nana has returned," said one, named Lucy Stewart, to her friend Caroline, "and, do you know, she may be dead at this very moment."

"Dead!" exclaimed Caroline in horror. "Where is she and what is the matter with her?"

"She is at the Grand Hôtel," Lucy replied, adding in awed accents: "She has smallpox. Such a story!"

Then she told her friend that Nana had suddenly returned from Russia, hurrying to the home of her aunt, Madame Lerat. There she found her little girl Louise dying of smallpox, the child breathing her last the following day. Nana upbraided her aunt, accusing her of being the cause of the child's death. Why had she not taken better care of her? Did she not send plenty of money? Her aunt declared she had not received a sou.

Nana was furious; she would not have anything more to do with her aunt and left her, going to some hotel. On the way she had met Rose Mignon, who had been her rival on the stage, but was now the only one to befriend her in her hour of need. She felt feverish and found that she had contracted the dread disease from her child. Rose promised to remain with her and take care of her, though in the olden days she had been her bitterest enemy. Nana was taken to the Grand Hôtel and cared for by Rose till the hour of her death.

Meanwhile the city was in a state of ferment, owing to the fact that the legislature had given out a proclamation for war. The streets were crowded on the day of Nana's death with an excited throng discussing the coming departure of the army to Berlin. Many were pale and in distress at the thought of their

dear ones leaving them, and others were shouting enthusiastically:

"On to Berlin! On to Berlin!"

The city was a scene of the utmost confusion and disorder, and amidst it Nana lay dying, undisturbed by all that was passing around her. For two days Rose Mignon had remained in the room with Nana, risking the loss of her own beauty should she contract the disease.

In front of the hotel a man was sitting on a bench, his face hidden in his handkerchief. It was Count Muffat, who had been there constantly ever since Nana's arrival. Now and then he would look at the windows of the room in the hôtel where Nana had been taken and then hide his face again in his handkerchief.

"He has been there since six o'clock this morning, I know," said Rose Mignon's husband to the journalist Fauchery. "He has been there ever since he heard the news of Nana's illness. Every half-hour he goes over to the hotel to ask for news, and then returns to keep watch."

Just then the Count raised his eyes in the direction of Nana's room, careless of what was going on around him. The next minute Fauchery and Mignon saw him walk to the entrance of the hôtel and ask for news concerning Nana.

"Monsieur, she died just this instant," was the reply.

Nana dead! Muffat without a word returned to the bench, his face again hidden in his handkerchief. Fauchery and Mignon were aghast, but everything around them went on as usual. Just then another procession of soldiers passed by, shouting: "On to Berlin!"

Rose Mignon came down-stairs and told her husband that all was over. Mignon sighed sympathetically, but Fauchery was truly grieved at the news of Nana's death.

Lucy Stewart, who had joined the trio, compared notes with Rose regarding the last time they had seen Nana on the stage. It was in *Melusine*, when she had appeared in all her beauty, illumined by a ray of electric light and dazzling to behold. Could it be possible this same woman was dead, disfigured by the horrible disease of smallpox? It seemed impossible.

Other companions of Nana who had been with her on the

stage, hearing the news, hurried to the hôtel. They must go to the room and see Nana for the last time, they insisted, despite the protests of their friends, who dreaded the result of contagion. Rose led them to the fourth floor, where in Room No. 401 the silence of death had reigned until broken by the sound of their voices.

On the threshold of the room, the girls, awed in spite of themselves, stopped talking.

Then Lucy grasped the hand of Rose Mignon, whispering: "How sad this is! We have come to say adieu to Nana."

She looked in the direction of the bed, but it was hidden in shadow, and she had not the courage to move the lamp nearer. Rose had seated herself in a chair near the bed, saying dreamily, every now and then: "Ah, how she has changed!"

Other friends of Nana came into the room, and hearing the uproar in the street outside went to the open window and looked down on the scene below. They soon became so engrossed in conversation that they forgot all about Nana and raised their voices. Presently they noticed a group of men standing near the entrance to the hôtel, and they recognized Mignon, who was signaling to them to send Rose down. "I am coming," said Rose mournfully. "Now she is dead I can do nothing more for her. They are going to send a sister to stay with her."

Then she put the room in order, arranging the curtains, which had been disturbed by the visitors, and the furniture. When she changed the position of the lamp, so that its light fell directly on Nana's face, Lucy and her friends gave one look and then fled shrieking from the room.

"Yes, she is changed," Rose murmured monotonously, as she remained till all had gone. Then she followed them, closing the door gently, and Nana was left alone in the empty room, the silence broken only by the hoarse cry of the multitude below:

"On to Berlin! To Berlin!"

GERMINAL (1885)

This story sometimes bears the title *Nana's Brother*, as it is, in a way, a sequel to *Nana*, though it never attained the popularity of the former work.

N a starless night a solitary wayfarer was walking along the highway across the plain from Marchiennes to Montson. He carried all his earthly possessions tied up in a checked kerchief, and shivered with cold. Two meters from Montson, he found the buildings around the mouth of a coal mine, and fires for warming and lighting. The workmen evidently regarded the stranger with suspicion. Accordingly, he announced himself as Etienne Lantier, a machinist, and inquired whether there were not some work for him; but they said there was none. Etienne was in despair. For a week he had been tramping the country in search of work, ever since he had slapped his boss's face in Lille, and had found neither money nor food on the road. He was almost starved. The men told him there were plenty of mines and shops in the neighborhood, but times were bad now, and shops were shutting down. The consumptive old driver told him, also, that his family, the Maheus, had worked in that Voreux mine, father and son, ever since it was opened—one hundred and six years ago.

This old Bonnemorte, aged sixty-six, lived with his son, whose family consisted of a wife and seven children, all crowded into a house of three rooms. The eldest son, Zacharie, aged twenty-one; Catharine, the eldest daughter, a slender, red-haired girl of sixteen, with superb teeth, and Jeanlin, a puny, scrofulous child of eleven, worked in the mine, as well as their father and grandfather. Their average united earnings were nine francs a day, for the support of a family of ten persons.

A vague fear caused Etienne to move on, just as Maheu and

Catharine (who, in her mining-jacket and trousers, looked like a boy) came along, and to them he made a final appeal for work. Maheu lingered a little, in pity, and shortly afterward, when he heard that a member of their gang had been found dead in bed the day before, he remembered him. Their work would suffer if there was no one to push the cars but Catharine, and Maheu asked of the superintendent, who arrived just then, permission to hire the man, especially as the company wished to replace woman pushers by men. Danseart consented.

It was very hot in the vein at the sixth floor where Maheu and his gang worked, and Etienne was stifled, scratched, bruised, and almost exhausted before the day was done. During the day he had discovered that Catharine was not a boy, and had felt much attracted by her, had meditated kissing her, grateful for her instructions as to his work. Cheval, a member of the gang, between whom and Etienne a strong antipathy had sprung up on first sight, had been watching them, and now approached, seized Catharine by the shoulders, and forcibly kissed her. Etienne, with a chill, felt that it was stupid to have waited.

Shortly afterward Danseart and Paul Megrel, the engineer of the mine—a nephew of Monsieur Hennebeau, the manager—came to inspect their work, and ordered them to increase their props, as the rock was sinking and there was danger to them and to the mine. The miners were apt to neglect adequate propping, because it diminished their output of coal and their pay.

So exhausted and discouraged was Etienne when he came out of the shaft that he resolved to resume his journey and starve on the road, if need be. But Maheu offered to get him credit until pay-day, and took him to the tavern, kept by Rasseneur, formerly a miner. When Etienne happened to mention, as they were talking about the bad outlook for work, that he knew Pluchart, the head of the laborers' union, who had been his foreman, the affair was settled in a few words. Etienne, to his surprise, soon found himself longing to descend again into the mine and suffer with the others. Possibly it was the thought of Catharine that prompted him and decided him to remain.

Weeks, months passed. Etienne learned his work and was respected as a good man who never shirked. He continued

to live at Rasseneur's, and there became friendly with a man of about thirty years, named Jouvarine, who occupied the adjoining room and was machinist at the Voreux. Jouvarine was slender, rather girlish in appearance, and wore an air of careless amiability; but at times his pale gray eyes flashed fiercely. His reticence and his gentlemanlike hands made the workmen suspect that he belonged to a higher class. Before long, Etienne learned a good deal of his history. Jouvarine was the last-born of a noble family in Toula, Russia, and while studying medicine in St. Petersburg he had been seized with the socialist craze, which was then raging. He determined to become a mechanic, live with the common poeple, and aid them like a brother. After an attempt upon the life of the Emperor he had fled abroad. Disowned by his family, penniless, noted as a stranger on the books of all French workshops, he was thought to be a spy, and was actually dying of hunger when the Monston company engaged him in his hour of need. He had worked for them a year, so soberly, silently, faithfully, that the overseers were wont to point him out to the rest as an example. He kept much to himself, wishing no shackles, either women or friends. Etienne had been asked to form a society of the miners at Montson, as a branch of the famous International, by Pluchart, with whom he had been in correspondence for two months. Jouvarine thought the idea sheer nonsense; but he agreed with Etienne and Rasseneur that a change must come.

About this time Maheu got permission from the superintendent to employ Etienne as miner (instead of a pusher), in the place of Levaque, who had gone to another drift, and Etienne began his propaganda among the workmen as to the necessity of establishing a saving-fund. Maheu's eldest son married in August, and Maheu suggested that Etienne should come to board with his family, the object being to reduce expenses. Etienne read voraciously all sorts of books on social subjects, and discussed them of an evening with the Maheu family. But neither he nor they had sufficient education to digest this material or to view it in coördination with other things. The neighbors dropped in to listen, and gradually Etienne's influence expanded. He revolutionized the whole alley, and the esteem of his friends increased immensely, thanks partly to the fact that he was

frugal and managed to dress well, which bred public consideration rather than awakened envy.

Toward the end of October the company, under the pretext of a break in the engine, suspended work in the Voreux mine. For some time, fearing a panic, and not wishing to increase their already heavy stock, they had been availing themselves of every possible excuse to stop the labor of their ten thousand workmen. Jouvarine was the only one with sufficient intelligence to analyze the situation, and he declared that the savings fund (which now amounted to three thousand francs) was making the company uneasy, as it constituted a threat for the future. If the men could be induced to strike, that fund would be cleared away while still small; and they were trying to force a strike accordingly.

At last the blow fell. The company posted notices informing the miners that, owing to the fear of being compelled to impose heavy fines for poor propping, it had decided to institute a new method of payment for the coal-diggers. Henceforth it would pay in part for the timbering, and the price for the cars of coal would be cut down in proportion, from fifty centimes to forty. This plan was to go into operation on the first of December. On the pay-day when this notice was posted, Maheu received as his share of his gang's wages (after deductions for defective timbering) only fifty francs, on which nine people would have to live a fortnight. Moreover, he was summoned to the secretary, who reprimanded him for meddling with "politics." Allusions were made also to the saving-fund and to his lodger Etienne. Other miners suffered as well. Rasseneur no longer opposed a strike; Jouvarine accepted it as a first step. Etienne took in the situation at once: the company wanted a strike, and it should have it.

A week later misfortune overtook Maheu. Little Jeanlin was buried in a cave-in, and was rescued with both legs broken. The child was doomed to limp for the rest of his life. The company gave the family fifty francs, and promised easy employment for the lad on his recovery. But the father had received such a shock that he fell ill with a severe fever. Just after he was able to return to work, his daughter Catharine finally took up her abode with Cheval. They had been going together a

long time; and now, as they had been having terrible quarrels, she had decided to go and live with him to avoid his reproaches. Cheval had left the Voreux, and was working at the Jean-Bart mine, taking Catharine with him as his wheeler; and they lived in Montson. This left Maheu alone to support seven persons, including the baby.

On the last day of November the miners of the Voreux mine decided to strike, and chose delegates to call upon the manager, M. Hennebeau, the next day. Maheu was to be the spokesman. His wife protested vigorously; but Etienne explained that Maheu was the best and most respected workman in the mines, in whose good sense everyone had full faith, and all wished him to state their demands. The wife accepted the situation, but declared that their ruin was now certain. M. Hennebeau received the delegation (which included Etienne) in his sumptuously furnished drawing-room, and Maheu, overcoming his timidity, declared that the miners preferred to starve at once, rather than work without earning bread to eat. They had struck, and would return to work only when the company had accepted their conditions, which were that matters should remain as before in regard to timbering, and that five centimes should be added to the pay for each car. M. Hennebeau stated the case from the company's point of view, and declared that it must have control of the saving-fund, since it was in reality a reserve fund to pay the expenses of the war. The interview ended by M. Hennebeau promising a prompt reply from the company to their demands.

A fortnight passed and the strike became wide-spread. Many families were without food, and the outlook was terrible. But no one complained; all had a blind, religious faith in Etienne, and implicitly obeyed his commands. He told Rasseneur frankly that he intended to organize a private mutiny; for victory seemed assured, if only all the coal men of Montson would join the International.

Jouvarine was a tranquil and curious onlooker; he had his plan from the start; and the machinists at the Voreux were not on strike. At time went on, the machinery deteriorated, there were cave-ins at the mines, the supply of coal was exhausted, and customers threatened to take their orders elsewhere. The

company suffered as much as the miners, but neither party would give in. The Maheu family sold everything they possessed to buy food, but starved nevertheless. Maigrat, the storekeeper, refused further credit when the miners' wives went to him in a body to plead. The company threatened to discharge all the miners and hire men from Belgium. It was war to the death. Even the Maheus, formerly so peaceable, were thoroughly exasperated. Finally it was decided to hold a mass-meeting in the time-honored rallying-place, the forest of Vandame. At that meeting Etienne was the chief speaker and ruled all minds. He declared that the time for justice had come; that the mines ought to belong to the miners; and that the men must not yield now, after all their sufferings. The throng of men, women, and children were seized with a sort of religious exaltation, and the uproar that ensued was the sign of popularity that rejoiced Etienne. Cheval, whom he attacked for being present though he was working at the Jean-Bart mine ("He work! No, he has a wife who works for him!" shouted a voice) asserted (falsely) that he had been sent to announce the sympathy of the miners there, and bade the whole mob come to Jean-Bart on the morrow and see whether anyone was working. This was agreed to, and they dispersed with a shout of "Death to traitors!" Cheval tried to make good his assertion. The next morning at five o'clock Monsieur Deneulin, owner of the Jean-Bart, was awakened by one of his overseers, who reported trouble brewing. He found some of his people willing to go into the mine; but the majority demanded the extra five centimes a car, though he never had complained of the propping and had not instituted the new Voreux tariff. He explained that, although the work was worth it, the concession would ruin him, and he frankly stated his struggle against the Montson company, which was eagerly on the watch to absorb him. Perceiving that Cheval was the ringleader, he summoned him for a private interview. Cheval was made to realize that if he remained in the strike he could never be more than a lieutenant to Etienne, of whom he was fiercely jealous (both on account of Catharine and for other reasons), whereas, if he accepted Deneulin's offer he might become one of the bosses, and he quieted down. He reflected, also, that the gang from Montson

must have encountered some obstacle and would not come. He argued with his comrades, and work began again. But he was wrong about the Montson mob.

That morning Catharine nearly lost her life from fire-damp; and shortly after Cheval had revived her they heard a frightful rumbling. On rushing in terror to the shaft they found that the Monston people had arrived, and had cut the cables, although they knew that there were workmen in the mine. The frightened throng stampeded for the ladders. There were one hundred and two of these, each seven meters in length. Catharine, exhausted by her experience and her run of nearly three kilometers to reach them, fell and was trampled upon when five ladders still remained. Some one—not Cheval—carried her out. Etienne and Maheu had protested in vain against cutting the cables, after the former had fruitlessly entreated Deneulin to order his people out of the mine. Then the mob raced across the plain to other mines, doing damage at each, shrieking wildly for "bread," and growing more and more excited. Etienne kept the traitor Cheval in front of him, and Catharine insisted on remaining with her lover. At last they came back to the Gaston Marie mine, near the Jean-Bart, with the intention of wrecking it so that the Jean-Bart would be flooded. There had been rumors all day as to the movements of the gendarmes, who were continually in the wrong spot; and now a fresh rumor sent the mob to Montson, roaring: "To the directors! Bread, bread, bread!"

All day long M. Hennebeau had remained at home, constantly kept informed by telegrams and messengers of what was going on. At five o'clock in the afternoon he heard the shouts of the maddened throng. It had passed his wife and her party two kilometers away, as they were driving back from a luncheon and pleasure-party at Marchiennes. At the sound of danger they had concealed the carriage and horses and themselves until the mob passed. It became necessary for them to walk the last hundred meters and try to enter the house through the garden-gate near the servants' quarters. The mob espied them, but in the general alarm all succeeded in entering except Cécile Gregoire. The mob closed in upon her, threatening to tear off her clothing. Old Bonnemorte seized her by the throat, and was about to

strangle her when Etienne created a diversion by shouting a suggestion to break into Maigrat's shop, where there was bread; and Deneulin, arriving opportunely, managed to get her into the house, where her frightened parents awaited her. The mob pillaged the shop, while Maigrat rolled from the roof of a shed and died. At this point Catharine came and warned Etienne that the gendarmes were coming. Cheval had gone to bring them. The mob fled, and Etienne hid for weeks in an abandoned mine, where he had discovered Jeanlin's well-provisioned lair. The strike continued to spread, and the whole region was in ruins and despair. One day Jeanlin brought Etienne news that the tubing of the shaft had given way to such a degree that the mine was threatened with flooding. Leaks had appeared in every direction, and a corps of carpenters had been hastily summoned to make repairs. Soldiers were posted at the mine.

In the alley the distress was indescribable. Alzire, Maheu's humpbacked but helpful little daughter, died of starvation; and she was not the only one. That Sunday night Etienne (who had often left his hiding-place to visit the Maheus and others) went to Rasseneur's tavern, and told Jouvarine that Belgian miners had arrived, and work would be resumed on the Voreux mine the next morning. The strike was breaking up, without a doubt. Still, Etienne held that if the miners died of want and suffering, their famished bodies would do more for the cause than Rasseneur's prudent logic. Jouvarine appeared not to hear, but his girlish face grew savage, and, replying to a word of Rasseneur's, he declared that all were cowards; it needed but one man to make their machine the terrible instrument of destruction, but the will was wanting, and that is the reason the revolution would fail again. Cheval and Catharine came in, and from words he and Etienne proceeded to blows, which ended in the former being hurled to the floor and drawing a knife, of which Catharine warned Etienne. When Etienne got possession of the knife he spared his adversary; but Cheval, as he departed, told Catharine that, as she evidently preferred Etienne, he might take care of her in the future, and warned her, under penalty of her life, not to show herself at his place again. But Etienne had not even a room to shelter her, and she returned to

Cheval, only to be turned into the street in the inclement weather at midnight, and wander until day. That night Etienne saw Jeanlin murder the sentinel at the dump of the Voreux, and helped the lad carry the body to the deserted mine, where, undetected, they hid it in a distant recess.

The next day, in the course of an encounter between the striking miners and the soldiers on guard, the miners threw bricks, and the military at last fired into the crowd. Maheu was among the killed. After the battle his widow allowed Etienne to bring home Catharine, whom she had once turned out of doors, and Etienne himself again lodged in the house. For the company, after this desperate blow, which rang throughout the land, took excellent though tardy measures. They sent away both the Belgians and the military, and posted notices announcing the reopening of the mines, and promising generous consideration and concessions. Catharine announced her intention of returning to work, but was bitterly opposed by her mother. Etienne found that his prestige was entirely gone, and he was even pelted with stones, and would have been killed had not Rasseneur made him enter the tavern and then addressed his pursuers persuasively. It ended in the mob's proclaiming the zealous Rasseneur as their new idol.

That night the betrothal dinner of Cécile and Megrel took place with due ceremony. On Sunday, the day before the reopening of the mine, Etienne had a talk with Jouvarine and asked whether the report were true that the carpenters had not had time to repair the tubing, that the carpenter-work lining of the shaft had been pushed so far out of place by the weight of the rocks that a cage had rubbed against the sides for a space of more than five meters. Jouvarine answered coolly and briefly that it was true, but the chiefs had replied, with irritation, that it was coal they wanted now, and proper repairs should be made by and by. Etienne declared that it would burst; to which Jouvarine answered tranquilly that, in that case, the miners whom Etienne was advising to go down to work would be killed. Then he announced that he was going away—somewhere, he did not know where—never to return.

When the clock struck midnight Jouvarine went to the mine,

got some tools, and descended the shaft without a light. He knew that the cage rubbed at a depth of three hundred and seventy-four meters, and when he had counted fifty-four ladders he found the bulging spot by feeling. Then, with his saw and auger, he began to weaken the already weak partitions. In that region there were immense sheets of water underground which it was very difficult to keep out of the mines. The lining of the shaft was already leaking badly; the carpenters, pressed for time, had done their work carelessly, and many screws were not tight. It was a perilous task, and more than once Jouvarine came near falling headlong to the bottom. But he worked furiously to weaken the compartments, though drenched in the icy rain of the streams that began to percolate through. He had expected this, and nothing should balk him of his purpose. At four o'clock Etienne and Catharine, who were accepting the invitation to return to work, met him on the road. Jouvarine caught Etienne by the shoulder and turned him toward the alley, saying: "Go home! I wish it, do you understand?" But when Etienne persisted he bade him "Good-by forever."

When the first cage went down, carrying Etienne, Catharine, and others, it was evident that there was trouble. But the cage broke through the obstruction and, although alarmed at the torrents of water, no one turned back, no overseer climbed the ladders to investigate. Etienne, Catharine, Cheval, and their gang, deep in the mine, heard strange noises; but, engrossed in their work of propping, they paid no heed until Catharine returned from her first trip to the inclined plane and reported that everyone had gone away. Panic ensued. The men flung down their tools and made for the shaft-room. But the torrent was already upon them, spouting from everywhere. Huge sections of the woodwork crashed down, and prevented use of the ladders. Throngs of miners poured from every gallery, and fought to enter the cages, fearing that each would be the last. Etienne, Cheval, and Catharine arrived too late.

On the surface the disaster was already known. Paul Megrel had himself lowered into the shaft, and discovered evidences that the woodwork had been deliberately weakened, and Hennebeau and he were startled at the daring of the unknown miscreant. Before night the wreck was complete, the earth had

caved in at the shafthead, the buildings and machinery were swallowed up, and the canal fell, a roaring cataract, into the abyss. Then Jouvarine arose from his seat in the driver's house on the hill, where he had remained with his eyes riveted on the mine, flung away his cigarette, and walked tranquilly away to carry his work of destruction elsewhere.

Fifteen miners were imprisoned, and the problem was how to set about a rescue. It would take years to drain the Voreux; but the overseers bethought themselves of the old galleries of the abandoned Requillart mine, and tried to effect an entrance through them. At the end of three days, just as Megrel had abandoned hope, Zacharie Maheu declared that Catharine had answered his signal, and the men began to tunnel in the direction of the tapping. On the ninth day Zacharie was killed by an explosion of fire-damp. This aroused pity for the Maheu family in Cécile Gregoire and her parents; and after a visit—as was the fashion then—to the scene of the disaster, with Madame Hennebeau and Deneulin's daughters, they drove to the alley, to carry the Maheus some food, wine, and clothing. Old Bonnemorte, imbecile and helpless in his chair, was the only person there, and when Cécile remained alone with him for a moment while her parents went into the neighboring house, by some inexplicable access of strength he fell upon her and strangled her, having dimly recognized her as the girl who had been saved from his clutches in the riot.

Down in the mine the imprisoned workmen had dispersed, seeking safety. Etienne and Catharine remained together, and after hours of toil, wading through water up to their shoulders, entered a gallery which Etienne recognized as in the Requillart mine, where he had hidden himself so long. But they encountered Cheval, who had come by a different road, and the three, halted in their progress by a cave-in, were forced to remain together. Cheval threatened to kill Etienne, and the latter, defending Catharine and himself, killed Cheval. By the time the rescuers dug through to them Catharine was dead, and Etienne, the sole survivor, was almost beyond hope. At the end of six weeks in hospital, however, he was able to leave Montson, where work had been resumed at all the mines except the Voreux, the workmen having been starved into submission by two months

and a half of suffering. The widow Maheu, who had threatened to strangle any member of her family who returned to work, was compelled to go to the mine herself. Etienne set out for Paris, feeling that his education was finished and that he would be, like Pluchart, a leader of men. Still, he thought violence had not hastened matters at Montson.

THE LAND (1887)

(*La Terre*)

Zola's bitterness against the political and social situation of France found vent in this story, which, as was the case with nearly all his work, called forth a storm of criticism.

JEAN MACQUART, a Provençal, returned to France after the battle of Solferino, with his discharge, and a comrade brought him to the village of Rognes, in Beauce. Jean had been a carpenter and at first he had applied himself to the same trade in Rognes, but he had soon abandoned it and engaged with Monsieur Hourdequin, owner of a large farm called La Borderie, displaying great capacity for field work. One morning, as he had just finished sowing a parcel of land, he saw a young peasant girl, hardly more than a child, leading a large red and white cow in his direction. Presently he perceived that the cow was running away, while the girl was unable to stop her, the halter being knotted fast around her wrist. He went to the rescue, and found that she was the fourteen-year-old daughter of an old man called Father Mouche. As they chatted, she pointed out a black speck on the road to Cloyes, which she said was her uncle Fouan and her aunt Rose driving to the notary to divide their land between their daughter and their two sons. That was the first meeting between Françoise and Jean.

Old Fouan was as fondly attached to his land as are all French peasants, but had determined upon a division, because he found that his strength was unequal to cultivating it. His oldest child was Hyacinthe, a drunken good-for-nothing, with a face that suggested Christ, if one could fancy such a being lowered by dissipation. So strong was the suggestion that he

was generally and irreverently called "Jesus Christ." On his return from military service in Africa, Hyacinthe had refused to work, and lived by poaching and marauding. Fanny, aged thirty-four, came next. She was married to a very well-to-do man, Delhomme. Buteau, the youngest son, aged twenty-seven, had always been headstrong and rebellious, and even as a boy he never had been able to get on with his parents. This family assembled at the notary's. Fouan had nine hectares and a half of land, and wished his children to pay him a yearly rental of nine hundred and fifty francs. Quarreling and bargaining broke out instantly. After calculating how much his food, clothing, tobacco, and small dainties would cost, and their mother's keep, the children tried to cut it down to about half that sum; but Fouan declared that he would have six hundred francs or he would sell it and squander the money so that they would receive not a penny. As for the hoard, which Buteau assumed that he had, and which should be deducted from the annuity, the old man vehemently protested that he did not possess such a thing, even to the extent of one sou.

The Fouans had been serfs in ancient days but had risen in the course of centuries to the rank of petty peasant proprietors. This old Louis Fouan had married a woman with land; so had Marianne, his sister, commonly called "La Grande." Michel, called Father Mouche ("Fly"), had not done so well; but he had inherited the family home, and there he and his daughters, Françoise and Lise now lived. La Grande was much respected and feared in the family, not so much because of her age (eighty) as because of her fortune. She had turned her daughter out of the house because the girl insisted on marrying a poor man, and even when the daughter and her husband died in misery, leaving two children, La Grande would not forgive, and allowed Palmyre and Hilarion, now aged respectively thirty-two and twenty-four, to starve along as best they could.

La Grande predicted no good from this division of the Fouan land. The surveyor was summoned from a neighboring village and plotted out the land into three parcels (after much wrangling, as Buteau was determined to secure the best throughout), for which Fouan's children drew lots after the parcels had been numbered. Fanny drew number one, Hyacinthe drew number

two, but Buteau, finding that number three had fallen to him, flatly refused either to draw it or to accept the situation. In all this affair Lise and Françoise, Buteau's cousins, took a deep interest, because they hoped that if he got the land he would marry Lise, as he was in honor bound to do.

Not long after this partition, Jean, on his way from Cloyes, found Mouche in a fit of apoplexy, being drawn along the road in his cart by the unguided horse. He took him home to his daughters and drove back to Cloyes to get the physician. But it was too late; Mouche died before the doctor's arrival. Jean's kindness on this occasion cemented the growing friendship between him and the orphaned Lise and Françoise.

Jean gradually became a frequent and helpful visitor, and enjoyed being at the house, without asking himself what attracted him. Lise was cheerful and very strong and capable, though she had grown homely since the birth of her boy. One day it occurred to Jean that he would marry Lise; Buteau evidently did not intend to, and she might keep the child for good. An accident prevented his making his proposal on the spot, but a week later he came for the express purpose. Lise hesitated to accept, merely because she still hoped that Buteau would do his duty by her. Old Fouan advised her to leave the matter open. By this time Jean had discovered that he liked to go to the house because of Françoise; but he was fifteen years older than she, and she was so very young. He was in despair.

Two years passed. Buteau still persisted in refusing to accept his share, and still had not married Lise. But now matters took a different turn. Monsieur Chédéville, the deputy, wished to be reëlected, and promised to obtain a subsidy for half the cost of a new road, long projected, which would cut off two leagues on the way to town, and, incidentally, would greatly heighten the value of certain land. The subsidy was granted, and the road was made. One result of this was that Lise and Françoise received five hundred francs for a part of their land which was taken; and the share of land which had fallen to Buteau profited greatly by being rendered accessible, as did the remainder of Lise and Françoise's land. Some of the neighbors suggested that Buteau might now marry Lise, who had become

a good match. In fact, shortly afterward, when she and Françoise, accompanied by Jean, drove to Cloyes to buy a cow, they encountered Buteau, who showed himself very friendly, helped purchase the cow at a bargain, with a few indirect words settled that he would marry Lise, and ended by driving her home. Ere long the wedding was celebrated in festive style. Old Fouan had insisted, the very day after the wedding, on having Françoise's share set apart from Lise's, in order to avoid future trouble. Buteau objected; Françoise was too young, she would live with her sister as before, she did not need the land. Fouan could not effect the partition.

The sisters had always been remarkably attached to each other, but about ten months after the marriage relations began to be strained between them. Françoise threatened to go away, and tried to have the partition of the property made. Buteau succeeded in deferring it again, telling her that she should have it the day she married. The Delhommes paid to Fouan the proper two hundred francs, every quarter, with exemplary regularity. Hyacinthe made no pretense to paying a sou from the start. The provisions agreed upon in the contract were cut down nearly half in amount and were bad in quality. Buteau was always late, and one day he paid only three-fifths of his due, and old Rose, alarmed at the scene between her husband and her son, persuaded the former to accept. Hyacinthe entered before Fouan had time to conceal the money, and, being his mother's favorite, managed to get a good share of it. Buteau, having caught sight of his brother as he entered, returned and demanded that his money, just paid, be shown to him. After a terrible scene, he upbraided his mother and knocked her down. Two days later she died, and after that Buteau failed to pay rent altogether.

For a year old Fouan lived silent and solitary in his deserted house, walking about incessantly, his hands trembling, and doing nothing. It occurred to Delhomme that it would be good for his father-in-law to live with him and Fanny, and then they would not be obliged to pay their rent. Buteau heard of it, and, fearing lest his sister should get possession of the hoard he suspected, hastened to claim his father. The old man resisted; but the notary advised him to sell his house and live with one of his

children, if he did not wish to be stripped by Hyacinthe. He did so, and went to live with the Delhommes.

Meanwhile matters had grown critical between Françoise and Buteau and his wife. Buteau persecuted Françoise; Lise was jealous, but they agreed that it was expedient to keep the girl, lest, if she departed, she might secure a partition of the property. They made a slave of her, working her almost beyond endurance. Françoise, strong of character, and reticent, told Jean, when he remonstrated, that she was determined to bear everything until she attained her majority, when the day of reckoning would come. Jean proposed for her to Lise, who favored the suit; but when he asked her guardian, old Fouan, Buteau intervened with such violence that a terrible battle with flails ensued between the men, and Jean, with one blow, broke Buteau's arm.

Shortly after this old Fouan abruptly quitted the Delhommes and went to live with Buteau. Buteau never had paid a sou of rent during the old man's residence with the Delhommes, and Delhomme no longer paid any. The old man was not happy otherwise; Fanny was a very neat housekeeper and was constantly reprimanding her father for his untidy ways. He was unable to endure this, and life with the detested Buteau seemed alluring to him. But Fanny predicted that he would return to beg for shelter with her, and vowed that she would never be the first to address a word to him again. At first the Buteaus, in their triumph, stuffed the old man with food and paid him great respect; and as they did not interfere with his unclean habits even the corner of the dark shed for vegetables and refuse, damp, freezing, where they lodged him, seemed to him good. It had been agreed that he should hand over to Buteau Delhomme's two hundred francs, and the quarterly thirty-seven which he received as interest on the price of his house. One day, as he was returning from a visit to the notary, Hyacinthe (unperceived by the old man) saw him counting over a considerable sum by the roadside. That night old Fouan had a violent quarrel with Buteau on the subject of his persecution of Françoise; and as he had accidentally separated his money wrongly, and omitted a five-franc piece from the quarterly sum, Buteau called him a thief and told him he was a burden and a nuisance.

Buteau even flung him on the floor. The next morning, without a word, he betook himself to Hyacinthe, who dwelt in a miserable cellar, formed by three walls of a ruined castle, sodded over, and finished on the fourth side with a rude embankment. There he was systematically robbed by his son, under one pretext or another; and convinced by what he had seen that old Fouan had a hoard in bonds of some sort, Hyacinthe made his keen, adroit young daughter search constantly for it. Buteau became very affectionate, tried to lure his father back by promising him a pension and all the little comforts to which the old man was entitled by the original agreement, but of which he had been pitilessly deprived. Old Fouan took fright, and preferred his misery with Hyacinthe, although he had discovered that his son and his granddaughter were determined to find and appropriate his papers, particularly after he had overheard Buteau tell his wife that they must get hold of the old man and his money.

Françoise, after a fashion, had promised to marry Jean on attaining her majority. The state of affairs in the Buteau household was so terrible that Lise would have been glad to get her sister out of the house, even at the cost of surrendering the girl's just half of the property; but Buteau implacably opposed this, and tried to arrange matters so that Françoise would be unable to marry anyone, would be forced to remain with them as their slave. A fortnight before the girl attained her majority, Lise provoked such a quarrel that Françoise left the house and betook herself to service with the tavern-keeper. But Buteau made such a scene, even dragging Françoise from the tavern by her hair, that the landlord refused to keep her, and turned her out. La Grande, happening along at this moment, took the girl to her house, under guise of relationship and kindness. In reality she saw an unparalleled opportunity to make mischief, which she delighted in; also to secure the services of Françoise without payment. She had already made a slave of her grandson, the deformed, half-idiotic Hilarion, after his sister Palmyre had dropped dead in the harvest-field with sunstroke, while trying to earn a scanty living for herself and him.

As soon as Françoise realized that she was intended to complete the team of slaves (it was said that La Grande harnessed

Hilarion to the plow) she suddenly determined to marry Jean, who had patiently waited years for her. No one else wanted her; Buteau had taken care to frighten off suitors by spreading absolutely false, scandalous reports about her, with this express object. This decision threw La Grande into a fever of pleasureable anticipations of the unpleasantness for all the family which she, with her ingenuity and malice, could evoke from it. The immediate marriage, which she urged, took place. The partition of inheritance was to follow at once, and Françoise was doggedly set upon having the ancestral house as part of her share. As no agreement could be reached between the sisters, it was decided that the house, furniture, and cattle should be sold at auction. The land was surveyed and the lots were drawn, the notary, warned by the experience with Buteau, insisting this time that the persons concerned should sign the agreement in advance. Françoise drew first, and drew number two, to the extreme wrath of Buteau, since this gave her a field that separated two of his. La Grande insisted upon Françoise receiving her share of the five hundred francs damages from the road, and high wages as servant to the Buteaus for five years, which the enraged Buteau offset by a demand for her food and clothing. The bitter quarrel became more bitter. That day La Grande had an inspiration: she hired old Father Saucisse to bid in the house, furniture, and cattle for Françoise, with Jean's consent. The Buteaus flung themselves on the ground weeping with rage and despair, but were forced to move out. They hired rooms temporarily with a neighbor next door, where they could keep watch on Françoise and Jean and insult them constantly. At this juncture old Fouan appeared and asked the Buteaus to take him in. He knew what Fanny had said, and was determined to disappoint her, glad as he would have been to return to her, rather than to the Buteaus. But he no longer dared to remain with Hyacinthe. Their search for his hoard had become undisguised and brutal. After an attack of faintness and dizziness he saw that he should no longer be able to protect himself.

Françoise and Jean were not as happy in the possession of the old house, or in their marriage, as they had anticipated; but they lived and worked together harmoniously, although Fran-

çoise (who had always regarded Jean as an old man) now realized that she did not love him, while the force of Jean's passion had been cooled by the long waiting-time. The two families no longer spoke to each other. The Buteaus were much crowded in their lodgings, and the lack of a kitchen-garden would have induced them to seek another abode had it not been that they saw their presence exasperated Françoise. One day the Buteaus were dismayed by a fit of old Fouan, which required the services of a doctor and other expenses. The prospect that Hyacinthe and Fanny would make trouble for them if they did not succeed in discovering his hoard before his death—which might not take place for three weeks, said the doctor—appalled them. Lise searched the pockets of the sick man, and as she hung up his clothing she saw a small packet of papers lying on the shelf.

It was the hoard which they had sought in vain for the past month, and they executed an ungainly, goat-like dance of joy. After that they gave him no more medicine; but at the end of a week he was up and searching incessantly for his papers, which he remembered to have left on the shelf until he could hide them in the crack of a beam in the ceiling which he had descried. At last he made up his mind to demand them, and the Buteaus refused to restore them, on the ground that he might burn or tear them up. The old man went about telling everyone, then he asked Françoise to give him shelter from the rascals; but Françoise refused to get into trouble by meddling. The next day there was a terrible scene between Fouan and his son. Buteau found the old man very near the hiding-place of the papers, in his search for them, and turned him out of doors. Late that night, after hours spent in the wind and rain, the old man knocked at the door of his sister, La Grande, being still obstinately determined not to return to Fanny or Hyacinthe. The old woman, aged eighty-seven, had just been attacked by her half-crazy grandson, whom she so shamelessly underfed and overworked, and had killed him with a blow of her ax. She simply told Fouan that he had been a fool to give up his land and not conceal his hoard, and refused to receive him. He spent the night out of doors, tortured with cold, and especially with hunger, wondering whether it would take long to die. The

next night he returned to the Buteaus as they were at table. They took him in, but Buteau warned him not to repeat his escapade or he would be allowed to die of hunger on the road. Thenceforth old Fouan never, under any circumstances, uttered a word to any of the family. He seemed to have forgotten his papers, no longer searched for them, and ate his food apart, never again sitting at table with the family. He spent his days motionless in the sun, trying to warm himself, and Fanny passed him by stiffly without a glance.

The winter work was nearly over when, one afternoon in February, Jean left his plow in the field that exasperated the Buteaus, and drove his horse over to La Borderie to get some seed-wheat of a new sort that Hourdequin had offered him. He had been reflecting on all the miseries he had endured for the past ten years. He felt that he was still regarded as a stranger at Rognes, even by his wife. Shortly after their marriage, Françoise, exasperated against the Buteaus, had brought back from Cloyes a sheet of stamped paper, with the intention of making her will and leaving everything to Jean, having been told that if she were to die childless only the ready money and the furniture would be considered common property with her husband, and her sister would inherit all the rest unless she made a will. Then, without giving him any explanation, she seemed to have changed her mind, and the blank sheet still lay in the bureau drawer. This had caused Jean much secret chagrin, not that he was greedy, but because it denoted a lack of affection.

While he was at the farm that afternoon, Françoise decided to go and cut some lucerne for her cows in the field next to that where Jean was working. The horse could bring it back. On arriving at the field, she was surprised not to see Jean (whom she had not informed of her intention), but recognized Buteau and Lise standing in front of it, waving their arms in a rage. They never could forgive her for owning that field which cut their field in two. Françoise felt inclined to retrace her steps, but was angry with herself for her fear, feeling that she had a right to go to her own field, and she continued to advance, with her sickle on her shoulder.

The Buteaus had heard from La Grande about the will that Françoise had planned but had not made; but they never had

any luck, they said to each other, for now the young wife was with child, and if the child was born no will was necessary. If Françoise and the child would only die, what a stroke of justice on the part of the good God! That day, when Françoise made no reply to Lise's insults, the matter proceeded to violence on the part of Lise and Buteau; and suddenly Lise caught sight of Françoise's sickle lying point upward among the lucerne, where it had fallen some time before. In a flash she hurled Françoise upon it with all her strength, and the point entered deeply into the young woman's side. Thinking she was dead, they fled precipitately, and Jean, arriving a few moments later, found his wife bathed in blood. Old Fouan, who had been concealed close by, unknown to the Buteaus, now approached. But Jean could learn nothing. Françoise, with a significant glance at her uncle, said that she had fallen on her sickle, and old Fouan confirmed her assertion. She was taken home, and lingered a short time. The case was hopeless; but she said no word before she died, and tacitly rejected her husband's suggestion that she make a will. The land must go to her own people.

As soon as she died, Buteau and Lise made their appearance and practically resumed possession of the house. When Jean returned from the funeral, he was not admitted. They refused him his rights in the furniture, called him a thief for having taken a small sum in cash which he had saved, and only after much recrimination and difficulty did they surrender to him his overcoat and two pairs of trousers. He knew the truth now about his wife's death; old Fouan had dropped a word, which the Buteaus had heard also, and had enlightened him as to the facts, and the Buteaus as to the existence of a dangerous witness, who in his dotage might inform the neighbors and get them into trouble. That night—the first night in the reconquered house—the Buteaus smothered old Fouan with a pillow. Then, finding his face purple, and that detection was inevitable, they partly burned the body (the vegetable-shed was too damp to burn and endanger the house), arranging a candle and some bits of paper so that it would appear that he had set himself on fire while examining his bonds. By this means, also, they were enabled to retain the whole of the hoard, instead of sharing it, as it would be supposed that the bonds were burned. Jean

divined the truth, as he watched the old man's burial next to his wife. He had gone to the cemetery for a last visit to her grave before leaving forever that Beauce where he would always be a stranger. The Franco-Prussian war had just broken out, and although he was exempt from conscription, he decided to return to his old career of soldier and serve his country patriotically in that manner, since it was decreed that he could not serve it by cultivating its soil.

THE DOWNFALL (1892)

(*Le Débâcle*)

This story concerns itself with the war of 1870–'71 between France and Prussia. On its publication it aroused a tempest of wrath throughout France, and made of the French army a bitter enemy to Zola. On the other hand it is considered to be one of the great arguments against war because of its detailed and terrible pictures of what war really is. The novel, though complete in itself, is one of the *Rougon-Macquart* series.

THE day was drawing to its end, and from a remote corner of the camp the call for retreat sounded. Corporal Jean Macquart, who had been securing his tent, rose to his feet. He had been a soldier earlier in life, but after the victory of Solferino had been glad to leave the army. Now, however, his wife was dead, he had lost the property she had brought him, and had neither trade nor calling. As well go and have a shot at the enemy and defend her, his country, the old land of France.

Maurice Levasseur, a grandson of a hero of the Grand Army, was one of his squad. He had a twin sister, Henriette, married to a young fellow called Weiss, who was at that moment conversing with Maurice, for the army was encamped near the town of Muelhousen, where Weiss had come on business.

It was the night of the sixth of August. On the third had occurred the victory of Sarnbruck, and two days later the defeat of Wissenbourg. At present another battle was being fought, and news was anxiously awaited, although everyone seemed confident that the Prussians had been soundly whipped by this time.

"We've certainly given them a good drubbing," Maurice was saying to Weiss.

But Weiss, who was an Alsatian, knew better how matters stood. In a sorrowful voice he told his brother-in-law that,

though he indeed hoped it might be so, he feared the result would be only too different. The French had been so dilatory that they had given the Germans ample time to concentrate all their forces on the other side of the river. Prussia had steadily increased her resources since Sadowa. She was a nation of trained soldiers, possessed of all the modern arms and engines of warfare, and proud of the crushing defeat she had administered to Austria. Then he pointed to France, with her ailing and vacillating Emperor, her army, brave, but vitiated by the system that permitted men to purchase substitutes, with whose utter lack of preparation she was rushing onward to this war.

The night passed heavily for Maurice, with a sense of impending trouble, which seemed somehow to have settled down over the entire waiting army. Then as the pale dawn approached came dreadful news. MacMahon was beaten at Froeschwiller, Frossard defeated at Spickeren, and France lay open to the Prussian advance! What seemed certain information of the speedy approach of an overwhelming Prussian force caused the order of retreat to be given. The soldiers were not allowed time to eat, but hungry, tired, and sullen, were hurried back on the road they had so recently traversed. When, three days later, exhausted and demoralized, they reached Belfort, it was to find that the news that had precipitated their retreat was false.

Maurice's regiment, the 106th of the line, was held at Belfort a week and then shipped by train to Rheims, on the way to Châlons. Here Maurice met men who had been at Froeschwiller and Wissembourg. They were full of blame for their officers, whom they accused of utter inefficiency. Everywhere discipline seemed relaxed and no one trusted anyone else.

On the twenty-third day of August the army, something over a hundred thousand strong, once more took up the march to the front. The Emperor was forced to this move—a most unfortunate, indeed a hopeless one—by Paris and by the Empress. Maurice, who had studied the situation carefully, realized this, and imparted his conviction to Corporal Jean. Both looked for disaster, but determined to face the matter with courage. Three days later, after a march of great hardships, the footsore and half-starving army was halted after crossing the Aisne, near

Vouzières. Maurice knew the entire country thereabout, since he had been born at Chêne, not far away.

At dawn the next day General Dumont arrived with the long-expected Third Division. Intelligence received made it more and more certain that the Prussians were close at hand. Two armies were said to be converging toward them, and the rumors became constantly more frequent and discouraging. In spite of the men's desire for a fight, a feeling of disquiet and consternation began to be general.

The following night the troops were allowed no sleep, as an attack was expected hourly. Nothing happened, however. Weary and anxious, the men waited through the next day. At five o'clock there was a sigh of relief. Wiser counsels had prevailed and the order to retreat was given. Outmarched and outmaneuvered, having the army of the Prince of Saxony as well as that of the Crown Prince to contend with, the Emperor and MacMahon had renounced the hazardous scheme of uniting their forces with those of Bazaine, the commander of Metz. It never had been to their liking, but was insisted upon by the Empress and by Paris. It was now decided that they would retreat to Paris, under the walls of which all, officers and men, felt they would be invincible; that there the Prussians would meet their inevitable defeat.

Maurice, incapacitated by a sore foot, was allowed to go on to Chêne in a farmer's cart and await the army there. He found lodging with Combette, an old friend. The Emperor was quartered across the street, and couriers were coming and going continually. For a while Maurice watched the excitement, but at last fell into an exhausted sleep. In the dead of night he was awakened by the sound of marching feet. What could have happened? Hastily dressing, he was about to go out when Combette appeared with the news that everything was upset again. A fresh change of plans had been announced. A message from the Minister of War had announced that if the retreat was persisted in there would be a revolution in Paris. The despatch, which evinced the utmost ignorance as to the position of the German armies and the resources of the Army of Châlons, ordered an immediate forward movement, regardless of all consequences, with a heat and fury that seemed incredible.

Maurice had to hasten to rejoin his regiment, which, under the altered orders, would not pass through Chêne. On his appearance he was greeted with amazement by Jean.

"What, is it you? I thought you were to wait for us."

"Ah, well, we are no longer going in that direction. We are to be knocked in the head down yonder after all, the whole of us."

"Very well," said his friend presently, with a white face. "We will die together, that is all."

"Heavens and earth!" growled another soldier, "do they take us for tops, to keep us spinning like this?" Anger and disgust were general.

Again the march was taken up, with the same extraordinary hardships. Rations were lacking, and the men were so starved and weary that they dropped in the ranks by scores. They were further harassed by the enemy's Uhlans, and occasionally men fleeing from the fighting in front, wounded and panic-struck, added to the demoralization, disturbing the order of march. At the village of Rancourt the Prussians entered at one end as the French left at the other, and presently their batteries began firing from the position they had taken on the hills to the left.

That evening the 106th camped on the heights of Remilly, overlooking the Meuse. Maurice, with the glad content of a man revisiting a country he knows and loves, was talking to Jean, pointing out some lights in the distance.

"Look, there is Sedan—and yonder lies Bazeilles, then Douzy, then Carignan."

"Your sister lives in Sedan?"

"Yes, she and her husband Weiss; but we shall not see her, for Sedan is quite out of our path. Come with me, however. You remember I told you I had a friend in the artillery, Honoré Fouchard? Well, his father lives near here. Let us see whether he will not give us a mouthful to eat."

Jean had eaten nothing for thirty-six hours, and was on the point of fainting. He had forced Maurice, who had been light-headed from suffering, to eat the small portion of hardtack which was all that could be got, and now he was at the end of his endurance. The two friends had some difficulty in being

admitted to old Fouchard's house, and might not have succeeded in getting in were it not that fortunately Honoré himself turned up as they were arguing with the miser, and insisted that they all be allowed to enter. Honoré's relations with his father were nevertheless rather peculiar, he having left the house several years ago, vowing never to return unless his father would give his consent to his marriage with an orphan, Silvine, a sweet and lovely girl whom old Fouchard had made a drudge in the house and with whom Honoré had fallen in love. Broken-hearted with misery and badly treated by her master, Silvine had fallen a victim to one Goliah, a German who had been living in the neighborhood for some time. She had a child by him, but he deserted her before its birth and after his disappearance was suspected of being a Prussian spy.

On hearing of this Honoré had sworn never to see Silvine again. But shortly after the outbreak of the war a letter had reached him from the girl, telling in the simplest and most pathetic language of her unaltered love for him and of her despair. This gentle and adorable letter, containing an eternal farewell, aroused all the young man's love, a love he had tried in vain to crush out of his heart. Thus, on finding himself near his father's house, he had lost no time in coming to see Silvine once more.

It was not, however, until after the three famished men had eaten that Silvine returned from Rancourt, where she had gone on business for Fouchard. There she had witnessed the rout of the Fifth Corps and the arrival of the Bavarians. She was sick with horror of the sights she had seen—the terror, the blood, the death. Now, coming suddenly upon Honoré, she shivered, not daring to look at him. But as soon as the rest had left them, to get sleep, Honoré turned to her and begged her to tell him everything—how it was that she had become Goliah's mistress; whether he had taken a brutal advantage of her. But she could not tell how it had happened. She would not lie to him. She had been so dazed, in such a terrible apathy after his departure, and somehow it had happened—that was all. Then she burst into tears.

Suddenly Honoré took her in his arms, telling her that he still loved her, that her letter lay next his heart, that he wanted

her for his wife, and when the war was over he would come back and marry her. At first she did not understand him; such happiness, after all the misery of her life! At last she returned his embrace with wild joy, and the two lovers parted, mutually happy.

When Jean and Maurice rejoined their regiment they found that the disaster to the Fifth Corps had caused another change of plans, and that they were to retreat on Sedan. All night the army marched, and it was not till five o'clock in the morning that the 106th reached the city, which was incredibly crowded. So utterly exhausted were the men that whole regiments fell in the streets, slept anywhere, trampled over by newcomers, unable to arouse themselves from their stupor. There was no issue of rations, no provision for housing the troops. Maurice took Jean to his sister's house, where the two young men were made comfortable and welcomed with love and pity. Jean saw Henriette for the first time, and was struck by her gentleness and beauty. Her presence pervaded the air like a caress.

Toward sunset, when the two soldiers awoke, hardly less weary, Weiss told them that their regiment was on the plateau of Floing, and that he would accompany them there and then go on to Bazeilles, where he owned a house which he wished to barricade in case the village were attacked. Henriette was alarmed, but he promised to return immediately if there were any danger.

"If you do not, you will see me there," she said, smiling at him.

Weiss left Jean and Maurice at Floing and went on to Bazeilles, where he found the village almost deserted and busied himself in making his house as secure as possible. Before dawn he was awakened by a terrific noise and found that the Prussian batteries were firing on the village. There was a thick fog and not much harm was being done. Weiss determined to remain for a while and see what they meant to do. They advanced swiftly, and presently, under a heavy fire from a corps of French marines stationed in an old dye-house, crossed the river and began to use their rifles. The shells, too, began bursting in all directions. Weiss saw that it was time for him to return to Sedan; a number of soldiers had already been killed.

He stopped a moment to speak to an old woman, Françoise, known to him, who could not leave because her little son was too ill with typhoid to be moved. Suddenly a shell burst close beside them, covering Weiss with dirt. When he could see again Françoise lay a mangled corpse at his feet.

A sort of madness seized the *bourgeois* as he stared at the torn and bleeding body. From within the house came the moanings of the sick child, and on the threshold lay the body of his friend. He snatched a gun from a dead soldier and returned to the dye-house, forgetting his near-sighted eyes that had kept him out of the army, forgetting everything save that he wanted to kill those brutes, those devils, who slew old women on the thresholds of their homes.

The fog lifted suddenly, revealing the whole valley of the Meuse, the forests and heights, the little villages, and the houses and walls of Sedan. From Floing came the roar of artillery and all along the line the firing was beginning. Maurice's regiment, after lying for hours in a cabbage-field enduring the enemy's fire, at last received orders to charge. With fearful loss of life they reached the top of a hill and lay down there to await the support of the artillery. From this hill Maurice saw that their only possible retreat—that along the road to Mezières—was in the hands of the Prussians. It was a terrible mistake upon the part of the French leaders. News came that MacMahon was wounded and that Ducrot was commander-in-chief. Then De Wimpffen relieved him, by right of a commission from the Minister of War. The army hardly knew where to yield obedience.

The artillery came galloping into position; Maurice recognized Honoré's battery and presently saw Honoré himself. But the place was becoming more and more untenable. Gunner after gunner fell, horses were killed, and then Maurice saw Honoré shot through the heart. A moment later his regiment was driven down the hill, with the loss of most of their officers and many men. Jean received a wound in the head.

In the mean time Weiss and a small party had desperately defended his house, into which they had long ago been driven. Half the village was on fire and the streets were cumbered with dead. As long as their ammunition held out Weiss and his

friends kept the Prussians at bay. Then the house was stormed, and the two or three who were left alive were dragged out. According to the Prussian rule, all non-combatants found with weapons in their hands were instantly shot. Just as Weiss and a young peasant who had fought with him were flung against a wall by the soldiers a woman rushed forward with a scream and flung her arms about his neck. It was Henriette, who had reached Bazielles after incredible courage and effort. The two only had time for a passionate embrace. She was dragged off by two Prussians and Weiss was killed before her eyes.

At nightfall the broken and defeated army was crowding into Sedan. Jean and Maurice were still together, the former with his head bound up. As they staggered along in the great throng of wounded and tired men Maurice saw a young woman jammed against a wall by the crowd. It was Henriette. Jean and he managed to reach her and place her between them. She was quite beyond any feeling of surprise at this meeting, and only said, very quietly:

"They have shot him. I was there. They have shot him."

During the night the Emperor surrendered the army to the King of Prussia and Bismarck, and left France a prisoner. For him the struggle was over.

Jean and Maurice, with the rest of the army, suffered untold miseries on the Peninsula of Iges, where they were held till they could be transferred to German prisons. When their turn came to leave they were able to escape on the border of Belgium, although Jean was again wounded, having his leg broken by a flying bullet sent after them by a vidette into which they stumbled at night. Luckily they found a horse whose owner had probably been killed; Maurice mounted Jean upon him, and because of his knowledge of the country was finally able to reach old Fouchard's door. There, to his surprise and joy, he found his sister. He learned that a hospital had been established close by and that she had come there as a nurse. Jean was unconscious from the pain and fever of his shattered leg, and was put to bed in a disused room where he was not likely to be discovered by any search parties, Henriette and the hospital doctor being ready to take care of him.

Silvine had been told of Honoré's death, and had succeeded

in finding his body and bringing it home for burial. Her dream of happiness was over, but she was at peace, since she knew that Honoré had died loving her. Maurice told her what he had seen on the field of battle. Next day, feeling that he must return to fight the hated Prussians, he bade them all good-by, and wearing the gray blouse and red cross of a hospital assistant departed for Paris.

The months passed slowly, marked by suffering and bloodshed. Jean was near death's door, and all through the bitter winter Henriette cared for him with the utmost devotion. Paris was besieged and no news came from Maurice. But one day Goliah turned up, and demanded of Silvine that he be again received as her lover. If she refused he would take from her her little son, and moreover betray Jean, whose whereabouts he knew. Silvine, frantic between fear and loathing, promised to leave her window open on a certain night, as he commanded. But she managed to convey intelligence of this to a party of *franc-tireurs* who were in hiding in the woods and hills. They arranged a trap, and when Goliah crawled in at Silvine's window they sprang upon him and bound and gagged the wretch. Then they carried him to the kitchen and cut his throat over a tub, as one slaughters a pig.

Paris was going through all the terrors of the siege and growing internal revolution. As the winter passed the citizens lost all faith in the army, and after the armistice of the eighteenth of January, followed by the disaster to Bourbaki's army, which was driven into Switzerland, and the publishing of the terms of capitulation, a howl of rage went up from every throat.

Maurice deserted from the army without waiting for the order to disperse, and hired for himself a small room in the Rue des Orties. He had written Henriette after the armistice, and received many letters begging him to come home. But it did not seem possible to him that he could leave Paris. On the first of March the Prussians entered Paris, taking possession of the quarter of the Champs Elysées, where they were to remain only one day.

On the eighteenth of March Maurice met Jean in the street. The latter had recovered sufficiently to rejoin the army and had been assigned to the 104th, with his old rank of corporal. The

two friends embraced each other. Jean asked Maurice to come with him, but Maurice had thrown in his fortunes with the citizens and refused. They parted, yielding to that fatality that decreed their separation, but none the less firmly seated in each other's hearts.

The Commune was gradually taking possession of Paris and set itself to defeat the government under Thiers. All through April the fighting continued, and May still saw the terribly internecine war going on. On the twenty-third of May the army captured Montmartre. It was war to the knife between the rebels dying for an idea and the soldiers furious at being kept so long in the field. All day the fighting continued. Maurice saw that they must lose; he hoped now only to kill as many of the oppressors as possible before his own death, which he desperately desired. The city was in flames, the whole world seemed to be falling to pieces.

Toward the end of the day Jean came charging down the Rue du Bac at the head of a squad. Leaping over a barrier, he saw a man in the act of firing and drove a bayonet through his body. It was Maurice, who gave a cry and turned his head.

"Oh, Jean, dear boy, is it you?"

Jean cast himself on the ground at his side, sobbing, feeling him, trying to raise him.

"My boy! My poor, poor boy!"

Through the blazing city Jean carried Maurice to the room in the Rue des Orties. It was a terrible journey, but at last he got there and laid the fainting body of his friend on the bed. As he knelt beside him sobbing as if his heart would break, someone came in and stood beside him. He was not surprised to see that it was Henriette. Her brother was dying—what so natural as that she should come? He sank into a chair and watched her stupidly as she hovered over Maurice. Then she came toward him, holding out her little hands, turning to him for comfort, to him, her friend, whom she had brought back to life through the long winter.

"It was I who killed him," said Jean.

She did not understand; he had to repeat it many times: "It was I, I who did not know him—I who love him."

At last a look of horror came into her eyes and she drew back.

Maurice regained consciousness and recognized his sister with a smile.

"You here? I am glad to see you before I die."

"Hush! You must not die; I will not allow it. We will be happy yet, we three."

But Maurice lingered only a few days. While Paris accomplished her atonement of blood and fire, he sank. On Sunday Jean, returning from a short absence, found him dead, with Henriette weeping over him.

At this moment of supreme grief their eyes met, and each was stricken with consternation at what they read. He knew now that he had dreamed that with her for a wife this world would have been an earthly paradise. And she realized that it was love, not sisterly devotion, which she bore to this young man. The cruel war had done its worst to her; she had seen Weiss shot; Maurice lay dead before her; it needed only this frightful sacrifice, the rending of their heart-strings by this supreme parting. For their love, thus openly expressed, could have but one fruition—an eternal farewell.

"Farewell!" said Jean. Henriette stood motionless. "Farewell!" he repeated, with a sob.

"Farewell!" she murmured, and buried her face in her hands.

And Jean, bearing his heavy affliction humbly, went his way, to take up, with countless others, that arduous task of building up a new France on the ruins of the old.

FRUITFULNESS (1899)

(*La Fécondité*)

In the triology of novels, *Lourdes*, *Rome*, and *Paris*, Zola aimed at presenting the virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity. As a sequel to this, he conceived a tetralogy which should be, as it were, the four gospels of the "new religion" for which Pierre Froment clamored at the end of *Paris*. These four novels were to be *Fruitfulness*, *Work*, *Truth*, and *Justice*. The last named was the only one not written when death put an end to the author's career. Zola said of this tetralogy: "The heroes in them are named, respectively, Matthew, Luke, Mark, and John, and these children of my brain, like the four Evangelists, shall diffuse the religion of future society, which will be founded on Fruitfulness, Work, Truth, and Justice, as the four Evangelists preached the gospel." Zola had already set forth in an article in *Figaro*, 1896, that the ideas which were later to be embodied in *Fruitfulness* had been in his mind for some time. But the novel must be regarded as a tract for the times, dealing with evils which grievously beset France. Thus, while driven from his country, he prepared in exile this work aimed at the evil of a diminishing birth-rate, which he felt would, unless arrested, imperil the position of his native land as one of the great world powers.

MATHIEU FROMENT had to hurry to catch the seven o'clock train for Paris, as it was nearly a two hours' journey from his little pavilion at Chantebled to the manufactory in that city where he worked. He had kissed his four children, and then bade adieu to Marianne, the fresh, dark-haired wife, three years his junior.

"You have thirty sous left, haven't you, darling?" he asked.

"Yes," she laughed back. "We shall get along finely on that until you come back, and then you will bring your pay, as this is the end of the month. See the landlord, and tell him the roof leaks, so that the rain comes into the children's bedrooms."

He pressed her tightly to him in one more embrace. They were closely united by the strong, intense love of the perfectly healthy, devoted husband and wife. They had wedded when

Marianne was seventeen and Mathieu twenty-one, and now, seven years later, with four children, they were lovers still.

The Beauchêne works were at the end of the Quai d'Orsay. The brick residence of Beauchêne stood on a large square, and commanded a view of Passy. On one side was the small house with a garden, which had been the home of Beauchêne's father, when his dogged toil was preparing the splendid fortune of his son. The factory turned out every kind of agriculture appliance and employed hundreds of workers, including fifty women. Mathieu was chief designer. Pierre Froment had given to each of his four sons, Mathieu, Marc, Luc, and Jean, a manual training. Alexandre Beauchêne had succeeded his father the previous year, and had married Constance Meunier, an heiress. Mathieu's wife was a poor cousin of Alexandre's. Beauchêne was hardly five years older than Mathieu. Beauchêne's sister, Séraphine, a big, vicious girl, had got into trouble by eloping with a Baron Lowicz, to whom they had to marry her. Marianne, an orphan, had lived in her cousin's family, and Mathieu had married her with that conviction of happiness from reciprocal bestowal which guarantees a lasting happy union. His salary was increased to two hundred francs a month.

Constance Beauchêne was a thin, authoritative woman, who ruled her house inflexibly. Beauchêne often criticized Mathieu for his want of sense in having so large a family. "Twins to begin with, Blaise and Denis! Then Ambroise, and Rose, and you lost one little girl at her birth. I have one son, and, like a sensible man, want no more."

Mathieu, sturdy and erect as a young oak, with the broad, high forehead of the Froments, keen, thoughtful eyes, and a gay, kindly disposition, laughed at such reasonings. "Old Moineaud," as he was called, though he was only forty-three, who entered the office, had to listen to Beauchêne's reproach on the same score. He had seven children, and three had died. Two of his girls, Euphrasie and Norine, the latter a pretty blonde of nineteen, worked in the factory. They were quarreling as Beauchêne and Mathieu passed through their room, and when reproved Norine gave a smirking glance at Beauchêne. His gaiety with women was talked about, but he kept clear of his female employées.

Mathieu went with Beauchêne to his residence, where they found Constance with her seven-year-old Maurice, a sturdily built child, but pale. Dr. Boutan was there, a fervent partizan for large families, who thought that the decreasing birth-rate was enfeebling France, which was becoming the country of "only sons." Later in the day Mathieu chanced to come across Beauchêne embracing and kissing Norine in a deserted gallery. They were vexed at being caught, although Mathieu hurried on without a word or glance.

Morange, the chief accountant, a handsome, well-groomed man of thirty-eight, took Mathieu to his pretentious house on the Boulevard de Grenelle. His wife, Valentine, had one child, Reine, a girl of twelve. Both husband and wife were consumed with social ambition. Mathieu saw that he had been invited to lunch that he might be dazzled by the attempt at show which marked the whole family. Valentine Morange was a woman with a fine figure and fresh charms. She was a snob, and spoke with great pride of Madame Séguin du Hordel and her suberb Avénue d'Antin residence, and also of the Baroness Séraphine de Lowicz, Beauchêne's vicious sister. As Morange had only five thousand francs' salary, children were restricted in his family to Reine. Valentine was impatient for her husband to secure more remunerative employment. Séraphine, a showy, voluptuous, red-haired woman of twenty-nine, called and took Reine off to the circus, to the rapturous delight of the Moranges.

Mathieu got his salary at six o'clock, and called on his rich landlord, Séguin du Hordel, a part of whose estate consisted of twelve hundred acres of wood and heath above Janville, land so marshy, stony, and sandy that it had long been regarded as hopeless for any agricultural purpose, and Séguin let out the shooting rights. Through Beauchêne Mathieu had learned of the old pavilion, or hunting-box, and had gladly rented it. Madame Séguin du Hordel, who had belonged to an aristocratic but poor family, was getting worldly and neglecting her religious practises. Mathieu met a Monsieur Charles Santerre, a literary charlatan, of attractive person, a great pessimist, and devoted to the ladies. He held that a diminishing birth-rate was proof of an advance in civilization. The conversation, after Madame Séguin joined them, became so free and unrestrained that

Mathieu was quite dazed. Then the two frail children came in: Gaston, aged five, and Lucie, three. They looked like two dolls. After being inspected they were turned over to the care of Céleste, a hard, cunning Norman peasant, who had been in service in Paris for five years. Mathieu succeeded in getting Séguin, his landlord, to promise to mend the leaking roof at his home.

After his day's sordid experience of selfishness, small ambitions, married life that restricted parenthood for mercenary or pleasure-loving reasons, Mathieu felt renewed and calmed to find his serene, adoring Marianne awaiting him with the twins at the bridge, at Chantebled, the Séguin sterile estate. She told him gaily she had six sous left, and that Madame Lepailleur of the mill had called on her. The miller and his wife had one child, Antonin. "To think of it!" said Marianne. "Peasants used to have such large families. But they mean to have no more, though they are so young." The same subject came up when they met the Angelins, a most loving young couple, on their way back. The young husband had an income of ten thousand francs and was a painter of exquisite fans. They were full of amorous idleness, and the young wife was determined not to have their life burdened by children for some time at all events.

"Well," said Mathieu, encircling Marianne's strong, flexible waist with his sinewy young arm, "we all live according to our fancy. I like ours. We love each other, and we love the earth, and we like love and life and the fruits thereof."

When they counted their money, considered what had to be paid for debts, and the living expenses, Mathieu said with a little grimness: "Eight francs a day for a month, and our four children to feed!"

Marianne laughed. "Well, dearest, you said truly that it was enough to love life in order to live happily. With you and the little ones I am the happiest and richest of women."

Mathieu caught her in a close embrace and pressed a long, ardent kiss upon her lips. "Dear, you are right. Let us continue to live and love as nature tells us, and all will come right."

In January the Froments were in Paris, living in the small pavilion near the works, that Marianne might be near good Dr. Boutan when her next confinement should occur. One day

they lunched at the Séguins'. Valentine also was *enceinte*, to her husband's intense irritation. While they were there, a nurse called to see Valentine. Sophie Couteau, or La Couteau, was a wizened little peasant woman of Rougemont who supplied nurses, or who took babies to them at Rougemont. Mathieu regarded her with some suspicion. It was an abhorrent thing to him and his wife that anyone but the mother of a child should suckle it. During the visit Séguin growled over his sterile estate and said he should be glad to sell it. A friend named Santerre called. He spoke of the wonderful operations a Dr. Gaude was performing at the Marbœuf Hospital. Spectators used to attend, as they would at a play. Marianne, unable to endure the unpleasant conversation, took her leave with Mathieu.

"*Mon Dieu!* But those people are mad!" she said to him.

"They are to be pitied," he replied, "for they do not know what happiness means."

Marianne gave birth to a boy. On that very day Mathieu learned a frightful thing. Valentine, with her husband's permission, had had recourse to one of those harpies who relieve women of children they have no inclination to bear. She had died under the operation and Morange was crazed with remorse. It was not long before this that Norine's condition had been discovered, and Beauchêne had given the money for the child to be taken care of by a hideous woman. Marianne returned to Chantebled within a fortnight, and was nursing her healthy infant and feeling her old, splendid vigor returning to her.

With this new addition to his family, Mathieu's thoughts turned toward the soil, man's everlasting provider. If he could only coax those sterile acres into fertility! What a creative work for a courageous, intelligent man it would be to redeem Chantebled!

La Couteau tried to get Norine to let her take her baby to Rougemont. Baby-farming was a specialty of this spot, which, like certain other Norman and Touraine villages, was said to be virtually "paved with little Parisians." But Mathieu saw himself that the little unfortunate "Alexandre-Honoré," as he was called, was deposited in the Foundling Asylum.

Mathieu finally took the step which was to commit him and his fortunes to the soil. He secured the pavilion and fifty acres,

with the privilege of acquiring other parts of the estate later. He at once set to work draining, leveling, and irrigating. Then came the plowing and the sowing. The humus amassed through centuries nourished the seed prodigiously, and grain grew on all sides with abundance. Courage, hope, and energy had won the day. Mathieu was a successful farmer, and had now become a peasant.

Thereafter life was for him a triumphant march toward victory. As he won over one patch of sterility to fruitfulness, Mathieu continued to cultivate the ground and redeemed another section. His estate increased as his family increased. Then he took over the wood and moorland, which was an immense tract. Finally a whole new farmstead had to be erected—barns, sheds, cow-houses, stables, and buildings to accommodate the farm-hands.

One day when Mathieu was in Paris, purchasing for his farm needs, he learned a ghastly thing. Little Reine, Morange's daughter, who had been taken up by Séraphine, had got into trouble, and seeking escape from disgrace had laid down her life as had her mother eight years before, through seeking to evade maternity by surgical aid. Morange, who had staked all his happiness on this child, became forever a broken man. Mathieu, seeing how gloriously the earth was yielding her blessings to his incessant toil, while Marianne's superb health and noble nature bore him splendid issue, until his pride was full to overflowing, could only rejoice that rectitude had its own rewards. Séguin, who was not only deteriorating through excesses but was losing his fortune, induced the victorious peasant to take all that remained of the land.

Mathieu's son Blaise, when he grew up, was taken into Beauchêne's factory, and although not twenty took a wife to himself as soon as this employment was secured to him. His wife, Charlotte, gave birth to a boy, and Mathieu completed his victory by purchasing the last parcel of the estate of Séguin. Twelve hundred and fifty acres of uncultivated soil, reputed sterile, had been coerced into the richest fertility, and all through his courage and unwearying toil.

Maurice Beauchêne, who had been inducted into the management of his father's factory, one day, overheated, became

suddenly chilled. After an attack of quick consumption he died in his mother's arms. The "only son," who was to inherit all and be a wealthy prince of industry, had fallen. Marianne Froment was expecting her eleventh child at the time. Beauchêne tottered under the blow. As for Constance, his wife, it was utter overthrow. And Marianne, she reflected bitterly, was a grandmother at forty-one! She became a frozen specter. Her son was gone, and there, helping her husband, was Blaise, the eldest son of Mathieu Froment!

In their thirst for another child, Constance and her husband resumed friendly relations for several months after Maurice's death. Then Beauchêne took himself off, and one day Mathieu was surprised when Constance asked him about the child Norine had had by Beauchêne fifteen years before. Her torment at being childless seemed to drive her to this. It did not soothe the bereft woman to learn that Ambroise, one of Froment's sons, who had made great success with Séguin's brother, was actually to marry Andrée, Valentine's daughter. Charles Santerre had broken finally with the unhappy woman, who had returned to the consolations of religion.

Constance found a sort of solace in talking with poor Morange, who also had staked and lost all his hopes on one child. He told her that her husband, having had need of a large sum of money, had parted with a sixth interest in the factory to Blaise Froment, whose father had advanced the money. She fumed impotently over the situation. In going through the passage which led from the factory to the house she would have stepped into an open trap but for Morange. It was not used often, and when it was someone always was on guard until it was closed. The fall would have been through three stories to the basement, as Morange showed her. He begged her to wait until he could find the man who should have been on guard but who had failed to answer to his shout.

After he had gone Constance saw Blaise coming down the gallery with a preoccupied air. She was in dense shadow near the wall, unseen. What if he should fall down the trap! The factory which her son was to have ruled would then never be his. A movement from her could arrest him. She could not act. She was frozen into a paralysis. She saw him go on, disappear,

heard a loud cry, then a dull crash below in the dark void. Then she turned and fled to her house.

When the stupefied Morange came to tell her that the young man was dying, and asked her why she had not stayed at the trap, as he had begged her to do, she boldly declared that he had said nothing of the sort. He knew that she was lying.

Then they brought in the crushed man and laid him on Maurice's bed, in the room which Constance had kept unchanged, as if it were a sanctuary. The irony of that! When later Beauchêne asked her how she came to go away after Morange had requested her to stay, she nerved herself and said: "I did not hear him. Remember, Morange! You rushed away. You said nothing to me."

Torn, dazed, dreading results should he charge her with murder, he stammered: "It is possible I may have only meant to tell you and did not." The words made him her accomplice. Then—Denis Froment took his brother's place in the factory!

There was a grand family *fête* at Chantebled fourteen months after this, when Denis married Marthe Devignes, the sister of his twin brother's widow. It seemed so fit that he and Blaise should thus marry sisters. Marianne put off her gown of mourning. Rose, her daughter, had slept in the little cemetery at Janville for more than two years, and for more than a year Blaise had slept there too. It was a strictly family festivity, for only the Séguins and Beauchênes were asked, and the latter were cousins. The ceremony took place out of doors in front of the old pavilion, which had been enlarged. Mathieu meant to retire to it in later life and live there in patriarchal repose with Marianne, loved and consulted but with his sovereignty abdicated. At this festivity the youngest guests were Benjamin, Marianne's youngest child, and Guillaume, Charlotte's baby, both still at the breast. Big, hot tears burned Constance's cheeks as she saw before her eyes the fruitfulness of the Froments displayed, and the wide-stretching acres of smiling land which the father and his sons had rescued from sterility.

When Mathieu was fifty-five, he transferred the government of the farm to Gervais, the first of his children born at Chantebled, and the one who never had left the farm. Some of the younger children remained at home. There was question now

of some of their grandchildren marrying! There was one sad departure when Nicolas and his sturdy young wife sought Mathieu's blessing before leaving France to take up an adventurous abode in Africa. This was a last farewell, and to their next but youngest son. Their consent was the tithe levied by life on their affection and their blood. Beyond the fatherland were other lands to be populated. Beyond the family there is mankind, and the duty of populating the earth.

For twelve dreary years Constance had clung with mad tenacity to the hope of finding Norine's child. Then Séraphine, who had taken to charities, told her she had found Alexandre-Honoré. Constance coerced Morange into giving Beauchêne's bastard a place in the factory, with orders to advance him. "This Denis, thief of a Froment, is robbing us of our property," she said.

Morange, the now feeble-minded old accountant, writhed under her ruthless employment of him as a tool. Then, while walking along the passage between the works and the house, he saw the trap-door open! A lightning flash of inspiration possessed the poor man. He set the trap so that it could not be shut up, put out the electric lights in the passage, and saw that the gate in the railing moved easily. Then he went to Constance and received Alexandre from her. As they left the room he turned back and leered at her demoniacally. "Ha! Blaise at the bottom of the hole! He has spoken to me. You would have the somersault. You shall have it again!"

The blood froze in her veins and paralyzed her. Almost like a dead woman she sat and waited.

"I will go first," said Morange to Alexandre. "I know the way. What! The lights out? Never mind. Walk close behind me. Here's a gate. Follow me."

He stepped boldly into the void, and fell without a cry. Pressing on his heels, Alexandre felt the ground fail beneath his feet; yelled, and threw up his hands, but tumbled headlong down. His brains were dashed out on the very spot where Blaise Froment had been picked up, years before.

The deed was ascribed to old Morange's imbecility. His house revealed proofs of a disordered brain. It was indescribably disordered and filthy except Reine's room, which was

as clean and reverently cared for as a sanctuary. Countless photographs of Reine and her mother were arranged on the wall, and before them stood a table, on which were more than one hundred thousand francs in gold, silver, and copper! He had wished to make them rich, and even after their death he consecrated, like a pious miser, all his earnings to them.

When Mathieu recognized Beauchêne's son by Norine, and recalled the similarity between the two tragedies, and the story told by the crushed bodies—that Morange had led Alexandre to his death—an awful conviction gripped his mind. He hurried to Constance with the thought scorching his brain. She had numbly waited—tense, white, staring—ever since Morange had carried away Alexandre and had branded her soul with that terrible leer. When the door opened Mathieu Froment stood before her, the incarnation of her deadliest dread! As their eyes met she knew he read her guilt in hers.

"They made the plunge," he said cuttingly. "They are both dead—like Blaise. Woman! what blood is on you! It was that young monster, Alexandre, who strangled and robbed your friend, Madame Angelin, last winter, of the money she had collected for the poor and for his mother, whom she constantly assisted. I could have sent him to the galleys. If I were to speak out now you would be sent there, guilty woman!"

All that had held her together seemed to snap at once, and she pitched in a heap on the floor. From then till she died the next morning not a word escaped from her.

Years later Mathieu, Marianne, and all the plenitude of their abounding family assembled at Chantebled for their diamond wedding. Mathieu, with his ninety years, was still erect, his silver hair streaming to his shoulders, his eyes clear and thoughtful, and Marianne seemed a fruitful Cybele by his side, peace and joy beaming from her gaze. Around them clustered one hundred and fifty-eight children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. The husbands and wives who had married into the family made the group nearly three hundred in number. It was a glorious day, and the joyous band gathered around the patriarchal pair, who sat beneath an old oak on the lawn. It was a moment of sovereign glory for Mathieu and Marianne. Life seemed to have delighted in prolonging their

noble lives that they might behold the wondrous blossoming of their faith, bravery, and goodness. They worshiped one another to-day, as they had seventy years before when they had joined their generous, healthful lives.

While the banquet was being served a gallant young fellow, a stranger to everybody present, stepped briskly across the lawn.

"Good day, grandfather! Good day, grandmother," he said gaily. "I am Dominique, the eldest son of your son Nicolas, and I come to you from our swelling settlement in the Soudan." He told the delighted pair of the colony springing up in that African land, and they rejoiced at this bounteous fruitfulness which France was bestowing upon colonial soil.

When Dominique returned, Benjamin, who had remained the one unmarried Froment of the flock, implored Mathieu and Marianne to let him go with him to that new land, and with a heroic sigh they bade him Godspeed.

LABOR (1901)

(*Le Travail*)

Most of this story was written in 1900, and it began to appear as a serial in the *Aurore* in December of that year. In April, 1901, it was published as a volume. *Labor* was intended to be the second volume of a tetralogy, of which *La Fécondité* ("Fruitfulness") was the first. This tetralogy was to be the four gospels of humanity. Therefore, the name of the hero of *Labor* is Luc, just as that of the hero of *Fruitfulness* is Mathieu, and they are sons of Peter Froment, the hero of the *Trois Villes*. *Labor* is for the future city what *Fruitfulness* is for the future family, the symbolic picture of the future, freed from the shadows and miseries of the present. Zola, although he styles the book a novel, has cast aside most of the rules and conventions of novel writing. The story reached a sale of more than seventy-seven thousand copies within two years. At present it supplies texts for lectures and commentaries delivered to the working classes, not only in Paris but in the French provinces.

HEN Luc Froment visited Beauclair, he found that a strike was in progress at the Qurignon steel and iron works, generally known as the Pit. This strike had lasted for two months and had brought great suffering on both parties, but especially on the workmen, who were nearly dead with hunger and with fury at finding themselves unable to coerce their employers. Luc had been summoned by his friend Jordan, the famous scientist, to aid him in disposing of the blast-furnace in the neighboring town of La Crêcherie. This valetudinarian intellectual worker was convinced that science was the real revolutionist of the future, and that the discovery of the most insignificant scientific truth does more for progress than fifty years of social struggle. Consequently he wished to free himself from every obstacle that would interfere with the realization of the plans to which he had consecrated his existence. But he was not at La Crêcherie and would not return from Paris for some days; and this was the reason why Luc was strolling through Beauclair without definite object. Yet, before many hours had

elapsed, he felt a presentiment that he had been led by circumstances over which he had no control as a sort of Messiah into this unhappy corner of the earth to bring it happiness and deliverance. So he set about learning all he could concerning the Pit and the people connected with it.

The present owner of the Pit was an idle, flashy gentleman from Paris, named Boisgelin, who had married the last of the Qurignons at a time when the works had been almost wrecked by bad management. He was induced by Delaveau, a poor relative, to invest what remained of his fortune in them. Delaveau, a man of great executive ability, contracted to make the Pit pay thirty per cent. on the capital invested, and for a few years kept his promise. But although inclined to be just, according to his own idea of justice, he was arbitrary, and the workmen complained that they had no individual liberty. Then he began to revise the scale of prices in a way unfavorable to the employees, with the result that a syndicate for defense was formed, and so the strike began.

Luc then turned his attention to the workmen. These might be divided into distinct classes, and of each class he quickly discerned an individual type: there was Ragu, capable of revolt for a brief period, but a slave at heart; consumed with a secret envy of the owner, yet possessing no ambition but that of some day occupying the owner's place and reveling in all the joys of possession; he was a drunkard and a brute, and one of Luc's first adventures in Beauclair was the rescue of the young girl who lived with Ragu from his barbarity, the beautiful and gentle Josine, afterward destined to play a notable part in the life and plans of her rescuer; then there was Fanchard, a man who felt his degradation at capitalistic hands, but who was transformed into a mere machine and had no thought of ever escaping from his black and dolorous hell; Lange, the gentle dreamer and violent anarchist, aiming at justice and peace, but convinced that everything must first be destroyed by fire and sword, and resolved to be the justiciary himself; Bonnaire, the master-puddler, a hero of labor, sacrificing even the bread of his family to the cause of his fellows, an inveterate collectivist, firmly believing that everything should belong to labor and that everyone should have his just share of work and of rest, of

trouble and of enjoyment; Morfain, who worked at La Crêcherie, docile, resigned, not touched by the new spirit, accepting servitude without revolt, choosing rather to fall as the wild hero of the old slavery rather than make terms with the new times; an epic figure, in good truth.

Luc spent hours in witnessing scenes that made his heart sore with pity; everywhere labor was disorganized, dishonored, and accursed; all hearts and heads seemed poisoned with hate; alcohol seemed to have become a necessity for men who wished to find forgetfulness; theft seemed to be made legitimate by hunger; society was going to pieces under the weight of its accumulated wrongs. The sight of the pale girls wandering through the streets, those wretched creatures so common in industrial cities, brought down to that pass from having been the prettiest girls in the factories, especially excited his anguish. It was midnight before he returned to La Crêcherie. As he arrived a great light suddenly illuminated the entire country. It was caused by a tapping of the blast-furnace. Luc, raising his eyes, saw, as he imagined, the rising of the star promised to his dream of a new humanity.

The next day was Sunday, and as the Jordans would not return before Monday Luc resolved to accept an invitation from Madame Boisgelin to breakfast with her at Guerdache, a mile and a half distant. Both had been connected with charitable works in Paris, and he entertained an affectionate veneration for this admirable woman. Besides, he was sure to meet at her home the most typical representatives of the rotten and crumbling edifice of society. There were fifteen at table in the immense and luxurious Louis XVI dining-room. The snowy damask, the glitter of silver and glass, the flowers and perfumes, all aroused in Luc a remembrance of the previous evening: the famished wretches tramping in the mire, the puddlers and furnace-men, whose flesh was baked in the infernal fire of the furnaces. Out of what unjust poverty, what accursed labor, what execrable suffering was the luxury of the idle and fortunate created!

He was seated between Delaveau and his wife, Fernande. The relations between the latter and Boisgelin were known to everyone except her husband, whom she hated with a sullen,

gloomy hatred. Perfectly conscious of her marvelous loveliness, she had been all her life a devourer of men. She was now helping Boisgelin to squander the money which Delaveau was coining from the sweat of the twelve hundred workmen of the Pit. Among the guests were Judge Gaume, a stern and rigorous executioner of the laws, although he recognized their injustice and cruelty; Gourier, the mayor, a Republican, who believed the Republic would destroy itself should it interfere with property; Captain Jollivet, who knew only his sword and the word of command, and believed that even if the laws were no longer administered the army would make short work of the rascals who were undermining society; the Abbé Marle, the loyal defender of Catholicism, holding strictly to his dogmas, feeling sure that the old establishment, and society with it, would be swept away on the day when science and freedom of thought should enter into it; the sub-prefect, Châtelard, cynical and skeptical, regarding his office simply as a provision for life, despising both the workmen and the *bourgeoisie*.

The Jordans, Martial and his sister, Sœurette, who devoted herself entirely to her invalid brother, surrounding him with the gentle affection which was as necessary to him as the air he breathed, returned the next day. Luc at once laid before them his vast project for introducing justice and love into society and substituting for a condition of misery and crime a city of justice and peace. His ultimate purpose was the suppression of the unjust and oppressive wage system, which condemns the workman to support in idleness those who possess the land and capital; the suppression of individual possession by making common the instruments of labor and of land; the suppression of commerce, that consumer of time and of the hopeless toiler; the suppression of money, a false and fictitious value that serves only to prolong and to vitiate transactions; he would thus banish frauds, violence, and rapine, which would no longer have any reason for existence, since people would no longer have anything to quarrel about; the suppression of courts and prisons, which would ultimately be entirely unnecessary. Thus, misery would disappear, and labor, thanks to science, thanks to the perfection of machines, especially of electrical machines, would be rendered so easy, so productive, as well as so attractive, that

the workman would be required to work only four hours a day at the most.

He was so passionate, so grand in his enthusiasm, that Jordan was amazed and his sister gazed at him with religious fervor. At last Martial said: "My friend, I am afraid your scheme is Utopian. But try what you can do. You shall have La Crêcherie, the iron mine, and all my lands in the neighborhood, as well as half a million francs to begin with. I intended to let Deleveau have them. After this you must never talk to me of the matter, but leave me to my studies and experiments." His sister's eyes filled with tears at these words. "And I, too, will serve you," she exclaimed; "make what use of me you can."

Three years passed, and Luc had established his new works, which had given rise, at least partially, to an industrial town, extending for more than two hundred and fifty acres from the park of La Crêcherie to the accumulations of the buildings of the Pit. At the beginning he had to do things on a small scale. At first he had to admit the wage system, but with a division of profits. Then the system gradually disappeared, and with it commerce, money, and inheritance, those three foundations of our putrid modern life. Afterward all authority ceased to exist. The new social pact was founded solely on the bond of labor. Of course everything was still in embryo. But he had erected the Communal House in the midst of the territory, containing schoolrooms, libraries, baths, halls for entertainments and games. The men themselves organized coöperative stores containing all things needed for human use. Beautiful and sanitary cottages were erected, and water, clear, pure, and abundant, irrigated the gardens, cleansed the works, and was brought into all the houses to be a source of health and joy.

All this had not been effected without opposition. When the coöperative stores began to take away their customers the small tradespeople of Beauclair were alarmed. Cries of "Death!" were shouted after Luc when he passed through the town. On one occasion men, women, and children assailed him with stones and seriously injured him. He wept for the ignorance of these people, whose welfare was so dear to him and who would not permit him to save them. Ragu, Fonchard, and even Bon-

naire, who had come to him from the Pit, deserted him, and persuaded other workmen to do the same. The two latter, however, subsequently returned. It seemed as if his efforts to establish a town founded upon labor, justice, and peace would be impeded by the refusal of the men to support him. They believed the process of evolution too slow, lost patience, and thought they must seize everything in order to have anything.

For a time he was in despair. But the encouragement of the Jordans enabled him to recover his will and action. He maintained the struggle between La Crêcherie and the Pit with a kind of triumphant cheerfulness. Besides, he loved Josine, now married to Ragu, who ill-treated her. He hoped to take her away from him in the near future. With Josine saved, all unhappy beings on the earth could be saved too. Such was his faith. He worked by love, and for love, and he was certain of success.

Then he was again attacked, and lay in danger of death for several weeks. When he was sufficiently recovered from this brutal assault to resume the direction of the works, he was received with the warmest sympathy, and this did him good. His satisfaction was increased by the discovery of lodes of excellent ore on the property, which became a source of enormous wealth. From this time both iron and steel were produced so cheaply that the Pit was threatened with ultimate ruin. The number of happy homes in La Crêcherie doubled, trebled, and threatened to engulf its filthy neighbor. Year after year the profits became greater, and the workmen at La Crêcherie were gaining double what their comrades were at the other works. How was it possible not to recognize that the system of eight hours' labor, then of six hours', then of three—a system made enjoyable by diversity of employment, and the attractive surroundings of light, cheerful workshops, and machines that children could operate—was the very foundation of future society, when the wretched wage-earners of yesterday were seen becoming healthy, intelligent, cheerful, and gentlemen, in their progress toward perfect liberty and justice? The example of La Crêcherie became contagious; new workmen were presenting themselves in crowds, and new buildings sprang up in every direction. The city had trebled its population in three years; it was in the way

of growing into a metropolis, and eventually all Beauclair must belong to it.

In November his bills payable were so heavy that Delaveau felt the earth tremble under him. He had a decisive conversation with Boisgelin, insisted that he should reduce his expenses and even sell Guerdache. The next day, while he was alone in his office, walking up and down, and at intervals stirring with a mechanical movement of his hand the coke fire burning in a sheet-iron stove, his wife, who had been dining with Boisgelin, entered furiously. "So, what Boisgelin tells me is true!" she cried. "We are ruined, and must live on bread and wear woolen clothes."

Then ensued a terrible scene between the infamous wife and the betrayed husband. At last, after an interchange of every sort of ferocious insult, Fernande lost all self-restraint. "It was I," she said, "who made you what you are. But for me you would not have remained manager of the Pit for a single year."

"You are mad," answered Delaveau contemptuously.

"So little mad that your Boisgelin has been my lover for twelve years!"

He rushed upon her, with his teeth clenched, shook her violently, and flung her into the armchair. The veil was torn asunder, and he saw the beautiful, refined, exquisite woman as she was; this woman he had so long idolized. She had lived there beside him, with her tranquil manner and tender, smiling countenance, and yet she was all the while the active poison, paralyzing his efforts and destroying his strength. At the thought of all this, he cried out, in overwhelming horror and rage: "You are about to die!"

She did not believe that he would ever find courage to kill her, and continued to lash him with her scornful laugh.

"You are going to kill me! Kill me, then, if you dare!"

Suddenly in his frantic quest he caught sight of the little stove, where such a grateful of coke burned that the overheated room seemed already like a place on fire. "Yes," he said to himself, "let there be a gigantic funeral pyre, where I myself will fall in ashes, with this murderess and destroyer, amid the smoking ruins of the old dead society which I had the

imbecility to protect. Let the house and the works disappear in the absolute ruin which this woman and her idiot lover have compassed!"

With a terrible kick he upset the stove and threw it into the middle of the room, repeating his cry: "You are about to die!" The cretonne curtains and the carpet caught fire first. Then the furniture and the walls blazed with lightning-like rapidity. The house, being slightly built, was in turn quickly in flames and smoked like a bundle of fagots.

"I will not die! I will not die! Let me pass, assassin!" shrieked Fernande, throwing herself against the door. He carried her back to the middle of the room, which was now changed into a brazier. A dreadful struggle took place there. She dug her nails into his flesh. She fought with a strength made tenfold greater by the fear of death, and sought for the door and windows with the instinctive leaps of a wounded animal; while he held her by force amid the flames, where he was resolved to die and that she should die with him, in order to annihilate at once an existence now horrible to both. At length the end came; the blazing beams above gave way and the whole ceiling fell upon them.

Half an hour later the fire communicated itself by the passage-way to the administration building, continued to advance by the adjacent sheds, and consumed the great hall in which were placed the puddling-furnaces and the rolling-mills. Then the flames raged among the entire works, which were almost all of wood, dilapidated and calcined. The firemen from Beauclair did not arrive until the Pit was blazing from one end to the other of its buildings, which covered several acres.

At daybreak the purifying work was accomplished, the horizon was clear to an infinite distance, and it was now possible for La Crêcherie, the city of justice and peace, to allow the conquering tide to carry its houses up to the utmost extremity of the vast plain. Lange, the anarchist, said aloud to the people about him: "No, no, I cannot claim the honor of doing it; I did not set it on fire. But it was a splendid work, especially as the owners furthered it by roasting themselves." Lange was right; a broken-down society, smitten with madness, in tragic periods throws itself upon a funeral pyre. The dark, melan-

choly works at the Pit, where the wages system had met its death-blow, after its last hours of dishonored and accursed labor, consisted now of nothing but a few crumbling walls, useless and forlorn under the dull gray sky.

Boisgelin was utterly demoralized by the catastrophe. Although tenderly cared for by Suzanne, the wife he had outraged, he never entirely recovered his reason. He felt astray in the new Beauclair that had arisen on the ashes of the old, and after a few years he committed suicide.

And it was, indeed, a new Beauclair. The old unsanitary quarters and the filthy abodes, where labor had been slowly perishing for ages, were pulled down and replaced by wide streets, planted with trees, and lined with pleasant houses. The sub-prefecture, court-house, and prison were demolished, but the old church still stood, crumbling slowly to pieces, neglected and unvisited. Family mansions and other houses of pretension made way everywhere for more fraternal buildings, that stood in the great garden which the town now resembled. So the new community was founded—a large and glorious city, the sunny avenues of which stretched out farther and farther, until they spread between the nearest fields of the fertile plain of Romagne. And in this city love paired the young men and girls in indissoluble bonds, the more indissoluble because not sanctioned by any absurd religious or municipal ceremony.

When Luc was sixty-five years old other catastrophes took place in the crumbling of the old rotten society doomed to destruction. The most startling event was the falling of the roof of the old church of St. Vincent one summer morning while the Abbé Marle was at the altar celebrating mass, with no other congregation than the sparrows flying about in the deserted nave. The Abbé had long felt that the world was coming to an end. All his efforts had not been able to save the lying, corrupting *bourgeoisie*, eaten up with greed and iniquity. Science went on triumphantly, and had now succeeded in establishing a new religion, the religion of humanity, a religion of knowledge, a religion freed from ancient symbolism and old mythology.

That morning the Abbé felt sure that the fall of the roof could not be far off. Yet he went on celebrating his last mass, clad in his richest sacerdotal vestments, straight and firm, not-

withstanding his great age. As he was reading the Gospel he heard a loud crack. Dust, stone, and other fragments fell upon the altar. When he reached the offertory the noise began again, with a tearing, rending sound. There was a shock, as if the whole building were trembling for a moment before falling. Then the priest with final energy raised the Host, and with his whole soul prayed God to work a miracle. As he raised the chalice it was not the miracle he asked for that was sent but his own martyrdom. He stood erect, both arms raised above his head, in an attitude of firm belief and heroic constancy, seeming to implore his Divine Master to perish with him if the end of his church had come. The roof cracked open with a sound like thunder. The steeple shook, and then fell, laying the nave open to the sky, and pulling down with it the disjointed walls. Nothing remained but an enormous pile of stones and *débris*, beneath which was never found the mangled body of the Abbé Marle, who seemed to have been crushed to dust under the ruins of the altar. Nor were any fragments of the great crucifix found, which also had been ground to powder. A religion had been killed along with the last priest, celebrating the last mass in the last church. After the ruins had been cleared away, a garden was planted on the spot, with beautiful trees, and umbrageous walks and intersecting fragrant lawns. Lovers came there on pleasant evenings, as they went to the park at La Crêcherie. The happy city kept growing larger; the children grew up, too, and made new pairs of lovers, who in their turn gave birth to another generation. Sweet roses seemed to grow for them on all bushes.

During the next ten years the city was finally established, and the new social conditions of peace and justice were organized. On one of the great labor holidays of the tenth year, Bonnaire, still erect and strong in his eighty-fifth year, had an adventure. He met a pauper! He could hardly believe his eyes—a pauper in this happy country!

"Surely, this is not Beauclair!" stammered the foreign-looking creature.

"Undoubtedly it is. You knew it formerly?"

"Yes, more than fifty years ago."

It was Ragu, his face seamed by fifty years of vagabondage

and evil living. He listened with a sort of stupor to Bonnaire's account of the changes in Beauclair. He could not find his bearings in the midst of these events. He listened to the puddler's account of the happiness achieved, the existence of which he wished to deny, for he was the same Ragu in his old age that he had been in his youth, a slave at heart. Bonnaire led him to Lange, now the manager of a large manufactory of earthenware and pottery. At first Ragu could not speak from amazement. Then, with his terrible sneer, he exclaimed: "So, then, old anarchist, you no longer talk of blowing up the whole place?" Lange looked at him, without recognizing him, and laughed: "Yes, I once intended to burn up Beauclair myself. But enough justice has now been done to disarm me. I cannot destroy it, now that all I wished for is realized. Isn't it the case, Bonnaire, that peace has been made?"

The former anarchist extended his hand to the former collectivist, with whom he had once many a bitter quarrel. At length Ragu saw Luc and Josine, surrounded by their children and grandchildren. Then he seemed to experience a change of heart. He recoiled in horror and confessed to Bonnaire that he had come to kill them both, but had drawn back like a coward on seeing them so beautiful and radiant in their old age. Bonnaire shuddered, and tried to bring the unhappy man to his house. But, with a deep and smothered rage, he said: "No, I cannot look upon your happiness. I should suffer too much." Then he set out, pursued by the laughter and songs with which the great human family celebrated the joy of labor on the fruitful earth, and was lost in the darkness.

More years rolled by, and inevitable death, the trusty worker of eternal life, completed its labors by carrying away, one by one, the persons who had accomplished their task. Of all their generation, of all the creators of triumphal Beauclair, only Luc and Jordan remained, surrounded by the affectionate cares of Josine, Sœurette, and Suzanne. Then, on one beautiful summer's day, Luc spoke his last words: "Yes," he said, "the world has reached its last stage. Brothers may now give each other the fraternal kiss; they are in port after their long, rough voyage. My day is done, and now I may go to sleep."

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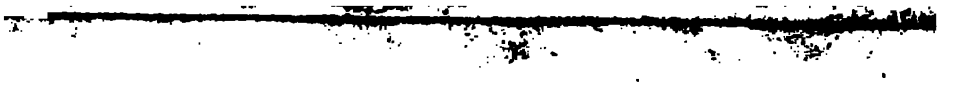

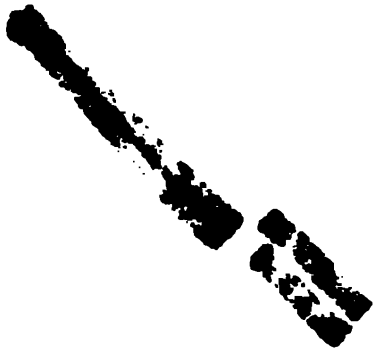

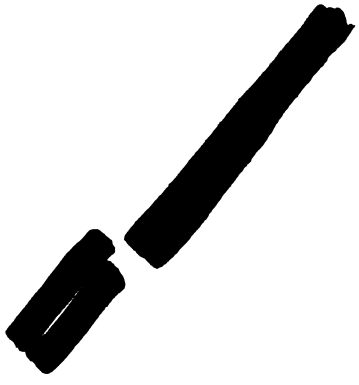

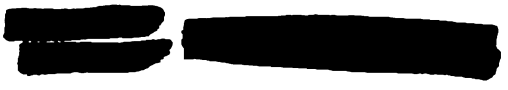

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